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Ireland

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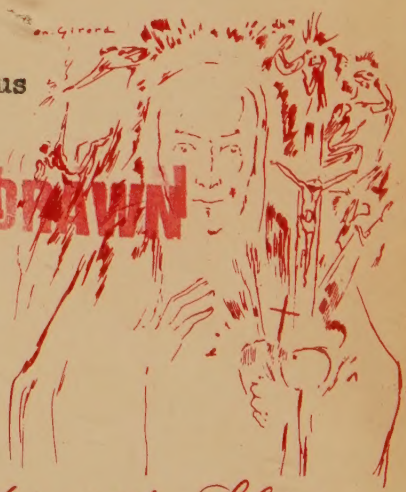

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THE KITBAG TRAVEL BOOKS

IRELAND

ITS PLACES OF BEAUTY ENTERTAINMENT
SPORT AND HISTORIC ASSOCIATION

By

STEPHEN GWYNN

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FOREWORD

This book cannot pretend to give full information. Its reader will find admirably arranged detail in Mr Cooke's *Murray*. For Northern Ireland there is Mr St John Ervine's enthusiastic and most readable handbook. I venture also to mention two books of my own, *The Fair Hills of Ireland* and *The Famous Cities of Ireland*, which review the history of the country as evoked by selected places. Hugh Thomson's illustrations give them a charm.

Fishermen should get from any Irish bookseller the *Anglers' Guide*, issued by the Free State's Department of Fisheries. Those who do not think I have written enough about angling in the present volume may be referred to another book called *Duffer's Luck*.

For pictures of Irish life in contemporary fiction it is scarcely needful to refer to the novels of Edith Somerville and Martin Ross, or to those of George A. Birmingham. But aspects not so often realized will be found admirably set out in Shan Bullock's novels, in some stories by Lynn Doyle, and (of a different kind) in the writings of Daniel Corkery and of Seumas O'Kelly.

S. G.

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IRELAND

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

I. The Attractions of Ireland

A HOLIDAY in Ireland is the best of holidays for an Irishman or an Irish family. That is a conviction strengthened in me by many experiments and comparisons. With all the world to pick from, it is to Ireland that I would take the companion of my choice just for the pleasure of a holiday, in the summer months. And even in winter Ireland is a good place, and Dublin is a city of many attractions with its own unique character.

But for those who have not the fortune to be Irish bred or born, an Irish holiday is not quite the same thing; and since these are the people for whom this book is specially designed, I must try and consider how it would look to them. For us, Ireland's charm lies in its familiarity. For them, I think the chief recommendation is a pleasant and surprising strangeness. People in Ireland dress in the same way as the English or the Americans; they use the same kind of food, the same kind of drinks, and they speak the same language. Yet every English visitor to Ireland cries out at the unfamiliarity of everything. Some resent it; but I have known many more who have lost their hearts to Ireland within half an hour of landing, and, as a rule, for reasons we Irish never thought of.

A friend of mine who knew Europe thoroughly came to our country for the first time and dutifully admired the beauty of Dublin Bay, the distinction of the eighteenth-century architecture, and the pleasantness of the pleasant

people who were invited to meet her. But the thing that enraptured her was just simply the run of the Irish voice. If it had been in Kerry, now, where every sentence finishes with a sort of trill and turn up to the end, we might have been less astonished. The Dublin accent is not greatly praised in Ireland; yet she fell head over ears in love with its leisurely intonation, so unlike London's clipped speech. Again, a brilliant Continental soldier came to see his kindred in the South of Ireland, and in the streets of Cork they had difficulty to get him along because he wanted to stop and embrace all the little donkeys that went pattering among the hustle of electric trams and drays and motor-cars. Sure enough, neither in France nor Germany would he meet the like. Yet we are not incorrigibly old-fashioned in Ireland. At a little mountainy chapel in Donegal of a Sunday you may see fifteen or sixteen Ford cars parked while the congregation is at Mass. But there is no country where the past is more ready to show its face alongside of the present, or where fashion is less of a tyranny. If it suits you to drive an ass-cart, you do so. And if your elderly Ford cannot be otherwise got to hold together, you tie it up with string. A great part of the fun of Irish life consists in observing how things are made to serve purposes for which they were not meant: and a great part of the adventure lies in coping with the consequences of these adjustments.

Fun and adventure are not often got in places where all goes by clockwork. I can assure all readers that very little goes by clockwork in Ireland.

Also, and visitors are more aware of this than we, speech is less regulated by convention, and consequently is often more picturesque. Lately I was asking a man invalided from some Welsh ironworks whether it was lack of work at home that made him leave the delightful bay in South Cork where he grew up. "'Twas not just that then," he said; "'twas the flight of fancy." In the

North of Ireland he would have said, "I just took a notion of going"—and I dare say an English ear would have found that as quaint as the Cork man's expression. All over Ireland too they have a fine gift of metaphor. We were trying to catch big trout in a Westmeath lake, and the question was whether the *murrough*, or stone-fly, had appeared yet. As we rowed a *murrough* whizzed past in the twilight and the boatman shouted, "Look at he! Did you see him going by you like a hin?"

The farther west and the farther south you go, the more coloured is the speech. Paul Henry the painter, who lived seven years in Achill, always declares that Synge's plays were merely a literal reproduction of the talk among these Galway and Mayo islanders. Yet even in County Dublin I have known a cook when the well had run dry come to her mistress, crying, "What will I do, ma'am? There isn't enough water in the house to baptize a fairy, and me with the potatoes to put down for dinner."

It is these quaintnesses and unexpectednesses that often make the salt of an Irish holiday for an English visitor. But for the staple of a visitor's entertainment there is beauty enough; and, above all, there is elbow-room.

We are not endowed with great mountains, but those we have are so placed as to make the most of themselves. Slieve Donard and the other Mourne Mountains in County Down, Muckish and Errigal in Donegal, Ben-bulbin in Sligo, Croaghpatrick and Mweelrea in Mayo, the Twelve Pins in Connemara, and Brandon in Kerry, all rise, either straight out of the sea, like Brandon and Slieve Donard, or only a few miles back from it, like the Twelve Pins. The Reeks in Kerry do not come into one picture with sea-water, but they have the lakes of Killarney for their foreground. And the Galtees rise from what is almost more beautiful, the great rich plain of Limerick and Tipperary which we call the Golden Vein.

Beautiful our mountains are, and every one of those I have named has superb distinction of shape. It is only Lugnaculliagh in Wicklow and Mount Leinster in Wexford that approach 3000 feet in a series of long, humped, and swelling curves—beautiful too in their way. Yet I am not sure but that the characteristic beauty of Ireland depends more on the huge extent of central plain, over which the eye travels indefinitely. From the hills above Dublin you can see the Mourne Mountains beyond sixty miles of level, due north, while away to the west and south the horizon stretches unbroken. The Great Western Railway to Galway in 126 miles has no tunnel and scarcely a cutting. Yet there are no fens: there is always a certain movement in the lines of the landscape; though as you motor across to the Shannon, and beyond the Shannon, the eye is fed with those long recessions of distance which painters have always loved, and beyond these wide stretches there is always some mountain-range in sight: Slieve Bloom to the westward, or Slieve Echtge of County Galway (known to readers of Yeats and Lady Gregory), and, to the east, the Dublin Mountains, Kippure, Jouce, and the rest, away down to the Glen of Imaal from which the Slaney rises.

Mountains and plains—we have these, as we have also the hummocky land of our northern counties, Monaghan, Cavan, Derry, and Tyrone. But above all, the beauty of Ireland is the beauty of waters. The sea, to begin with: Channel water along the east coast, but north, south, and west the Atlantic Ocean coming in, ocean-deep. Nowhere in the world is a shore that falls more sheer into twenty or a hundred fathoms; consequently, nowhere is the blue of a sunlit ocean more intense, and nowhere is the power of wind and water more majestic. A few weeks ago I was at Mizen Head, the south-west corner. Mist lay even under a bright sun; there was no wind, yet the swell came in with waves, two hundred yards apart, which

THE MOURNE MOUNTAINS AND NEWCASTLE BAY

Photo J. Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

VIEW FROM SUSPENSION BRIDGE, MIZEN HEAD

Photo Captain Jago, Schull

ramped against the projecting base of cliff below, making whirlpools of the clearest white surf fused into emerald green; and these shot up in fountains fifty feet high from one outlying rock as the swing of the roller came in, scarcely perceptible, yet crashing with a roar when it came. It was easy to imagine the cauldron there might be in these crag-sided creeks when a winter storm breaks. As for the size of the waves, a lighthouse-keeper told me that at the Fastnet, a few miles farther east, and only five or six from the land, he had repeatedly seen the green water—not the spray—go clean over the dome of the light—150 feet above sea-level.

And all this Atlantic seaboard, from Lough Foyle, which leads up to Derry, round by the west to the Cove of Cork, is a long succession of sea loughs and bays—some of them great harbours like Lough Swilly in Donegal, or Bantry Bay in Cork, where navies have ridden—some, little-known but beautiful waters, like Dunmanus in Cork or Killary in Galway—and some, adorable little winding coves of the south, Castlehaven and Glandore, which, little as they are, keep something of ocean's large feeling about them: while Donegal Bay and Galway Bay are really the Atlantic itself, with a frame of land to give it feature.

Then there is the fresh water. Ireland is above all the land of lakes. Lough Neagh is the biggest, and the least known because it is of no use to anglers, being fished like the sea by netsmen who get most of their living out of its huge expanse. The lakes of Killarney are the best known and need no praising; but in the North of Ireland people hold that Lough Erne from Enniskillen westward is a good rival to Killarney, while Shan Bullock, the novelist of that country, considers that Upper Lough Erne, east of Enniskillen, with its complicated network of land and water, is far better worth seeing than the Lower Lough. Sligo has Lough Gill, reached by a couple of miles of road—or,

better, of river-paddling; and it need not fear any comparison. In Galway there is the series of three lakes, Caragh, Mask, and Corrib, through which the water flows till it comes over the weir at Galway and out, racing " like a pack of white hounds," as Martin Ross wrote in one of her stories, under the ancient and beautiful bridge. These great sheets of water at the foot of grim mountains in the Joyce country are best known to fishermen; but some wise travellers in search of beauty or antiquarian interest explore Lough Corrib at any rate. It is only anglers who know the big waters of Westmeath—Lough Ennel, Lough Owel, Lough Derevaragh, and Lough Sheelin. Yet Derevaragh is as lovely as its name; it is well worth stopping at least to picnic on its shore if you are motoring west from Dublin. As for Sheelin, I spent a day there fishing, most unprofitably if the catch was considered, but delightfully for anyone who likes to bask in sunlight on water or by water, with low, wooded hills to look at, and cattle grazing in meadows, and men and women piling the black turf into little ricks to dry.

Last and perhaps the least known are the lakes of the Shannon: Lough Gara on the borders of Mayo and Roscommon; Lough Arrow, heaven knows where; Lough Ree, which you can see as you cross the river at Athlone; and last and greatest, Lough Derg, for which I can refer you to Paul Henry's poster in railway stations. If you want to know what a great Irish lake is like, that tells you better than any words.

But perhaps, like me, you may prefer your lakes smaller. Ireland can offer you some thousands of these, from such a one as Lough Melvin near Bundoran, nine miles long, but so distributed that it nowhere seems a big water, down to such loughs as Akibbon near Churchill in Donegal, or Acoos near Glencar in Kerry, which may be about a mile in circumference and which I pick out because they are the perfect places to take a schoolboy.

Even a beginner might easily catch a hundred herring-sized trout on either of them in a week's fishing; and they lie among wild and beautiful mountains. More advanced anglers prefer the lakes at Dungloe in Donegal or Waterville in Kerry, or in Connemara (where there are dozens of them) which hold sea trout. All these are in very lonely and picturesque regions of the west.

Last of all there are the uncountable little bogholes and tarns. Moyle Hill above Lough Fern in Donegal is only about 400 feet high, but from the top of it you can count a dozen loughs, big and little: and within a radius of ten miles there must be three times as many. Every one of them holds trout. Fishing apart, water is the eye of a landscape, and wherever you go in Ireland its gleam and its changing moods reflect the day's humour. For, if by any chance there is not a lake near by, there is always some stream or river, and that is even better.

"All my life long I have been in love with rivers," wrote the Irishman John Mitchel: and surely transportation to the drought of Australia was no light penalty for that rebel, who came from a land of little lovely mountain streams that flow seaward off the Mourne Mountains or landward to the head-waters of the Bann, which leads off the northward slopes of Mourne to Lough Neagh, before it issues again where the long strand stretches yellow and shell-paven on each side of the Bann mouth from Portstewart to Castlerock. Wherever a man is brought up in Ireland he has some river to fall in love with; but we ourselves, and, still more, visitors to our country, neglect this supreme beauty. Most people only see the Liffey at Dublin, an ugly ditch between stone walls; yet a couple of miles will take them to where it begins to have enchantment, touched with a halo of romance. Chapelizod —Iseult of Ireland's chapel—lies under the slopes of the Phœnix Park; and from that to Celbridge is as fair a piece of river scenery as heart could desire, and as

haunted with memory. Swift and Vanessa—Lord Edward FitzGerald—the youth of the Napiers—all these associations cluster there. Again, twenty-five miles north of Dublin, all travellers must see the Boyne where a high viaduct spans it; a few may even be curious enough to wander to where the battle was fought; but who follows that noble river up to Navan, perhaps twelve miles? Whoever does can go away rich in memory of loveliness.

Yet for the supreme glory of our rivers one must go south. The Shannon has pride of place, and from Killaloe to Limerick there are swift, majestic streams, there are long, easy stretches of calm water, there are banks nobly wooded, with great houses fairly set on them; there are the Falls of Doonass, beautiful at any time, but marvellous in a flood; and just when the tideway begins, the old laxweir makes a final picturesqueness.

But I do not want to write in detail here; I only, as it were, call over the roll of greater names—the Slaney, which is Wexford's river, the Barrow and the Nore, which from Carlow and Kilkenny join together at New Ross before the still greater Suir flows into them and all three together make the historic tideway to Waterford. All these come from the central plain, and a man must be hard to please who cannot be content with any one of them. Yet none of them is equal to the Blackwater, which, rising from near Killarney, makes a line from west to east, south of the Galtees and the Knockmealdown range, flowing out at Youghal, which the Earls of Desmond founded and embellished long before Walter Raleigh came there to add his name to theirs—and to plant the first potato in Ireland.

Last that I need name in the south is the Lee, which has its source in the romantic lake of Gouganebarra—an easy drive from Glengariff—and on whose banks are still a score of castles, noble even in their ruin. It at least is not unknown. Inchigeela is a place of much visitation;

THE FALLS OF DOONASS, CASTLE CONNELL

Photo London, Midland & Scottish Railway Co.

AN IRISH BOG 17

Paul Henry

From a picture in the possession of the Earl of Mayo

but above all from Cork seaward the Lee is one of Ireland's best waterways, and at Cove of Cork it becomes one of the great havens of the world.

Neither is the west left behind—at least in the estimation of anglers; the Corrib and the Moy have their fame. In Northern Ireland, of all waters not one is so reputed or so justly admired as the Erne, which to-day links the two separated parts of our country by the wandering salmon's course, from his leap entering Free State waters at Ballyshannon, where he leaves the sea, to the upper fall, where he fights into Northern Ireland, up past the sluice-gates at Belleek.

People do see the Erne, for it is only three miles from Bundoran and is on the coast road from Donegal to Sligo. But the inland rivers are known to few, even of ourselves. It was by chance that I came on the splendid gorge of the Barrow opposite Mount Loftus; and from there to Timolin, and indeed to New Ross, all is beauty. It was by chance that I walked along the Slaney between Tullow and Clonegal, where for miles it runs between old woods which are yet kept far enough back from it on each bank to allow a salmon-fisher to get out his line; and this long avenue of broken water, full of rocks and sandy pools, is as charming as could be found in Ireland or out of it.

Better known to visitors are the little brown rivers that tumble from the mountains to the sea. "The vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet"—that is, of course, Moore's song about Ovoca—may be seen even by those who merely travel by railway. There are others as enchanting in the Glens of Antrim, and in Donegal and Kerry who should count them? Two add a last touch to the charms of Glengariff. Yet perhaps not one of all is so familiar as the Dargle river at Bray, ten miles from Dublin, and assuredly none of them has anything more scenic than the Powerscourt waterfall in it.

Almost all these waters, lake and river, from the fisherman's point of view are to be possessed as well as looked at. When people call Ireland the angler's paradise they do not mean that we have trout streams better than the Test, or salmon rivers better than the Wye or Spey. But if there is angling in paradise (as many of us would dearly like to believe) it must be all free fishing; and certainly in Ireland there is immeasurably more use of the waters for this sport. All the great lakes are open; of the lesser, only a few (chiefly in Connemara) are preserved; a great many of these are rented by the adjoining hotels and so available for visitors. Trout-fishing is allowed on almost all the salmon rivers, and there are great stretches of salmon-fishing free to anyone who takes out a licence.

Shooting does not come into the summer attractions—though there are many lakes where a few shots at duck can be made to accompany a day's fishing—but from October on there is any amount of rough shooting to be had free of charge from Irish hotels. Hunting also lies outside the general scope of this book; but every one knows that hunting is one of the main attractions of Ireland for hundreds who are not Irish, and that in Ireland hunting is within almost everybody's means.

These attractions were always there; but in modern times golf has to be added to them. I can speak only from hearsay, but it seems to be agreed that the best Irish links, Dollymount and Portmarnock near Dublin, Newcastle in County Down, Portrush and Portstewart in County Antrim, Portsalon and Rosapenna in County Donegal, are good enough for anybody. Lahinch in County Clare is perhaps the only one in the west coast that ranks with these; but at Galway, at Rosses Point near Sligo, and at Bundoran there are eighteen-hole links which may be called good. Nearly everywhere nowadays are links of some sort; and everywhere, as compared with England, the expense is low. At Portrush—a cham-

pionship links—even on Saturdays the green fee is five shillings. Ten shillings a week is a usual charge to hotel guests for the use of a good links.

Ireland is the country of cheap sport. You can get as good golf elsewhere, if golf is what you want, or as good fishing—possibly even, though many Irishmen would deny this, you can get as good hunting; but any of these things will cost you more anywhere else in these islands than with us. But this cheapness is a very secondary consideration. Sport in Ireland is delightful because of the quality of Irish scenery and the companionable ways of Irish people. It is a hospitable country; even in the wildest Irish landscape there is always the white wall of a cottage to be seen, and where there is an Irish cottage there is a friendly greeting for the passing stranger. If you can carry a little tea and sugar in your pocket, almost any Irish housewife will boil a kettle to make you tea—provided you ask the favour as of an equal. (Also, when you go begging like this you will be wise enough always to beg where hospitality is plentiest—at a poor man's door.) But, though people are everywhere, the country is nowhere thickly inhabited; it is a land of large spaces and ample elbow-room, where you can go almost anywhere without fear of trespass.

When one writes this, it is well to add for those who are not countrybred that fences must be treated carefully (and it is often work of some difficulty to get over an Irish fence without knocking it down) and that growing crops have to be respected, and that if a farmer does object to your crossing his land, you should consider what you would feel like if you were the landowner. But if you go about in Ireland as a stranger, remembering that off the roads you are going by courtesy of a people mainly peasant proprietors, the largest liberty will be yours, and the friendliest welcome.

As to safety, you may meet a little black bull on the

Kerry mountains, or a cross dog anywhere, and on the roads motors are no less capable of damaging you than in any other country. Apart from these perils of travel, the stranger in Ireland has nothing to be afraid of. We are peaceable now to the point of dullness.

II. General Guidance

Having now said what I can about the attractions of Ireland in general, I offer a few words of guidance for those who decide to go there.

The best way to see any country is to walk. This is of course a counsel of perfection, but it need not be carried out too rigorously. Thirty years ago, twenty even, most people who visited our outlying places were depending on bicycles, and the only alternative when you got beyond range of trains was the jaunting car. This very convenient vehicle survives in Dublin, but, so far as the country is concerned, motors have replaced it. Motors can be got anywhere; they will not be Daimlers or Rolls Royces, but they will cover the ground; and in many places—notably on the lovely Glens of Antrim coast—there is frequent service of char-à-bancs. If you settle down at some point where there is hotel accommodation, by combining char-à-banc or hired Ford with the use of your own two feet a great deal of country can be thoroughly seen.

I shall frame this book round main selected centres; indications of little stopping-places for those who like them will be given by the way. For instance, the huge county of Donegal can be explored from Bundoran in the extreme south-west or from Rosapenna in the north. At either of these centres there is ample occupation for a visitor without going out of easy walking distance from the hotel; but there are scores of beautiful excursions to be made to places ten, twenty, or thirty miles distant. On the other hand, in this county, which has my special

affection, there are plenty of places where I myself would far rather stay than at either Rosapenna or Bundoran with their well-appointed hotels.

A word should be added at once. Hotels fluctuate. I must give the best guidance I can at the moment of writing. But in general the railway companies where they provide hotels maintain their standard, and you are safe with them. Also in the famous places a few privately owned hotels—Portsalon and Rosapenna in Donegal; the Lake Hotel at Killarney; and (notably) Roche's and Eccles Hotels at Glengariff—have an old-established reputation and deserve it.

There is this also to be observed: Ireland, as a holiday resort, should be divided into east and west, not into north and south. Or, more properly, into the country that faces the Channel, and the country that faces the Atlantic. North coast and south coast go in with the west. There are limitations to this statement. I mean by Atlantic scenery that which gives the sense of unbounded space. Now from Portrush and Portstewart in Antrim, though they look north to the Atlantic, you can see the Scottish mountains, sometimes dim, sometimes as clear as jewels; that is a great charm of these places. Anywhere in County Cork the sea is hardly to be called Channel; but Cove of Cork makes a dividing line between what I mean by Eastern Ireland and Western. In the north, when you cross Lough Foyle and land on the mountainous peninsula of Inishowen, you are in country which has the same wild character as away out west, where the cliffs of Slieve League rise 2000 feet sheer, facing America. None the less, Derry is on Lough Foyle and shoots out a string of little watering-places into the Irish Free State territory of Inishowen on the west shore of the lough; it has others connected with it by a short rail on Lough Swilly. This implies something more populous than Western Ireland. Farther down the east coast, Belfast, Dublin, Wexford,

and Waterford have their own neighbouring seaside resorts. In the same way, Cork sends out its people to centres of boating and bathing at Crosshaven and other places on both sides of the harbour. Thus from Derry to Cork the whole coast of Ireland is well furnished with watering-places, where there are picture-houses, dance-halls, tennis-courts, golf-links, and so forth. But along the Atlantic seaboard, in perhaps 300 miles, are only three centres of this sort—Bundoran, Rosses Point near Sligo, and Kilkee in County Clare. Perhaps one ought to add Salthill, but it is really a suburb of Galway City.

Do not let me be misunderstood. If you want a place where bathing, boating, walking, and fishing (in sea, lake, or river, or all of them) can be had, the Atlantic seaboard of Ireland can offer you plenty of choice. But if you want anything on the lines of Brighton or Margate, you must look along the Irish Channel, and when you have found it you will probably be more struck by the difference than by the resemblance. Bray, for instance, has often been called 'the Brighton of Dublin.' 'The Margate' would be nearer the mark; and in point of equipment Margate is far superior. But neither Brighton nor Margate, nor Dieppe for that matter, nor Tréport, can touch Bray for beauty of scenery and for command of a district amazingly varied in its charm. The special delight of the Irish coast lies in this, that you are almost everywhere between the heather and the sea. Almost everywhere—and nowhere more beautifully than south of Dublin—a mountain-chain rises only a few miles inland, and from its slopes swift, rocky little rivers flow down through gorges.

Also—but this is not a matter for an Irish writer to enlarge upon—at Bray or any other Irish watering-place you will be among Irish people; at Brighton or Margate you will not.

One more general observation. This book is planned

for people who want to take a holiday in Ireland; but there are also those who come to Ireland to see the country and learn something about it. Nobody can see Ireland and understand it without visiting Belfast; that is a necessary part of any serious study. But to come to see Ireland and leave out Dublin would be absurd. All the more absurd, because Dublin is your natural port of entry —unless indeed you come from America.

Speaking generally—exceptions will be noted in due course—the best and quickest way to any part of Ireland is by the Irish Mail. For Irishmen who live much out of Ireland, that is not only a great train; it is *the* train. Going by it, you are on Irish soil in nine hours after leaving London; fifteen hours will cover the whole journey to almost any railway-station in Ireland. The crossing from Holyhead is timed at two and three-quarter hours; and because the harbour allows of vessels with deep draught, there is far less pitching and tossing than on any of the routes to France—and consequently far fewer sea-sick passengers.

But those who do not fear the sea have a good alternative. Leaving London just before six they can board a steamship in Liverpool at ten which lands them on the Dublin quays about seven—having had a good night's rest in a perfectly comfortable cabin. (Only, book your berth ahead.)

The Holyhead mail-boat lands one at Dunleary. It used to be called Kingstown in memory of George IV's landing there, and has now returned to its old name, which yachtsmen always preserved in speaking of the inner harbour. Modern pedantry insists on spelling the name 'Dunlaoghaire.' It means 'Leary's Fort,' and may (or may not) have been called after Laoghaire who was High King of Ireland when St Patrick brought us Christianity.

There is a Customs barrier to be passed at Dunleary, or

any other port of entry. Travellers from Great Britain to Belfast, Larne, or any other port in the Six Counties do not undergo the examination; but it has to be met at any point where they enter the Free State from Northern Ireland either by road or rail.

Tobacco and spirits are, of course, liable to duty; there is no advantage in bringing either with you, as the charges for the standard brands are exactly the same in both countries. But it is very important to remember that any kind of apparel, including boots, is dutiable, and whatever has not been previously worn should always be declared and shown. The duty will not (I am officially instructed) be charged if the Customs officer "is satisfied that they are *bona fide* personal effects and are not excessive in number, having regard to the owner's requirements."

The penalties for an attempt to smuggle goods in are very heavy, and readers of this should be warned that the customs system in Ireland is very recently established and has needed to be sharply enforced. The officials have a disagreeable duty, and they are, so far as I have been able to observe, friendly and courteous; but they have their job to do. So it should be plainly stated, first, that it is illegal for a visitor to bring in any garment for anyone else's use without paying duty on it; and that the Customs officials have to decide whether any outfit is or is not beyond the owner's necessary requirements for a given period of stay. Technically, duty may be charged on any article of apparel—new or old.

Chocolates and sweets are also dutiable; but small quantities of them, and of tobacco, are let in free, if declared.

One of the probable consequences of trying to get things through surreptitiously is that you will hold up the whole business and be cursed by every one else who is travelling.

Motorists will find the main roads good, and some of

them excellent. Apart from these there has been general improvement. But in some of the most attractive places large expenditure cannot be justified, and for purposes of exploration a heavy car is better left behind. On the other hand, Ireland has a bewildering network of roads, many of them constructed as relief works in time of famine, and the possibilities of getting into the remotest recesses of bog and mountain are amazing—provided your car can do what a Ford will.

I cannot in honesty say more for Irish hotels as a whole than that they have improved. The proprietors and the servants, men and women, are generally obliging and often charming. As for the food, no country has more of the best materials, but Irish cooking is generally unresourceful, unimaginative, and often careless. One thing, however, is to be had good or excellent in every district—home-made bread. It is a cheap luxury which every Irish hotel can provide, and visitors should clamour for it if it is not provided. Also, in any town, demand barnbrack, a superior kind of currant loaf. The best is —or was—made in Mallow.

There are certain small hotels, such as that kept by Mr and Mrs M'Creadie at Milford in Donegal, where you will fare as if you were staying in a pleasant Irish country-house; and for a holiday no one could ask better. And in such cases you will find that the welcome helps your appreciation.

CHAPTER II

DUBLIN AND ITS DISTRICT

I. How to see Dublin

If you decide that your visit to Ireland shall at least include some stay in Dublin—as I strongly recommend—there is good choice of hotels. The city is divided into two parts by the Liffey, and most of the hotels are on the south side—especially close to the great square, with its admirably laid-out park, which we call Stephen's Green. The Hibernian and the Shelbourne are the two most reputed; the Hotel Russell, at the opposite corner of the Green from the Shelbourne, is less expensive but can be also commended; it provides music and dancing. There is a string of others in Harcourt Street, which leads out of the Green.

Across the Liffey on the north side are some of the slum areas, which are all the more pitiful because houses, splendidly designed and inhabited in the eighteenth century, sank into squalid tenements when fashion shifted south. But there is also on this side one of the finest thoroughfares in any European town. The street and the bridge leading to it used to be called after two Lord Lieutenants, Sackville and Carlisle, about whom nobody knows or cares very much. But when the bridge was widened and the O'Connell Monument erected in 1880, the names were changed and became O'Connell Bridge and O'Connell Street. This change, however, had a political complexion, and a section of the Irish people still habitually says Sackville Street and Carlisle Bridge.

Now O'Connell Street suffered a great deal in what we sometimes call (so as to hurt no feelings) "the crossness,"

and the hotels in it were destroyed. One of them, the Gresham, has just been reopened on a very fine scale.

But (since I want to persuade as many as possible to see Dublin and what it contains), if you wish to begin your seaside holiday at once on reaching Ireland, there is an alternative to going to a hotel in the city. At Dunleary, which is really a pleasant suburban watering-place, the Marine Hotel overlooks the harbour; a broad approach leads up to it from the end of the landing-stage; you look out from its terrace over the chief yachting centre in Ireland, where the mail-boats lie surrounded by scores of pleasure craft, and beyond that, across five miles of water, the Hill of Howth closes the northern side of Dublin Bay. Go where you will, in Ireland or out of it, it is hard to find a lovelier view; and to your left Greater Dublin curves along the whole way to the low neck which joins Howth to the mainland. Again, a mile nearer to the city is the Salthill Hotel, close down on the water's edge; it is under the same management as the Hibernian, and you can, if staying *en pension* at one of the two, have any of your meals at the other. Going to either Salthill or Dunleary is, for a Dubliner, going out of town; but train and tram link them to the city and you can easily get back from a theatre to your seaside hotel.

I am putting this because I want people to consider Dublin not only as a city to be seen, but as a centre from which to explore the most historically interesting region of Ireland—and certainly not the least beautiful. Take a radius of thirty miles from the heart of the city, at College Green, and swing your arc north to south, sea to sea. You bring in Drogheda, the Boyne Valley with its prehistoric monuments, Tara of the Kings, Trim with the early Norman castles, the whole course of the Liffey from its rise in the Dublin mountains to where it passes Celbridge and Castletown, the Curragh of Kildare and all that it stands for; with these you bring in Glendalough,

Glenmalure, and the Devil's Glen. This includes the whole coastline from Wicklow Head to the Boyne estuary, and to the south a mass of mountain country as wild and lonely as any in Connemara; while to the west and north-west all is grassland, the country of the Meath and Kildare hunts. An hour's motor-run. or little more, takes you to any point in this compass.

Or, narrow your scope; take a ten-mile radius—make them Irish miles—to include Bray and the Dargle and Powerscourt waterfall, which are famous. Even nearer Dublin, six or seven miles as the crow flies (provided he flies high), is such wild country as lies about Ballinascorney Gap, or Glen Cullen; and just outside the suburbs a whole range of grouse-breeding hills rise to 2000 feet, from whose tops you can see on a clear day the Welsh mountains seventy miles off east. Or, looking west, your eye can travel over seventy miles of central plain, chequered with wood and hedgerow—long, shimmering distances, bands of green and blue, here darkened with the shadow of some great cloud sailing along, and there lit up with shafts of sunlight; while away in the north the whole range of the Mourne Mountains runs from west to east, till at its highest and most majestic point Slieve Donard thrusts down a flank into the sea.

There is walking and plenty for a week within that ten-mile radius, and infinite variety of expeditions. As for other attractions, your arc will have included three famous golf-links, Dollymount, Portmarnock, and the Island, and half a dozen lesser ones; three racecourses, Phœnix Park, Leopardstown, and Baldoyle; the most picturesque polo-ground in the world by the Viceregal Lodge; several cricket-grounds, where good play may be seen; and Croke Park, where you may watch hurley, one of the finest of all games, played between teams competing for a championship.

Suppose again that, instead of exploring the country

from Dublin, you want to explore Dublin from the country; there are four good watering-places which make that easy: Malahide and Howth to the north, Bray and Greystones to the south. Howth and Bray are to some extent suburban; the other two are simply seaside villages in the country.

I had better explain the geography.

Dublin centres on the estuary of the Liffey. North of this all is gently undulating plain for fifty miles. South of the Liffey a great chain of mountains begins and runs down through County Wicklow—almost the whole of which is hill country—and then into Wexford. But the tract of level between hills and sea, which at Dublin is only three or four miles wide, broadens to twenty or thirty in the south; most of Wexford is good farming-land, rolling country.

The Liffey rises on the west of this range, only about twelve miles from Dublin, and flows down steeply into County Kildare; then it curves through a great loop in the plain, and comes eastward, marking the northern limit of the hilly country. The western slope of these ranges is very little known to tourists, and yet its great view across the plain is as beautiful as the one over the Channel.

Two eccentricities have to be noted in this disposition of plain to the north and mountain to the south. First, to the north there is Howth, an outcrop of mountain, detached from the rest of the main by several miles of flat land. It must have been an island originally, but sand drifting up has turned it into a peninsula, connected by a neck only a few feet above sea-level. This peninsula encloses Dublin Bay, and in the bay's enclosure is the line of sand-dunes which make the Dollymount links. North of Howth the sand stretches in a beach four miles long, and in the dunes by it is Portmarnock. Then comes a low, rocky headland, north of which Malahide stands, where a wide creek runs out; and north of this estuary is the Island group of sandhills with its links. Thus Malahide

is at one end of the sand-dunes region, and Howth at the other; but Malahide lies in flat country, whereas Howth, though only 600 feet high, is a miniature mountain with formidable cliffs rising from the sea. Villas are built all round the south side of it, but from them to the summit is a stiff climb through gorse and the heather, and the gorse is a kind that flowers a second time in autumn when the heath is out and makes the lovely place one sheet of purple and gold. A great part of the hill, too, is within the demesne of Howth Castle, and a gorge in the hillside is planted with rhododendrons and azaleas that grow as if they were in the Himalayas—a sight to which visitors have access at its perfection in the end of May and early June.

On the north side of Howth is the harbour, now the centre of a considerable fishing industry; when herring are in the Channel boats lie two and three deep along the quay. But Howth used to be the port for Dublin till the harbour at Dunleary was built with its strong moles; and even early in the nineteenth century packets from Holyhead or Chester used to land here.

Just off Howth is a most picturesque little craggy island called Ireland's Eye; and ten miles to sea is another mountain island, Lambay—now owned by a rich man who makes it a bird sanctuary.

All these names tell a story, for none of them is Gaelic. Ireland's Eye is the same Scandinavian word as 'eyot'; and Dalkey and Lambay have other forms of it. The Gaelic name for Howth is *Benn Edair*, and in old Irish legend heroes took ship from Benn Edair, or landed there. But when the Danes, those great seafarers, pirates, traders, and conquerors, settled at points on the Irish coast from the eighth century onward, they brought in names of their own—Strangford, Carlingford, Howth (*Hovud*), Wicklow and Arklow (where they had 'lowes,' or beacons), Wexford, and Waterford. They were the

founders of most Irish cities, but chiefly of Dublin—as I must tell later.

All the plain north of Dublin was Daneland, and is still called Fingal, *Fine Gall*, the demesne of the foreigners. The Daneland stretched south also; but here the mountains came in and were a fastness for the Gaelic peoples—even till 1798, when the Military Road which runs through them was made.

But in Howth there are traces of more ancient rulers than the Danes. A cromlech in Howth demesne is said to mark the grave of Aideen, wife of Oscar, son of Ossian. She died of grief when Oscar was slain at the battle when the High King of Ireland had to fight to the death against the force of picked champions (probably a primitive standing army) who were called 'the *Fianna*,' or 'Fenians.' Another monument is more certain. The Bailey Lighthouse, on a crag at the east corner of Howth, lights vessels into Dublin Bay; it stands where the ring of an ancient wall marks old fortifications on this jutting rock, approached by a narrow passage. This is Dungriffan, the *Dun* of Criffan, a king of Ireland who ruled nearly two thousand years ago, according to the annals, but who was certainly a historic person. I do not want to dwell too much on antiquities; and whoever goes to stay at Howth will probably be attracted by the boating, or the two great neighbouring golf-links. Still, there is to be seen on Howth itself a queer little primitive Celtic church, only 16 feet by 8 inside; and near Portmarnock, at St Dulough's, is another piece of early Irish architecture, with pointed Gothic windows, but having the very high, steep roof of stone slabs which the Irish used in the tenth century, or earlier.

South of Dublin begins the mountain-range, but between it and the sea is a continually widening strip of level land, except at certain points where a spur runs out east. The first of these comes at Killiney, just south of

Dunleary, and it runs to the water's edge and ends in a low cliff facing a deep narrow channel across which is the little island of Dalkey.

Killiney Hill is bold and picturesque in outline; but it cannot compare for beauty with the next spur, which comes out three miles farther south, beyond the valley in which Bray lies.

All the Dublin and Wicklow range, running south right down into Wexford, is a succession of great rolling heights without a peak or a crag among them. But here behind Bray, this eastward offshoot makes a profile so fantastic and exquisite that it is like a thing specially designed. First comes, next to the main range, what is in Irish *Slieve Cualann* and in English, less romantic but more graphic, the Great Sugar-loaf. Nearer the sea comes the Little Sugar-loaf—split in three at the crest—and from that, running seaward in a jagged line, the crest of Bray Head, which stops abruptly some 300 feet over the sea, leaving a steep cliff, round which, partly by ledges, partly by short tunnels, the railway finds a track. Greystones is on the other side of the Head from Bray. Each has good golf-links near it, and there are tennis-clubs; but each gives you full command of the Wicklow hills. Greystones has a service every hour to and from Dublin. It is the southernmost, and Malahide the northernmost, of the seaside places where one can make holiday and yet be able even to go to one of the Dublin theatres of an evening, while from either of them you can easily see Dublin in a series of visits. And now my business is to describe the capital of Ireland.

II. Dublin's Memories

Coming from London to Dublin—and how much more if you come from New York!—it will seem to you a city of low buildings, loosely scattered, nowhere cramped

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN, IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE JAUNTING CAR

Photo London, Midland & Scottish Railway Co.

ENTRANCE TO LEINSTER HOUSE

Photo London, Midland & Scottish Railway Co.

together. If you take it as meaning all the districts that are linked together by electric-tram service (Dalkey and Howth are the extreme limits), it holds about half a million people. Thus, from a central mass about the Liffey extend two long arms clasping the bay. The central city is on flat land—some of it on reclaimed slob—but with one exception which is worth noting, for the story of Dublin hangs by it; and that is the ridge parallel to the river, at the end of which is Dublin Castle.

Stand in College Green; the gateway to Trinity College enables you to be clear of the traffic, no more disturbed than Burke or Goldsmith on their pedestals to right and left of you. Looking west, as Burke does—Goldsmith is looking down, and a more perfect study of tender humorous meditation was never wrought in bronze—you will see facing you the statue of Grattan with arm raised in a rhetorical gesture. There is less repose about this figure, and you may prefer the other two, or again you may like Grattan better than either; but nowhere is there a nobler group of commemorative figures than these three which stand outside the entrance to the great University where the men they represent had their training. If Dublin had nothing else to show but these works of the sculptor Foley it might still be proud. Yet the building in front of which Grattan stands is finer even, and more typical of Dublin, than the statues; it is now the Bank of Ireland, but Grattan knew it as Ireland's House of Parliament. From the College Gate you see, half in profile, its colonnaded front with the superb curve of the portico, planned and built in the eighteenth century, when the ruling class in Ireland planned and built magnificently and damned the expense. Dublin is essentially a creation of the eighteenth century. Look beyond Grattan and you see the equestrian statue of William of Orange. When King William rode into Dublin after his victory at the Boyne in 1690 not one of the buildings that you see to-day

was standing. Yet no doubt the lines of the streets were the same; the broad thoroughfare which we call Dame Street linked Trinity College to the old city, and to the oldest buildings of it that remain—Christ Church Cathedral and Dublin Castle.

I stop here to tell a story because it may help a stranger to understand. Dublin University was the creation of the Crown in the last days of Queen Elizabeth, and, though it possessed academic independence, it always maintained close touch with the Government of the country—a Government that was not Irish, but was carried on mainly through Irish agents. So, after the Union with Great Britain had done away with Grattan's Parliament, a practice grew up of sending distinguished lawyers who had been trained in the University to represent Trinity College in the British House of Commons—and, also, very frequently, to become law-officers of the Crown. A good many people thought that these eminent men (and they were eminent) served their own interests better than those of the University, and that it would be well to vary the monotony. That was how at an election about 1900 the then Regius Professor of Divinity came to propose as candidate for one of the seats the historian W. E. H. Lecky; and said in proposing him that, while no one disputed the ability of the great lawyers who had been chosen successively for the membership and who all rapidly made their way from it to the bench of judges, this fact was observable: once elected, their attitude changed, and they sat like King William on his horse, with their face to the Castle and their back to the College. The epigram had its success; Lecky was elected; his statue can be seen, in a site well chosen, outside the entrance to the Library in the College Court. But he was a unique exception, save in the very last election of all; and one of the dominant figures in recent Irish history, Lord Carson, as Sir Edward Carson, represented Trinity

College while he was helping, in his own way, to make the Irish Revolution.

That Revolution has changed very little to the outward eye between the College and the Castle. But Grattan looks over pillar-boxes painted green, not red; and the sentry on duty at the Bank of Ireland, though he emulates the movements of a British Guardsman, wears instead of khaki a dull green uniform, with a collar unlike the British, and with leather leggings instead of puttees. Little differences, but they stand for a good deal.

Walk now along Dame Street, which is parallel to the Liffey; short streets to your right communicate to the quays; all this ground is only a few feet above tide-level. But at the end of Dame Street there is a sharpish rise called Cork Hill. Where it begins, the lower gate into the Castle Yard is on your left; if you enter you will find yourself in an enclosure on a steep slope; an archway leads into the upper Castle Yard which is on the top of the rise. About here was the nucleus from which the city of Dublin grew.

Or if, instead of entering the Castle, you keep on up Cork Hill, passing on your left the City Hall, where was the seat of the Corporation—a body since 1925 in abeyance—you reach a level space, and see on the other side of the street, only a stone's throw from the upper Castle Gate, Christ Church Cathedral. It was the first church in Dublin, and it was founded by the Danes. Carry on ahead, and you will notice that the street—so narrow here that trams have only just space to pass each other—keeps a slightly twisted line, the true mark of antiquity. This is the oldest thoroughfare in Dublin. From it, the streets to your right fall steeply to the river—the only stiff hills in Dublin; but on your left also there is a marked drop. This was a ridge of high ground, pushed out into the swampy delta where the big river flowed out into the tide. When the Danes headed their galleys up they found within

a hundred yards of the end of this ridge a deep, 'Dark Pool'—in Irish, *Dubh Linn*. A little farther was a shallow, where one of the five main roads leading out from Tara in Meath—traditional seat of the High King—crossed the water by a hurdle-bridge. The Irish name for Dublin is still *Baile Atha Cliath* (*Ah Cleeah*), the Town of the Ford of the Hurdle. The Irish had never attached importance to the place; but the Danes did; they stockaded their boats by the river-bank and they enclosed a part of the ridge with some sort of defence. It was a central port for their trading and their raiding; they did a deal of both and the settlement grew permanent; it developed really into the capital of the Norse kingdom, which ruled a series of posts on both sides of the Irish Channel and connected by way of the Orkneys and Shetland to its Scandinavian lands. It ruled a great part of England as well, till the battle of Brunanburgh broke that sway; and then these 'foreigners' concentrated on Ireland; but resistance in Ireland also strengthened. They were beaten in County Limerick, and the hero of that fight, Brian Boru, finally made himself the first real king of all Ireland; and he received the submission of Dublin and of its Danish ruler Sigurd. Brian gave to Sigurd his daughter in marriage, and he took in marriage Gormlaith, Sigurd's mother —a princess of Leinster.

For there had been much intermingling of races, and some of the Danes had accepted Christianity. But the two strains were not reconciled, and the pagan element was strong, and when Brian took Gormlaith he married trouble. She was a fierce beautiful woman and was married first to the Danish lord of Dublin whom (in 978) Malachy the High King defeated and deposed. Then she went to Malachy. But when Brian, King of Thomond in the south-west, defeated and deposed Malachy, she went to Brian; after a time Brian put her away. She stirred up her brother Donogh, King of Leinster, against Brian;

she stirred up her son Sigurd, Earl of Dublin; she raised a confederacy of the whole Danish power, with what Irish allies they could muster, and the two forces met at Clontarf between the north bank of the Liffey and the shore of Dublin Bay, on Good Friday 1014. It was no little battle; Icelandic sagas make it as great an event as do the Irish accounts; at the end of the day the Danes were driven into the sea. But Brian, now a very old man, standing out of the fight, was slain by some party that had either broken through the Irish lines or straggled round them; and Brian's son Murrough, the hero of the battle, the last man in Ireland who fought two-sworded, was slain also, and so was his son Turlough, whom they found at the ebb in the mouth of the Tolka river, drowned in a death-grapple with a Dane—the two still clenched.

After that the Danes merely remained citizens of the seaport towns which they had founded—Limerick, Cork, Waterford, Wexford, and Dublin. They became Christian officially. In Dublin Sigtrygg Silkbeard founded the church on whose site Christ Church stands. Also they accepted a loose overlordship of Irish kings. So Dermot Macmurrough, King of Leinster in the twelfth century, was overlord of Dublin; he founded there the Augustinian monastery where is now Trinity College. When he brought the Norman-Welsh over to help him in his quarrel with the High King, the first places to be taken were Wexford and Waterford; and then Dermot with Strongbow marched on Dublin. It was then a walled town as the other two were, but probably its walls were of wood; there was little masonry before the Normans came, except in ecclesiastical buildings. At all events, in 1171, the Normans rushed the walls, drove out the fighting-men, and from that day on Dublin was held by the King of England and his heirs, and began to be the capital of Ireland.

It ought to be remembered what manner of sovereign

was this monarch to whom the whole of Ireland made submission. He was a French-speaking man, and was lord of Bordeaux as well as lord of Dublin, and in his scattered dominions he had one policy—to make friends with the towns. He gave to Dublin the "rights of Bristol," as he had given Bordeaux the "rights of London"—that is to say, special freedom of trade within his empire, for it was little less; and by this policy, which his successors continued, the towns were kept in allegiance. A great part of the trouble in Ireland arose from the fact that Ireland was a Gaelic country, but the towns were not Gaelic. The Gaels, whether in Ireland or Scotland, were not a town-building or town-inhabiting people. Dublin is an Irish city, but it cannot be called Gaelic. 'Irish,' like 'English,' is the name of a mixed race.

Traces of the Normans are plentiful in Dublin. They rebuilt and enlarged the Danish cathedral; Strongbow's tomb is in Christ Church. But the Norman ideas were larger, and after St Laurence O'Toole (who was Archbishop of Dublin when Henry came) died, one of his Norman successors built the larger church (then outside the walls), near a holy well known as St Patrick's Well; and after St Patrick the church was called. But there arose long disputes as to which of the two should be the cathedral, and in the long run it was settled that both should rank as such. Both buildings, like all other ecclesiastical structures, passed at the Reformation to the established Church and from it to the disestablished Church of Ireland. Since, in the nineteenth century, after the penal laws were removed, Irish Catholics used their freedom to build a cathedral for their own rite, Dublin is in the exceptional position of being thrice a cathedral city.

As between the two Protestant churches, St Patrick's ranks as the Cathedral for Ireland; its canons are chosen from all the dioceses; Christ Church is the Cathedral for

Dublin and the linked diocese of Glendalough—which was Gaelic territory and a Gaelic foundation.

Both these buildings were restored by private munificence in the latter part of last century. Mr Henry Roe, a distiller, bore the cost of Christ Church; Sir Benjamin Guinness that of St Patrick's. His sons, Lord Iveagh and Lord Ardilaun, carried on his munificence, here and elsewhere.

In the restoration of Christ Church Mr Street the architect preserved carefully the crypt, which is largely the Danish work of Sigtrygg's builders. Here also is said to be the heart of St Laurence O'Toole—the last purely Gaelic Archbishop of Dublin.

St Patrick's holds more interest for the stranger. Lying outside the walls, it was made into a special stronghold for the Archbishops who, as everywhere else in Norman feudal days, were great lords. A space about it was placed absolutely under their sovereignty, and in these 'Liberties'—enclosed by fortifications—they had supreme power as Lords Palatine. Fortifications and all trace of their temporal rule have disappeared, but the name of 'the Liberties' still is given to this very poverty-stricken quarter.

There are memories in St Patrick's more vivid than can be found elsewhere of the transition from feudal rule to monarchy and Parliament. During the fifteenth century very little was held directly for England except a few seaports—Dublin being chief of these: inland, the English rule was exercised mainly by great earls, each of them paramount in his dominion; and these great nobles were becoming as time went on more and more assimilated to the Irish. Desmond held the South; but Ormonde with his seat at Kilkenny, and Kildare with his castle at Maynooth, rivalled each other for supremacy in the centre. Throughout the reign of Henry VII and most of that of Henry VIII, the Earls of Kildare ruled Ireland, yet not

without interruption, and during one of the intrigues by which the Crown's representatives in Dublin sought to displace the Great Earl, Garrett More, strife broke out at a meeting in St Patrick's when both Kildare and Ormonde were present. Ormonde fled to the Chapter House, barred himself in, and no assurances from the stronger party could induce him to come out, till finally a hole was cut in the oak, and through it the two enemies shook hands in sign of peace. The door is still there to be seen —a memorial of turbulent times.

That was in 1492. The end of the Kildares nearly came thirty-six years later, when all males of the name who could be seized were killed; but the young heir of the Geraldines was carried into safety, and Ireland, Norman and Gaelic, made war to defend him; he escaped to the Continent, came back under Mary Tudor, and lived to become the ancestor of the Dukes of Leinster—and of a man more famous in Ireland than they, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, son of the first duke and leader in the rebellion of 1798.

That Earl of Kildare—the eleventh—lived also to see the finally completed conquest of Ireland under Elizabeth, when the principality of his kinsman the Earl of Desmond became the prey of adventurers. Not the greatest of them, but incomparably the most successful, was Robert Boyle, Earl of Cork, who acquired vast wealth by buying up the estates granted to others like himself, but less prudent. In the time of James I and Charles I he was the richest man in Ireland, and he set up in St Patrick's a huge monument to his family, close by the very altar. Strafford, when he ruled Ireland for Charles I, had no love for these land-sharks and he was a High Churchman; by his order, which Laud prompted, the monument was moved to the west end of the nave where it is now. This was one of the grounds of the quarrel in which the Earl of Cork pursued his enemy till Strafford's head fell.

Boyle's house was close to the Castle, and Cork Hill is called after it. In that period, during the long peace which succeeded the death of Elizabeth, others of the new-rich built themselves houses toward the college then newly founded; Anglesea Street, Fownes Street, and others keep their names.

But no clear picture of Dublin as a society presents itself to the mind until the two great conflicts of the seventeenth century were over—that is, the war which Cromwell won and the war which William III won. Then indeed the Gaelic and Catholic Ireland was driven under, and Anglo-Irish society formed itself—an English colony, like that of America, which like that of America developed a local spirit and patriotism of its own.

Dublin of the eighteenth century was the creation of that colony, and in the eighteenth century Dublin was one of the great capitals of Europe. Monuments of its splendour and dignity are everywhere to be seen, but it was a splendour built on squalor; the squalor is still there, unhappily, and has invaded much that was noble. The most terrible descriptions of Ireland's misery come to us from the man whose memory is most intimately associated with St Patrick's, which to all time must be Dean Swift's Cathedral. Dublin begins to live in our imaginations by reason of his writings.

Swift was perhaps the greatest master of English prose; but he was far more than a great writer. He was a terrific personality; his hate could scorch; and he was one of the most famous and unhappy lovers in all story. His love and his hate both have their memorial in this cathedral.

He was born in Ireland, of English parents; educated at Kilkenny School (as were also Congreve and Berkeley) and at Trinity College; brought over then to England as secretary to the statesman Sir William Temple, in whose house he lived long as a dependent. Having taken orders,

he was through Temple's influence given a small Irish living in County Down, and, later, one at Laracor in Meath, a ride from Dublin. All this time he was writing, and thinking. He wrote on politics, and his pamphlets had such effect that he became courted by statesmen of both parties. To have Swift writing for you was equal to what the support of the *Times* was worth at its greatest power. He lived in London a great deal, the intimate of great men, and they gave him at last the Deanery of St Patrick's. He expected more, but Queen Anne's death threw his Tory friends out of office and into danger; he came back soured and disappointed to Dublin where he was hissed in the streets, for the Tories were unpopular. Ten years later he was the idol of the Dublin mob.

England at that time was governing Ireland without the least regard for Irish interests, and Swift in a series of letters to a paper, signed "M. B. Drapier," attacked a project for a new copper coinage. The thing was a job, designed to enrich one of the King's German mistresses; and Swift loathed jobs, hated corruption. The *Drapier Letters*, written in the character of a petty Dublin tradesman, ran like wildfire. Government launched a prosecution, laid the printer by the ears, but could get no information as to the writer—whose name every one knew. The whole people of Dublin closed up solid to protect the man who had stood out as their champion. Finally, "Wood's halfpence" were withdrawn. It was the first victory for the Press against Government.

Swift went on, in pamphlet after pamphlet, pouring out his hatred of oppression in satire whose passion still burns —and laying down principles of freedom. "The government of a people without the consent of the governed is the very definition of slavery," he wrote. Yet the "people" who in Swift's opinion were entitled to govern themselves were those who had their Irish Parliament—the Protestant Irish. They were in his mind "the Irish

nation." It never entered his mind to give equal rights to Catholic and Protestant; and he was the bitter enemy of the Protestant dissenters.

Because he stood for freedom and against unjust laws, which were killing Irish trade and increasing the welter of Irish poverty, Ireland as a whole took him to its heart. Yet he never loved Ireland; his pity was always mated with contempt. But he did hate injustice. "Does not the injustice and oppression of men in high places eat into your heart?" he wrote to one of his English friends. It was by that he desired to be remembered. His epitaph is over the doorway: "Here Jonathan Swift, for thirty years Dean of this cathedral, lies where savage indignation can no longer gnaw his heart. Go, traveller, and imitate, if you can, one who did a man's part in the defence of liberty."

So he wrote, and the words even in that dead language have gone into all lands. *Ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit.* But other passions than resentment made havoc in Swift's dark heart. In the north transept is another epitaph of his wording which commemorates:

"Mrs Hester Johnson, better known to the world under the name of 'Stella,' under which she is celebrated in the writings of Dr Jonathan Swift, Dean of this cathedral."

When Swift was a young man, living in Temple's house, this Hester Johnson lived there also, and the young angry tutor taught the charming child and called her "Stella." After Temple's death, Stella, with a widow companion, came to Ireland to live near Swift, and for the rest of her life she lived, seeing him daily, constantly presiding over his entertainments—but never alone with him. When he was in London he wrote her the letters or journal which have been called the most perfect love-letters ever written by a man; and women have said that they would have faced Swift's cruelty to have known Swift's tenderness. I do not know that Swift ever showed his cruelty—

which could be terrible—to Stella; but another woman knew it.

During these long stays in London he made friends with the household of a rich merchant's widow. The daughter, Esther Vanhomrigh, was twenty, handsome, and clever, and she fell in love with the politician of forty-four. The story is told in Swift's poem "Cadenus (that is, *Decanus*, the Dean) and Vanessa"—his pet name for her—and it has an ambiguous ending. There is, however, little room for doubt that Swift became in the most ordinary sense Vanessa's lover. The political crash came, Swift removed to Ireland; but Vanessa, coming into the possession of her fortune, followed him. She took a house at Celbridge on the Liffey, ten miles out, and lived there in retirement—visited by Swift. But it was impossible for anyone in Ireland not to hear talk of the Dean and his Stella—the brightest ornament of his society who "never was in any company without saying the best thing that was said there"—but whose precise relation to the Dean was a matter for every one's curiosity. Finally Vanessa wrote a letter demanding positive explanation, and addressed it to Stella—who handed it to Swift. Swift rode out to Celbridge; we know nothing of their conversation, but Vanessa died of it.

There is a widespread belief that Swift and Stella went through a form of marriage, and that Stella on her part knew no reason why she should not be normally Swift's wife. The least improbable explanation of all this dark mystery is that Swift and Stella were both natural children of Sir William Temple, and that Swift knew this but Stella did not.

All about St Patrick's is still a very poor quarter. In Swift's day this part was largely peopled by working weavers, and some old houses have still the tall window on the first floor, where the loom stood. Probably no archbishop of feudal days with his powers of life and death in

the Liberties held such real authority as the strange Dean, whom the rabble adored.

But the comelier Dublin that we know was growing up. After the Restoration, leave was given to the City Council to enclose what had been a commonage, and is now Stephen's Green; they let out the sides of it for building, and the Green itself became a counterpart of St James's Park. "Why don't you walk in the Green of St Stephen's?" Swift wrote to Stella in 1711. "The walks there are finer gravelled than in the Mall." Fashion set fast to this quarter when the first Duke of Leinster, who had been Earl of Kildare, began to build Leinster House in what is called after him Kildare Street. People said it was out of the way, for the north side was then much in vogue. "Wherever I go they will follow me," he said, and they did. Stephen's Green's frontage filled up with splendid houses, several of which, on the side where the Shelbourne Hotel stands, have been saved by becoming clubs; beyond that Harcourt Street began to be built, and Ely Place and Upper Merrion Street; beyond these again Merrion Square and Fitzwilliam Square, stately and spacious and admirably uniform in style; Merrion Square indeed is something more than spacious. All these date from the time when Ireland had a Parliament of its own, and Dublin was the capital of a rich nobility and gentry.

But it was a totally different Parliament from that which Ireland has to-day. The link between the two is Leinster House.

When the Act of Union was passed in 1800, Dublin ceased to be the social centre of the Irish landlord class, who still represented Ireland in Parliament; but Parliament now sat in Westminster only, and all these great folk trooped across. Merrion Square and Fitzwilliam Square passed to professional men, doctors and lawyers, who still in the main hold them. But in Stephen's Green, for instance, the house originally built for Parsons,

afterward Lord Rosse, dropped so far in the world that it became garrison lodgings, and Sir Walter Scott found the young soldier who was his son-in-law installed there. Later, in O'Connell's day of power, it happily became what it is now, the Stephen's Green Club, and its noble rooms and staircase with the stucco ornament characteristic of Georgian houses in Ireland are intact. (Very good examples of this work can be seen in the Hotel Russell, a house originally built about 1730, but evidently redecorated forty or fifty years later.)

After the Union the Duke of Leinster made over his mansion to the Royal Dublin Society, who held it for a hundred years, and adapted it to their uses. About this centre of art and learning kindred structures grew up. The National Gallery adjoining Leinster Lawn, which faces Merrion Square, was built in 1864; in 1890, on the Kildare Street side, were added two wings, of which one is the National Museum of Irish Antiquities, the other the National Library. Later still, when the Department of Agriculture and Industries was established, a great Irishman, Sir Horace Plunkett, was its first directing head, and under his auspices began to be built the offices of the Department, facing Upper Merrion Street, while on the space between them and Leinster House the Royal College of Science was erected.

Then came the last phase of the Irish Revolution, and in the first days of 1922 an Irish Government was looking for quarters. Yet the crossness (decidedly, I prefer that word) was such that it had to operate from a fortress; and the College of Science was annexed to serve as offices. When the Free State's *Oireachtas* or Parliament, with its two chambers, *Dáil Eireann* and *Seanad Eireann*, needed a meeting-place, the Royal Dublin Society lent its building; and the first session of the Dáil (strongly guarded) took place in what had been the Society's lecture theatre and concert-room, with its amphitheatre of seats.

The lodgers came to stay. The College of Science was disestablished, but students have every facility for all its studies in Trinity College or the National University; the Royal Dublin Society somewhat reluctantly consented to sell Leinster House, and rehoused itself at Ballsbridge, beside the famous show-ground; and here its concerts and lectures have had a far larger attendance and popularity than ever before. The Senate retains its chamber in what was once a part of the Museum; while Dáil Eireann, the Irish House of Commons, sits with the Irish Ministry on its benches in Leinster House, the building first erected for the great nobleman who inherited the title and possessions of the Earls of Kildare, and who descended from the greatest of the Norman-Welsh conquerors, the princely Geraldines. It is a fine link with the past; but what should endear it more to the Irish race is the memory of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, son to the builder of Leinster House, who lost his life as a rebel in arms for the cause of a free 'United Ireland.'

Outside Ireland's Parliament on Leinster Lawn stands a double cenotaph, memorial to the heroes of the Irish Revolution—Arthur Griffith, first President of Dáil Eireann in the Irish Free State, and Michael Collins, who with him established it, yet with him was swept away—leaving a handful of unknown and inexperienced men to carry through as difficult a task as ever fell to mortals.

The entrance to the Assembly is from Kildare Street, through the courtyard, one side of which is formed by the Library and the other by the Museum. Students and politicians rub shoulders in the street outside. It is unfortunately true that provision for our Legislature has somewhat encroached upon the space accorded to the treasures of antiquity, and corridors frequented by deputies are lined with cases of stone implements and other exhibits. But there remains ample room to display the wonderful collection of ancient gold ornaments, collars,

brooch clasps, and the like; and supreme jewels of Gaelic workmanship remain there, still a source of inspiration to Irish craftsmen. Chief of these are the Ardagh Chalice, unearthed in County Limerick, and the Cross of Cong, whose filigree work almost rivals the intricate penmanship of the *Book of Kells.*

III. Attractions of the Capital

The south side which holds the old city, the ancient cathedrals, and the most significant life of the new, holds also two universities. Trinity College was founded for Protestants in the last year of Queen Elizabeth, and though religious tests were long ago discontinued within its walls, and though its roll of *alumni* holds many distinguished Catholic names, yet Catholic Ireland claimed a university which should by atmosphere and tradition be Catholic as Trinity is Protestant. This claim was at last conceded in 1908 and the National University was founded, having attached to it what were once the Queen's Colleges of Cork and Galway. But its central establishment is in Dublin; and here an Irish architect has shown something approaching genius in the conversion of an old exhibition structure into the very noble building which now fronts Earlsfort Terrace, simple, severe, and most dignified.

University College, Dublin, continues the traditions of the college founded three-quarters of a century ago, whose first President was Newman. The Jesuits took over the work when he failed, and carried it on in the same buildings which they still occupy, close to the Hotel Russell in Stephen's Green. Many famous *alumni* came from University College, but one in particular should be named —a pupil of the Jesuits, and one of the first professors of the National University—the wittiest Irishman of his time, and perhaps the most eloquent speaker and writer

also, T. M. Kettle. He was for some time a Nationalist Member of the House of Commons, resigning his seat to take up the Chair of National Economics; but when the European War came he joined the Dublin Fusiliers and fell on the Somme leading his company. G. K. Chesterton said of him that "no other so brilliant intelligence was lost in the War."

His friends have carried out a wish which he once expressed in conversation. At one side of the circular space in the centre of Stephen's Green a pedestal supports the bust of Clarence Mangan, the greatest poet of the Young Ireland movement—like in many ways to Edgar Allan Poe. Over against him is set the image of Kettle, sculptured by his friend Thomas Power—the eyes looking up as they did in life from under his brows, and with inward laughter flooding the mobile face—mobile even in bronze.

Trinity College would need a guide-book to itself; but whoever visits its library (endowed with the right to a free copy of every book printed in Great Britain) will find in that noble room a long line of busts of its greater *alumni*. A visit to the library is obligatory on anyone who would see Ireland intelligently, if only because the illuminated manuscript called *The Book of Kells* is the supreme indication of the part played by Ireland in the Dark Ages.

For in the centuries when Roman civilization was being trampled to fragments throughout Europe, Ireland, at peace beyond the seas, remained peaceable and studious, a custodian of knowledge. It has been said by one most learned scholar that in the eighth century anyone north of the Alps who knew Greek was either an Irishman or an Irishman's pupil. But the special function of the Irish scribes and scholars was the multiplication of books, in an age when books were rare treasures; and they developed a school of penmanship which for beauty and exactness has never been equalled. The scribe with his precise lettering passed into the artist, and *The Book of*

Kells shows at its height how far skill of hand can be carried. Those involved spirals and the colouring, in some places after twelve centuries almost as vivid as if it were new, need to be studied through the microscope; and there is always a large magnifying-glass as well as a friendly attendant at hand.

Yet of equal interest is a far less pictorial manuscript. *The Book of Armagh* shows you the work of Irish scribes when they wrote for use, not for decoration—though it also has its decorated places. It is in reality not a book, but a small library, in the handwriting of a famous scribe, Ferdomnach. The copy of the Gospels which it contains was transcribed by him from a copy handed down at Armagh, St Patrick's See, and regarded as the Saint's own work. In the church at Armagh it was guarded as the chief treasure, and upon a vacant space in it the Latin secretary of Brian Boru inscribed in Brian's presence the confirmation of all the rights held by the primatial see of Ireland. You can read the words written there in 1002, when Brian of Thomond, at last undisputed ruler of all Ireland, made a visitation of the whole country.

Later in its history the book was more than once captured and taken away, really as a hostage; but it came back always to Armagh and into the custody of the family who were its hereditary keepers; and with them it stayed even after the Reformation and the break-up of the whole Gaelic order—till at last that inheritance ended shamefully. Florence MacMoyre (that is, son of the *Maor*, or Keeper) pawned the book for five pounds; he needed the money for his passage to London where, at the time of Oates' Popish Plot, he and his cousin, an unfrocked Franciscan monk, helped for dirty money to swear away the life of Oliver Plunket, the Catholic Archbishop of Armagh, before Judge Jeffreys.

Florence (whose name is written in the volume under date 1662) never could afford to redeem his pledge, and

from hand to hand the book, containing the most valuable materials for the Life of St Patrick, passed, until through the bounty of Dr Reeves, then Bishop of Down, it passed back to the Primate of Ireland, who made it over to Trinity. Reeves worked for forty years off and on preparing a complete edition, and died leaving only a mass of materials; another Irish scholar took up the work and after twenty years brought out the massive volume, which his hands—for he was then eighty-five—could scarcely lift. Printed in the University Press, it lies there in the case beside the manuscript, another monument of the patient, loving, and learned scholarship of Ireland; and I, his son, am proud that my father should stand thus honourably and permanently in the succession of those who carried on the work of St Patrick.

For it is well that visitors to Ireland should know something about Ireland's patron saint—no vague figure, but a simple, authentic human being, humble and unlearned, yet a great promoter of learning, and among the world's record of missionaries perhaps the most effective that ever worked.

St Patrick was born of British race, but a Roman citizen, in the last decades for which Britain was a Roman-speaking province. His home was on the coast of the Channel, in my father's judgment somewhere near Cardiff, but according to others at Dumbarton on the Clyde, where also were at that time Christian and Roman Britons. He was captured by Irish pagan raiders in his boyhood and lived many years a slave in Ireland, and during these years, as a revivalist would put it, he "found Christ." He tells us so in his *Confession*, a spiritual autobiography, written in very bad Latin, which is among the documents preserved in *The Book of Armagh*; and, under the guidance of divine voices prompting him, he escaped, having already the purpose to come back as a missionary to those who had enslaved him. From this purpose no entreaty

of his friends could turn him, and he spent many years on the Continent training for his mission, till in 432 he came back, as a bishop, with a company of assistants, Gauls and Britons. There were already some few Christians in Ireland, apparently in the south-east corner, which lay nearest to the Roman world. But Patrick's mission was to all Ireland, and within thirty years he had established Christianity in every part of the island and had brought in the Latin language and the use of Latin writing.

Patrick, as we know from the other surviving piece of his writing, the Epistle to Coroticus (Caradoc), a British chief who had raided Ireland and killed and carried away some of Patrick's converts, always thought of himself as a civilized Roman (meaning what we should mean by 'European') working among barbarians. But in his lifetime the whole Roman fabric fell in; Britain was evacuated, and Gaul made a wilderness by pagan conquerors; while the Christianity which he had planted in Ireland became a consuming passion which drove young princes out into desert places to live as anchorites—devoted to learning as well as to religion.

Patrick died in 461. Within the century after his death the first missionary from Ireland, St Columba, settled at Iona and began the conversion of Scotland; and from Columba's successors in Iona came the missionaries who founded Lindisfarne in Northumbria and were the apostles of Anglo-Saxon England; while in the close of the sixth century there began the outward flow of Irish monks, scholars as well as saints, who re-established Christianity in those parts of Northern Europe where paganism had returned, or Christianity had never been brought.

The list of Irish saints is past counting; but in it all no other figure is so human, friendly, and lovable as St Patrick—who was an Irishman only by adoption, but whom all Irishmen, Protestant or Catholic, claim as their

own; indeed good Protestants are very anxious to prove that he had nothing at all to do with Rome. Anyhow, all keep Patrick's Day, and nothing brings us quite so near him as this manuscript. At page forty of the printed book is the Latin of these words:

> Thus far, the volume which Patrick wrote with his own hand : on the seventeenth of March Patrick was translated to heaven.

Ferdomnach, who worked about A.D. 800, may have copied that sentence from an earlier scribe. But it is possible that he had then before his eyes the actual writing of the Saint himself.

There is much else to see in the Library and in the College as a whole, but especially the Schools, one of the best works of the nineteenth century; a beautifully proportioned building, one side of it facing the College Park. Its richly ornamental string-courses are the work of a family of Dublin craftsmen who made their own designs. Opposite it, in Nassau Street, at the corner of Kildare Street, the Kildare Street Club is by the same architects, Deane and Woodward ; and here the same craftsmen have let their fancy loose in grotesque figures, with some reference to Club life: monkeys play billiards very dexterously in the cut stone. These stone-cutters, in whom the medieval spirit revived, were brought over to decorate the new Science Schools at Oxford, and there also are string-courses from their chisels; but the ornament breaks off abruptly. It seems that they painted the town redder than the proctors could stand; they were sent off, and none could be found to carry on what they left unfinished.

Irish craftsmanship was famous in the days of Flood and Grattan; Horace Walpole used to send his books to be bound in Dublin, for example. That tradition unhappily is of the past. But we have certain things to

prize. In Lower Baggot Street Miss Yeats, sister to the poet, turns out at the Cuala Press some of the most admirable hand-printing—books and cards; and on the north side, in Hardwicke Street, the Dun Emer Industries make hand-tufted carpets in which the traditional Celtic designs are adapted with great effect, and in rich, strong colour. In both places are embroideries worthy of Emer, wife to the legendary hero Cuchulain.

Some of the best stained glass now made (indeed, if there is any other as good I have not seen it) comes from two Dublin studios, that of Miss Purser in Upper Pembroke Street and of Mr Harry Clarke in Frederick Street. Leave can be got to see this beautiful work.

Another thing of interest is the Dublin poplin fabric, always on show at Mr Atkinson's shop in College Green.

For lovers of painting the city has much to offer. Among the smaller galleries of Europe our National Gallery ranks high. In the last twenty years it had for director, first, Sir Walter Armstrong, a man of great talent and judgment, and later Sir Hugh Lane, whose faculty amounted to genius. Both improved greatly the grouping of the pictures, added authority to the assignment of particular works, and enriched the collection by skilful acquisitions. Lane, however, who amassed a very large fortune by dealing in pictures, used his wealth to make gifts; and the gallery includes among his many benefactions a Titian portrait of a man and a Rembrandt study of a young girl—each of them among the best representative works of the old masters to be found in this small but excellent collection.

One room is filled with the work of Irish painters no longer living; it contains a fine landscape by Nathaniel Hone, who was one of the Barbizon group along with Corot and the rest, and a fine portrait by his ancestor, a Nathaniel Hone of the eighteenth century. Here can be seen also the charming work of Walter Osborne, who died

some twenty years ago, and whose portrait of himself is one of the best things in the portrait gallery that fills two large rooms. It hangs next to a first-rate painting of Kuno Meyer, the famous Irish scholar and man of letters, by Augustus John. Here is also the portrait of President Wilson, painted by Sargent on the blank canvas which he offered to fill in exchange for ten thousand pounds to be given to the Red Cross Fund. Lane paid the ten thousand, induced President Wilson to sit, and bestowed the portrait on Ireland.

But Lane's munificence cannot be half estimated without a visit to the Municipal Gallery of Modern Art in Harcourt Street. He launched the idea of forming this collection, to be representative of all that was best in the art of the period from about 1850 to 1900; he gave nearly all that is of special value in the Gallery on condition that the Dublin Corporation would establish and maintain it; he added on loan as many pictures more, to make the collection complete and representative. Unhappy quarrels arose, no permanent gallery was built, and Lane took his pictures to London, where the National Gallery was glad to have them on loan—and at one time his purpose was to fix them there. But, going to America during the War, he added a codicil to his Will directing that they should go back to Dublin; he took his passage back by the *Lusitania* and perished. When the Will was found it appeared that the codicil was invalid, not being separately witnessed, and so the pictures have remained in London. A committee set up by the British Government reported that undoubtedly Lane intended to restore them to Dublin, but recommended that the steps necessary to this end (an Act of Parliament being required) should not be taken. Many, however, of the most illustrious artists in Great Britain think it due to Lane's memory that his generosity should go where he desired.

Meantime, even as it is, the collection in Harcourt

Street ranks with the best of its kind—though it is not as Lane desired it to be, unique in completeness. But Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, Mauve, and many others are to be seen at their best; and it is of extraordinary interest to look at the noble work of Nathaniel Hone, scarcely known outside Ireland, beside that of the men who worked with him at Barbizon.

There is also here a notable group of Irish portraits, most of them painted by Sir William Orpen before he became world-famous.

Lastly it should be observed that there are painters working in Dublin whose work is at least as good as that of any of their predecessors. Mr Jack B. Yeats has a special following, and his pictures are all studies of Irish life—seen sometimes almost grotesquely, but always with vital power. But Mr Paul Henry, to the mind of most of us, has caught the characteristic beauty and romance of Western Ireland as no one before him; and his wife, Grace Henry, has a talent which good judges put on a level with his. Work of theirs and of other contemporary artists—among whom Mr Keating is notable—can be seen at the private galleries and studios about Stephen's Green.

I have now said something at least about Dublin of the south bank. But it still is necessary to advise that you should follow along the old ridge from Dame Street past Christ Church into Thomas Street, and so westward by the oldest thoroughfare in Dublin that led into the plains. You will pass the house where Lord Edward was taken, and the open space where Robert Emmet was hanged; you will see near Kingsbridge Swift's Hospital, founded by the bequest which he himself described:

> He left the little wealth he had
> To build a house for fools and mad,
> And showed, by one satiric touch,
> No nation wanted it so much.

Yet Swift's irony is less savage than that of Fate, which

decreed that he himself should long outlive his reason, and, as Johnson wrote, "expire, a driveller and a show."

You can see also on your left the famous distillery of Jameson's whisky, and on your right Guinness's gigantic brewery, which is said to have no equal in the world. It is indeed a marvel of organization, and there is this to be said: they have never had a strike. No man who gets into their employment will risk losing his job.

One drawback to visiting Dublin in summer is that you cannot then eat Galway oysters with their ideal accompaniment—the light draught Guinness, made for Dublin's own consumption, needing to be drunk out within a fortnight. It is worth making a special visit for this in one of the months with an *r*. Oatcake biscuit completes the perfection.

Beyond Guinness's, near the Kingsbridge Station, lies the only important relic of the seventeenth century—the Royal Hospital founded in the reign of Charles II by the first Duke of Ormonde, then Lord-Lieutenant. A noble building it is, planned by Wren, and the hall has fine carving of Grinling Gibbons. Here up till 1921 was the residence of the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland; but the bulk of the building was a hospital for army pensioners.

Beyond the Royal Hospital again is another famous building, Kilmainham Jail, in which most of the most respected patriots spent a time—Smith O'Brien, Parnell, to name only two of them. The sinister place—now disestablished, like many other Irish prisons—has a long history; here was the monastery of the Knights Hospitallers, established in the reign of Henry III. After the suppression of the monasteries their estates passed to the Crown, and Ormonde used part of this one to build the Royal Hospital.

The north side of our city is in many ways a tragic place. At the height of eighteenth-century splendour a

whole series of noble streets and squares ran along the southward-facing slope, which lies back about a quarter of a mile from the Liffey; its rise begins beyond the Parnell Monument, in what is now called Parnell Square, but was till lately named Rutland, after a forgotten Lord-Lieutenant. Here the Duke of Ormonde had his town house in what is now the offices of the Dublin County Council—on the upper side of the Square. Mountjoy Square, farther seaward, keeps its fine proportions; so do the houses which surround it, with rooms thirty or even forty feet long—but they are sadly fallen from their ancient state. To the other hand, toward Broadstone terminus, is Henrietta Street; in 1798, before the Union, five Irish peers had their town houses here among a group of leading commoners; the stucco ornamentation of the stairways and rooms is now the only trace of all that splendour. For the last forty or fifty years no one who could afford to be elsewhere lived on this side of the Liffey —with this notable exception. In North Great George's Street, running parallel to the east side of Rutland Square, I, as a very young man, was taken to call on old Sir Samuel Ferguson, chief pioneer of the revival in Irish poetry and art—and at his best a great poet. Here also lived, till he became Provost of Trinity, Sir John Pentland Mahaffy, in whom more wit and learning were combined than in any scholar of his time, British or Irish. And here still lives, banked up in a vast accumulation of books and papers, Mr John Dillon, son of a leading rebel in 1848, and himself for forty years a foremost leader in the ranks of Irish Nationalism. Yet these three great names have not been able to check the course of social decay which affects all this quarter of Dublin.

On the other hand, the north side holds Dublin's chief monuments. In O'Connell Street there is, next the bridge, Foley's great monument to O'Connell; at the other end the Parnell Memorial, work of a famous sculptor,

half American, half Irish, Augustus Saint-Gaudens. In the centre the Nelson Memorial towers; there is talk of removing it to leave a clearer way for tram traffic; but one may hope that this utility may not be regarded as a necessity.

Facing the Nelson statue is the General Post Office, now in process of reconstruction; it has been a ruin since Easter Week 1916, when, to the amazement of Ireland, Pearse and his followers seized and occupied it as the headquarters of the Irish Republic.

It is too near the time to discuss these events, but all will agree that the Irish Revolution in its later phase sprang from the General Post Office. And few would deny that history shows few moments more romantic than that in which barely a thousand young men (with one old man, Clarke, the eighty-year-old Fenian, prompting them) went out on this desperate adventure, and clashed first against their own countrymen, for there were few but Irish troops in Ireland. They foresaw that Ireland at large would condemn their act, as Ireland did, and that England, when it mastered the situation, would so handle it as to turn Irish feeling the other way; and they were right.

Michael Collins, then an unknown young man, was among the fighters in the Post Office. Thomas MacDonagh, man of letters and poet, was in command at Jacob's Biscuit Factory, near Dublin Castle; Mr de Valera, at Boland's Mills, near Westland Row Station; President Cosgrave at the North Dublin Union, near Broadstone. James Connolly, the Labour leader, whose part in the undertaking was not less important than that of Pearse, was also in the Post Office; but the centre of the Irish Citizens' Army, his wing of the forces, was at Liberty Hall, still the Labour headquarters, in Beresford Place.

The fighting in 1916 destroyed little of moment or interest, for the Post Office, though a handsome building,

was no way notable. But at later stages in the Revolution we broke the two finest monuments of the eighteenth century. In 1921 at the height of the struggle a hundred men of the I.R.A. (Irish Republican Army) entered the Customs House, which had become the centre of official correspondence and records for many departments; they burnt it, as part of the attempt to paralyse the whole machinery of British government. Again later, when the Free State was staggering into existence, the section of the army which mutinied against them (demanding a Republic or nothing) occupied the Four Courts and filled them with explosive. Civil war began then and the architect Gandon's masterpiece was blown up.

Happily, however, the fabric of both buildings retained its outline; Gandon's original plans exist, and Ireland to-day is busy reconstructing these two edifices, which were unsurpassed in European architecture of their kind. The Law Courts, at present crowded in the Castle, will no doubt return to their old habitation. West of them, the King's Inn, a beautiful building, has happily escaped all damage.

Beyond the Four Courts is the fine barracks once known as the Royal—now, like the others, it has been called after one of the modern fighting-men, and is Keogh Barracks. Above this, to the right, lies the institution which is to Dublin what the Stock Exchange is to London—the Cattle Market. When prices here are good, then Ireland prospers—when bad, times are bad. You may see here often the civilized asphalted roads blocked with huge throngs of bullocks on the way to the port.

And west of all this, outside of Dublin, is the city's chief glory, the Phœnix Park. Seventeen hundred and fifty acres of beautiful grassland it contains, for the most part flat, yet at points sinking into adorable dingles, and nowhere a dead level; with playing-fields of every kind, including the magnificent polo-ground in front of the

Viceregal Lodge, where you or I or anybody any afternoon can sit and watch the most spectacular of all games played with spirit, while beyond the ground rises the long, rolling mass of the Dublin Hills chequered with cloud shadow. Or if you hire a horse you can ride to heart's content on this perfect galloping-ground. No other town in the world, I believe, has such an 'outsport' for its people. Part of it at the entrance is set apart for a 'people's park,' very beautifully planned as a public garden; beyond this is the charming Zoo, where lions are bred so successfully that the sale of cubs is a large source of revenue. (The Gardens need it; a visitor does a good deed by contributing his entrance fee.)

It was the great Duke of Ormonde who in Charles II's day brought back these lands, which had been alienated from the Crown, and enclosed them for a deer park and public pleasure-ground. An old Jacobean hunting-lodge stood there where is now the powder magazine at the top of the bank that falls sharply to the Liffey. The Viceregal Lodge was built in Grattan's time by Clements, ancestor of the Earls of Leitrim, and the Irish Parliament offered to bestow it on Grattan—who refused. The Chief Secretary's Lodge was built about the same time for Sir John Blacquiere, one of the chief jobbers. He was Park Ranger, and caused it to be built for himself at the public expense and then sold it to the State for £7000 as a lodge for the Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant.

It has been decided that this small dwelling shall be in future the Governor-General's residence. But for the moment the Viceregal Lodge, from which Ireland has been always in name and often in reality governed since 1800 by a succession of English, Scottish, or Welsh noblemen, is now occupied by Mr Timothy Healy, son of a National schoolmaster in West Cork, and for many years the scourge of the British Parliament, till his wit made him one of its idols. There he is now, the King's

representative, Gael of the Gael, Catholic of the Catholic—and at heart, what is rare, a devoted Royalist. There has been no stranger transformation in British Imperial history. Few Irishmen held the post before; but one of them was almost his immediate predecessor, Lord French of Ypres, a very gallant Irish gentleman who loved Ireland with all his heart and by a tragic irony was entangled in the worst phases of a guerilla war.

In addition to all its other charms the Phœnix Park offers the most attractive way out of the city for any of the motor excursions which I now propose to describe, to the plains of Leinster, rich in historic associations. But before I leave Dublin there must be some brief word as to its places of entertainment.

First, restaurants. There is one really good, M. Jammet's, now established in new quarters facing on to Nassau Street, close to the corner of Grafton Street. A passage off Grafton Street admits to the oyster-bar, of traditional excellence, which was transmitted from an Irishman, Corless. An ancient landmark was removed when the Hibernian Bank replaced this restaurant at the corner opposite St Andrew's Church. It used to be convenient to explain that the ancient Danish *Thingmote*, or place of assembly, was exactly opposite the door of Jammet's. However, there is still a connexion, for when the top of this mound was levelled to make a site for St Andrew's, the soil taken from there went to bank up Nassau Street to its present level above the low-lying College Park—in which men still living in my father's time had shot snipe. M. Jammet, who came over originally as *chef* to a Lord-Lieutenant, has been an institution in Dublin for a generation; but he is associated with his brother in the ownership of a famous restaurant in Paris, the Bœuf à la Mode; nobody is better qualified to show what can be done by skill with the admirable materials of food available in Ireland. Summer visitors

should demand Dublin Bay prawns, a most delicate crustacean to be had only in Dublin Bay and at Glengariff. They are really a small crayfish. But for all shellfish the Dive in Duke Street is unsurpassed. The place is tiny, quaint, and primitive, yet able to demonstrate to any competent judge in due season that the Irish oysters from the Atlantic coast are the best and safest in the world.

The Moira in Dame Street, and the Dolphin, reached by a queer old courtyard opposite Dublin Castle, are, properly considered, survivals of the old and excellent chop-house; the Dolphin smoking-room has the character of an eighteenth-century coffee-house. It was much frequented by T. M. Kettle, who was also constantly at Bailey's in Duke Street, another place of the same kind; but the chief memory at Bailey's is that of Arthur Griffith, founder of Sinn Fein, first President of Dáil Eireann in the Free State—and the most formidable pamphleteer since Swift. These are places primarily for men, but all have rooms where ladies can and do dine. A witty and learned Frenchman who once came to the Dolphin in my company insisted that his wife and daughter—also persons of most intelligent curiosity—should invade the smoking-room because they would never anywhere else in Europe see anything of the kind. He recognised the eighteenth-century tradition when he saw it.

On the pier at Dunleary, in Stephen's Green, and in other places, it is often possible to hear the First Army Band, trained by a famous German bandmaster, Colonel Bräse, which competent persons praise very highly indeed.

Lovers of church music should take note that the choir in St Patrick's Cathedral has always been reputed, and that in the Catholic Cathedral at Marlborough Street the late Edward Martyn bestowed his bounty and his talent on establishing a Palestrina choir.

Passing from sacred to secular, Dublin has its provision

of theatres. In the Gaiety, just off Stephen's Green, week by week, companies on tour produce the plays that have succeeded in England. The Queen's Theatre in Great Brunswick Street is of a different type, appealing to the Irish populace; and here you may still see the bad landlord or the informer hissed patriotically. Old-fashioned melodrama keeps its vogue in Dublin. But of course the glory of Dublin—of which even Dublin has now become aware—is the Abbey Theatre, that rather gloomy building (once a morgue), which at the beginning of this century a generous Englishwoman, Miss Horniman, bought and equipped to give the Irish National Players their chance.

They were a small band of young men and women earning their living in various ways; only one of them, W. G. Fay, had had experience of the stage professionally. He may be regarded as the founder of the Irish style of acting, which has now become famous through the English-speaking world; but he worked under the inspiration of three writers, W. B. Yeats, Lady Gregory, and J. M. Synge. Later, St John Ervine was associated with the direction, as Lennox Robinson is at present, and these two men contributed much to build up the reputation. So did a long series of gifted actors after Fay and his brother—Sinclair, Kerrigan, Fred Donovan, Maire O'Neill, and her sister, Sara Allgood. But the Dublin populace never took the Abbey to its heart till Seán O'Casey, a Dublin working-man, began to produce his plays of Dublin life in the times of the Revolution. Then for the first time the Abbey Players, who had known crowded houses in London, in Oxford, in New York, and in Chicago, at last began to turn money from their doors in Dublin. If there is an O'Casey play on at the Abbey you will need to book your seats ahead. But whatever the play, no intelligent human being should come to Dublin without seeing the Abbey and its players.

CHAPTER III

LEINSTER

I. Carlingford

When it comes to considering what can be seen within a day's motoring from Dublin the possibilities are formidably numerous. I begin with one which carries you to the extreme limits of the Free State on the north—Carlingford Lough and the Omeath peninsula.

At the base of this peninsula lies the important town of Dundalk, but it is better on all accounts to push right on to Greenore, where is a harbour and the L.M.S. Railway have a good hotel, for the L.M.S. Railway run a service of passenger boats here from Holyhead—which is of course the best route from England if you mean to make your holiday on this lovely, long, narrow sea lough with mountainous sides. For its north shore, steep and wooded, is part of the Mourne Mountains, and the purple jagged Carlingford Hills face them across the narrow water. There is much traffic here on a Sunday, for the licensing laws of the Free State are less severe, and many Northerners find it convenient to make an excursion across the frontier on that day of the week. But on St Patrick's Day it is different, for the Free State Government, desirous to keep the national holiday austerely sober, closes all public-houses on March 17—and there is an exodus northward.

Carlingford itself is a pleasant little village with a modest hotel and lodgings to be had, which becomes in summer a watering-place, mostly used by Irish people. Old Cardinal Logue used to be constantly here, deserting his stately palace in Armagh for a smell of the sea; and

every morning the queer, wizened, bent, learned little old man, whose life began as a peasant boy among the Irish-speaking fisher-folk of Carrigart, near Rosapenna, used to issue forth to his bathing-box, strip, and take a header from his springboard, up till a time when he was nearly ninety years of age; a strange figure among the princes of a world-wide Church, but much beloved by all who knew him.

Carlingford, though so small a place, is a very old town. "Carline's Fjord" is Danish of course, and they probably made the first settlement; but the town's history begins with that of the Castle, still standing, and called King John's, for it was built in 1210 at John's bidding by John de Courcy, the gigantic Norman warrior who made an expedition north from Dublin and conquered for himself a little kingdom, roughly represented by the present County Down—which then was the kingdom of Ulster. As happened with most of the early Norman conquerors, he left no lineal successor, and his territory passed, first to de Lacys, and then to de Burghs, who, as the Earls of Ulster, were for a time the greatest power in Ireland. Richard de Burgh the Great Earl founded here for the Dominicans in 1305 the monastery whose church still stands, a picturesque ruin.

But all these associations are modern compared with the one which gives to this region its special interest. Omeath is the barony of Cooley, and the chief saga in the ancient group of Irish epics is *Táin Bó Cuailgne*, "The Raid for the Brown Bull of Cooley." Cooley was the territory of Cuchulain, the Achilles of Irish story.[1]

Those days were quite probably before the Gaels came to Ireland and conquered it; for the Gaels were foot-fighters, using iron, while the people of these stories fought from chariots (as Achilles did), and used bronze. In those

[1] *Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race*, T. W. Rolleston (Harrap).

days Ulster was a separate kingdom with its seat at Emain Macha, now Navan Fort, just outside Armagh; and King Conchobar (pronounced 'Conachar'; the word has in ages been shortened down to 'Conor') was reigning, protected by the Heroes of the Red Branch. There was a curse upon them all (but why is another story) that once in every while the sickness as of a woman in childbirth would come on them, and they would lie in the straw.

Maeve, Queen of Connaught, which was then another Irish kingdom, had by Irish usage her property apart from that of her husband, and one day the two matched their possession against each. Maeve had a match for whatever Ailill could show, till it came to his great bull, the White Horn of Cruachan. Then the proud woman sent out inquiry where in Ireland was the match for this bull, and the answer was that the Brown Bull of Cooley in Ulster would beat him, but was not easy to be got. So Maeve demanded the Brown Bull of Cooley, and, not getting it, led out the four provinces of Ireland against the fifth; and she timed her raid so that it should come when their weakness was on the men of Ulster. (How she was advised of this, and by whom, is another story.) But there was one warrior of the Red Branch exempt from the curse (for he was half divine), the youth Cuchulain, that is, "Cullen's Hound"—and why he was called so is yet another story and a fine one. His fortress was at Dundealgan, the Fort of the Thorn-tree, that is, Dundalk; and you can see it, a terribly steep ring fort, about a mile inland from the town—some one has built a modern villa on the top. But his post was along the marches of Ulster, which then extended to the Boyne. He and his charioteer and his steeds, the best of which was the Grey of Macha, heard of the Connaught host's coming; and the Connaught host heard of Cuchulain when they found at each ford saplings lopped with one stroke, and driven into the fords at one cast, and the heads of their pioneers

adorning the saplings. It was settled that Cuchulain would give up desultory killing and slinging stones from far off, if a picked champion would face him at each ford, and the host delay its passage for a day, or till the fight was over. Cuchulain killed all the champions, and the host's progress was slow—and there was a time limit on the sickness of the men of Ulster. At last they persuaded his brother in arms, Ferdiadh, to dispute the crossing. The two had been trained together, knew all the same feats; and at the end of the first day's fighting the champions embraced; they stabled their horses together, and each sent his own leech to tend the other's wounds. The second day's fight passed the same way; but the third day they stabled their horses apart, and they did not say farewell as friends; and on the fourth day Cuchulain fetched out the Gaebulg, which seems to have been a many-pointed harpoon, thrown with the foot, and drove it into Ferdiadh's belly. But he lifted the falling man and carried him across the ford, so that he might have won his crossing before he died; and after that Cuchulain made his lamentation. The place keeps a name from it: Ardee, which you motor through between Drogheda and Dundalk, is *Ath-Fhirdiadh* (*Ah Urdee*).

The host could advance again and they got beyond Dundalk. Here, just near the town, a ford of the river Inny is called 'the Car-pass.' Mr Tempest, a local antiquary, insists that this is *Ath-na-Carbad*, "the Ford of the Chariots," where Maeve's host went through into Cooley and captured the Brown Bull. For the rest of the story, or stories, I must refer you to Lady Gregory's beautiful telling of them, *Cuchulain of Muirthemne.*

As you drive back you should check your motor on the top of the rise before dropping into the Boyne Valley. I have said nothing about the beauty of Carlingford Lough, which is obvious; but here in the great plain, midway between the Dublin Mountains and the Mourne Moun-

tains, you have a superb view each way. Also, you can picture to yourself the passage of armies—Maeve's great host going north in its array, tribe by tribe, province by province, and coming back in triumph with the Brown Bull—a triumph soon shattered ; de Courcy's little band of three hundred mail-clad men going out to meet perhaps ten thousand of the Ulster folk, like some foray of modern troops with repeating-rifles and machine-guns against warriors as brave as they, but with numbers no use against superior armament and science; or again, William III's army, with its heavy artillery train, on the way to the Boyne, where James—who might well have stopped them in the narrow Gap of the North, beyond Dundalk—was fool enough to stand, hopelessly outnumbered and outgunned, and lose his last remaining kingdom.

II. The Boyne Valley and Tara

Your motor may take you over the Old Bridge where that famous and decisive battle took place; an obelisk used to mark the site but was dynamited down in 'the crossness.' The Boyne Valley, however, is not a thing just to see in passing; to it at least you ought to make one day's excursion. But you could not exhaust the interest in a week; nor can I possibly put into a few pages here what makes two long chapters in my *Fair Hills of Ireland.* Mr Cooke's *Murray* is here indispensable for any careful study.

Drogheda, Navan, Kilmessan, are all railway-stations which bring you near the chief points of interest on the Boyne; but a motor is best, and on your way you can stop to see the old church of St Doologh, about four miles out, on the road to Malahide. It shows how even after the pointed arch had been introduced—not earlier than 1150—Irish builders still kept to the steep, tall roof of stone slabs. Farther along, as you round the big estuary

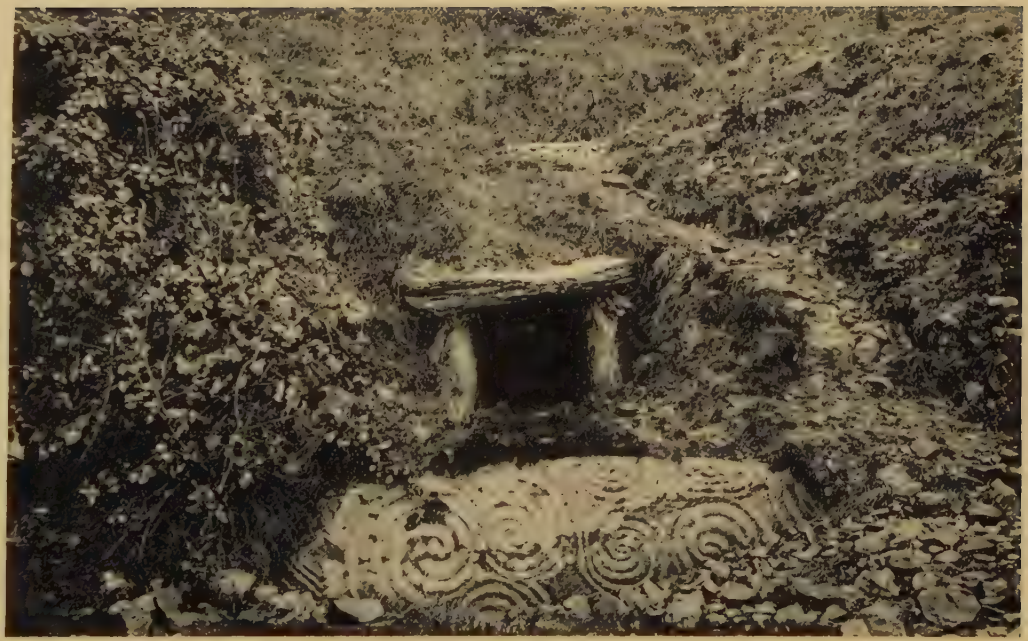
which the rail crosses at Malahide, you come to Swords, where St Columba founded a church and a monastery in 550. Here is one of the famous round towers, which were built at many points in Ireland (over a hundred remain) when the Danes began their raiding; they served as a belfry and as a watchtower, and, if need came, for a refuge. The door is always set above reach from the ground; outside stood a light ladder, that could be drawn inside when the monks entered with their valuables—precious vessels and, above all, written books. Within was a wooden staging, floor above floor, sometimes of six stories—each lit by a small window; and outside the marauders could make no impression on the strong masonry that has stood over a thousand years. But no doubt again and again ladders were brought and the door forced; for again and again the monasteries were sacked and the precious store of books destroyed by these heathen pirates, who were definitely making war on Christianity, which, under Charlemagne, had made war on them or their kin in the Rhineland and up to the Baltic, across which they were driven to fly.

I am supposing that you go to Drogheda, a town on both banks of the Boyne's tideway. It was fortified on both sides, and when Cromwell besieged it his artillery broke in on the south bank—opening the way for one of the deliberate massacres which blacken his memory in Ireland. On the north bank there is still a fine old gateway of the sixteenth century overarching an entrance with its tower—St Laurence's Gate, leading seaward. Your way is inland, and you can see on the south bank the trace of an old rath, in legend the fortress of Gobhan Saor, the Vulcan of Irish mythology. Three miles along the north bank takes you to King William's Glen, leading down past the woods of Townley Hall (where they have King William's sword) to the fallen obelisk and Old Bridge. At a ford just below the bridge Schomberg fell

MUIREDACH'S CROSS, MONASTERBOICE 70

Photo R. Welsh

[*P.* 73]



ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT CAIRN OF NEW GRANGE

Photo R. Welsh

[*P.* 74]

in mid-stream leading his troops. William himself crossed a mile farther down, under heavy fire; he was a brave man and able. James who, to do him justice, had shown courage in his time, showed little of it that day; but his real fault was in deciding to give battle; the position was hopeless; before the fight began William had been able to throw 10,000 men across at Slane, five miles higher up, and they were on James's flank and rear.

That was in 1690 ; the resistance of Catholic Ireland to Protestant England was broken then ; though it was not ended till two years later when Limerick capitulated, and all the flower of Catholic Ireland went abroad with Sarsfield, and were followed, decade after decade, by their sons and their sons' sons, leaving the mass of the Catholic people to sink into a kind of serfdom, from which they never completely emerged till 1921.

I am tracing history backward, here in the Boyne Valley where so much of it was made. The Williamite war was really an aftermath of the Cromwellian struggle. Under James II the Catholic Irish attempted, with the Catholic King's consent, to reverse the confiscation made in Cromwell's day—forty years earlier—when virtually all the land outside Connaught was taken from Catholics and given to Protestants. The siege of Drogheda was in 1649.

Let us get back a stage earlier. From King William's Glen to Mellifont is only about a mile, and Mellifont in 1641, when the first great rising of Catholic Irish broke out, was the fortified house of Garrett Moore, ancestor of the Marquis of Drogheda. It stood a siege then, as a private house; but it was originally a monastery, and a famous one. The Moores got it when the monasteries were confiscated under Henry VIII—at the very beginning of the troubles about religion, which lay heavier on Ireland than on almost any other European country. But it had in Henry VIII's day almost four centuries of

history behind—being founded before the Norman Conquest. St Malachy O'Morgair, Archbishop of Armagh, was a great reformer of the Church, and journeying on the Continent made friends with St Bernard at Clairvaux. He left there some of his monks to be trained in the Cistercian discipline, and after some years they came to Ireland and established here the first Irish Cistercian monastery. With them came one Brother Robert skilled in building, and they erected here the first Irish Gothic church—cruciform, with a semicircular chapel in each transept, with cloisters, chapter-house, heavy gate-tower, and a baptistry, octagonal, of whose lovely ornament some detail survives. It was part of Ireland's effort under this great saint (whose life was written by St Bernard) to link itself up with what was most advanced in European civilization. For undoubtedly in the twelfth century Ireland had fallen far behind.

But one need only go a few miles from Mellifont to get touch with the days when Ireland was for Northern Europe a leader in Christian discipline and in learning. Three miles farther up, on the slope of the ridge, is Monasterboice, the Monastery of St Buithe, who founded it in the sixth century, a hundred years after St Patrick's time. He simply, no doubt, set up his abode here, working and praying and practising austerities, and to the fame of his sanctity disciples gathered, cultivating for their needs, living in a huddle of huts, worshipping in some tiny church of wood or of mud and wattles, reading and writing, making books when books were worth a great ransom. Nothing is left that Buithe saw, or was seen by any man who saw Buithe living; the round tower which stands there, 110 feet high, would date from the ninth century; fire within burnt out its structure in 1097, destroying "several books and valuables"—what, we know not. But by that time it was a great seat of learning; here lived and worked Flann of the Monastery, who at his death in 1056

was recorded as "paragon of the Irish in history, poetry, eloquence, and literature." Flann in all probability said his prayers in one of the two Irish churches whose ruins are beside the tower—plain oblong buildings, not cruciform; but the larger has chancel marked off from nave, a late development in Irish architecture, which remained simple. The effort of the Irish as artists went in other ways. Look at the two stone crosses, each with the ring of stone embracing the cross. The larger cross is 27 feet high, made of three solid blocks of stone, and the topmost, capping the cross, is the model of an ancient Irish church with its high-pitched roof. All the panels of the long, slender shaft are carved with scenes from Scripture history—much defaced by time. We cannot date it, but the smaller cross is probably more recent, for its sculpture is scarcely impaired—and it shows you Irish monks and Irish warriors in the habit of their time—all moustachioed. An inscription reads: OR DO MUIREDACH LES INDERNAD IN CHROSSA ("Pray for Muiredach by whom was made the Cross"). He was the Abbot—but whether the Muiredach who died in 844 or his successor who died in 924 is uncertain—except that the second would probably have added the date. But in any case these beautiful works are Irish, more than a thousand years old.

All this may be dry history. But from Monasterboice run your car up to the top of the ridge and look—even if you have seen it before—at the view about which I have already written. No two days show the same picture over that sixty miles of fertile plain, with the sea flanking it and the mountain barrier at each end. I am the last to disparage such beauty as there is in the wilds of Donegal or Connemara or Kerry; but it is not lovelier than the loveliness of our richer eastern land; and from this ridge you are looking over the richest.

In Irish history the Boyne Valley has been a focus, no doubt because the wealth of Ireland has always been in

cattle, and Meath is perhaps the best pasture in Europe. About Tara, twenty years ago, grazing used to fetch five pounds an acre; it fetches more now. The High Kings were not bad judges of land.

But before you reach Tara, going from Monasterboice, you should visit monuments beside which Tara's fame is a modern development. Entering the valley again, and leaving Townley Hall on your left, the road soon brings you to Dowth—a hillock about an acre in extent, which is nothing but a huge cairn of stones, held together by a retaining curb of vast blocks laid lengthwise. What the cairn hides you can see by getting, from a cottage near by, the key to a wicket-gate which leads into a narrow passage between rough-hewn blocks of stone, each man-high, with others as big laid across for a roof. At the end of the passage is a circular vault whose side walls are also made of great standing stones, on which are laid other great slabs, and then others projecting inward (as if you built a card house) till the last slab closes the vault. In the centre of the chamber is a shallow stone basin 5 feet across, and three recesses lead from the side. It was of course a burying-place of people in the period that made Stonehenge and the Cromlechs. How this work was carried out, lacking machinery; how the stones were dragged and set before the enormous cairn was piled over them, no man knows. Ornament incised here and there shows that they had tools to work with—possibly of bronze.

We know that this was named in Irish lore the sepulchre of Boadan, but that conveys nothing. Two or three smaller tumuli in the meadows by the river below Dowth show that this region was set apart for august interments. But the chief of them is at New Grange, a couple of miles farther along the same road. Here we see that the cairn, overgrown now with copse, was once ringed about with great standing stones. Four stand erect before it, clear

of the retaining curb; and here we have the entrance marked out by decoration. Under it for a threshold is one of the great stones, with its outer face richly carved, showing the spiral design characteristic of Celtic art; overhead is another for a lintel, it also is carved; and the entry is by a passage 20 yards long into a vault whose domed roof is 20 feet high—all this constructed with nothing but stones from 8 to 10 feet long. Here are again three recesses; two stone basins instead of one; and here according to all legend was the traditional burying-place of kings. This was *Brugh na Boinne*.

Almost certainly the builders were the dark-white people whom the fair-haired Gaels, coming from the Rhineland, with armament of iron, conquered and enserfed three or four centuries before Christ. But it is at least likely that Gaelic kings adopted them as burial-places; certainly it is recorded that some of those most famous in half-legendary story were laid here. Yet the best-known story is that of Cormac MacArt, who refused to lie with them because he had turned against heathen belief.

Modern scholarship has no doubt that Cormac MacArt ruled in Tara about a century and a half before St Patrick's coming to Ireland; it makes no question that he went overseas with a fleet exploring and fighting—and so necessarily came into touch with the Roman world, then Christian; it is ready to accept the story that he brought to Ireland the first water-mill—and sees no reason why he, by general tradition the most enlightened of these monarchs, should not have inclined to the religion of the greatest European civilization. But it probably would dismiss as a superb literary invention the story which links his name with Brugh.

Cormac, they say, declared before all his Court of Druids and nobles that the gods they worshipped were only carven wood; and the Druids in vengeance put

curses on him. They turned the 'cursing-stones' (which till within recent times were in use on some of the islands that lie off our west coast—a priest broke up one of them not so long ago and scattered its evil pieces in the sea). Cormac did not escape; a salmon-bone choked him; yet he could speak enough to say that he should not be laid in Brugh, under the monstrous stones, but on the sunny eastward-facing point by the river which is called Rosnaree. The warriors who honoured him for the greatest of kings thought best to show him honour in the old way, and they carried him in state from Tara, to cross to Brugh. But when they reached the ford the river itself rose against them, "and thrice the wondering Gentile lords essayed to cross and thrice recoiled." Then, as Sir Samuel Ferguson tells the story in noble verse, four old champions stepped out who had carried the wounded Cormac on linked shields through a press of battle. They lifted the heavy load and

> 'Twas brave to see them leave the shore
> To mark the deepening surges rise
> And fall, subdued in foam before
> The tension of their striding thighs.

Strong as they were, the river was the stronger.

> Boyne from their shoulders caught the bier
> And proudly bore away the king.
>
> At morning on the grassy marge
> Of Rosnaree the corpse was found,
> And shepherds at their early charge
> Entombed it in the peaceful ground.

Full five or six generations passed—it may be even more—and a fire was lighted on the Hill of Slane, which looks down on Rosnaree, that signalled the end of all Druid-worship in Ireland.

Laoghaire was High King there in Tara, and the year was A.D. 433. Patrick the freeborn Roman, who had

been carried into slavery by Laoghaire's predecessor, Dathi, or perhaps by Niall of the Nine Hostages who was before Dathi, had now come back to Ireland as a bishop and had begun his mission in Ulster, where the days of his slavery were spent. But with the first spring he decided to challenge opposition at its heart in the High King's Court, and he landed in Invercolptha, that is, the Boyne estuary, and, making his way to the Hill of Slane, on Easter Eve lit there the Paschal fire—knowing that it was in sight of Tara, and that this was a night in which by the Druid religion all fires must be quenched. The challenge was seen, and the Druids told Laoghaire that unless that fire was quenched the kindler of it would master all Ireland. Armed men were sent, but miracles were wrought for Patrick, who passed by the warriors, it is said, changed into the likeness of deer; and his company came to Tara, chanting: "Some put their trust in chariots and some in horses, but we in the name of the Lord our God." In the King's Court other miracles were wrought; there was trial of strength between Patrick and the Druids, and the Druids were consumed in their own fire. In the telling of such a story it was natural that those who handed it down, should as we say, "put a skin on it." But, beyond yea or nay, Patrick won. The princes and the historians and judges and poets of Ireland took baptism. Only Laoghaire himself refused to believe, and died as he lived. "Bury me," he said, "in the mound of my rath with my sword in my hand, and my face watching the men of Leinster by reason of the hardness with which I have hated them." For the line of kings to which Laoghaire belonged had come out of Connaught, and, wresting this rich land from its inhabitants, had made it into the kingdom of Meath, and put the Leinster men under heavy tribute—so creating a trouble which seven centuries did not allay. It was a king of Leinster who brought in the English as his allies against the High King

—and more than seven centuries went into another long trouble.

If you go from Dublin to Tara—and it is a good way of making this excursion—three-quarters of an hour will bring you there through Dunshaughlin, passing two castles, Killeen and Dunsany, where Lord Fingal and Lord Dunsany still represent an ancient Norman family, the Plunketts. The saying once ran that if you escaped Killeen you were robbed at Dunsany; but nowadays these two names are held in high favour in Ireland—and Lord Dunsany's far beyond Ireland, as one of our chief literary lights.

When you get to Tara there is nothing to be seen but three green fields, marked with many mounds, a church with its churchyard, a pedestal with a modern statue of St Patrick, and a big black stone set upright on a small mound. This is not surprising; first, because Tara ceased to be a permanent residence or encampment about 576; secondly, because all the buildings there were of wood. But among the relics which have been found at Tara was a gold torque 5½ feet in length: there is no reason to doubt that the king's banqueting-hall was splendid as well as huge. Plans of it survive in old manuscripts, and they show a long, narrow parallelogram with a central passage down it and more than forty tables set crosswise, at which the guests sat placed in their ranks. The place of learned men and poets was with the nobles. The height of the hall is said to have been 30 cubits and the width of its hearth 7 cubits; the length is stated in a poem as 700 feet, but was really greater; for in the field which you enter from the road you can find and measure this long space between two banks, each of them gapped at the sides at regular intervals; it had seven doorways on each side, or according to some records, six: I make the total of doorways fourteen, counting one at each end.

The dividing ditch between the two fields is part of the rampart of *Rath na Riogh*, the Fort of the Kings. Near to the stile which crosses it is a little mound called the Mound of the Hostages; beyond it the statue of St Patrick is set on a double rath, shaped like an 8, on which stands also a pillar stone—which according to some antiquarians is no other than the *Lia Fail*, or Stone of Destiny on which the High King stood when he was installed in sovereignty—and it roared under him, in token of acceptance.

It lay flat by the Mound of Hostages, and is described in a very ancient account. But in 1798 a force of insurgents mustered at Tara were beaten, and shot down in hundreds; the country people buried them in *Rath na Forradh*, and set up the pillar stone to be a mark over 'the Croppies' Grave.'

I cannot here detail all the traditions. But in the field to the south, out of which the churchyard is cut, you can find the well *Nemnach*, or Crystalline, which was Tara's water-supply. Anciently the little river Nith flowed from here, and was probably a bigger stream; and on it, according to tradition, Cormac set up the first Irish water-mill. The scholar O'Donovan ninety years ago found a mill working on the Nith, owned by a man who claimed that his forbears had descent from the first millwright and had kept the mill always in the family.

When you leave Tara I would have you drive on to Navan (a place with a country hotel much frequented by foxhunters), and here the Meath Blackwater falls into the Boyne. Take the road along the Blackwater and you come to Donaghpatrick, where is a big rath in the wood, near the church. It was the *dún* of Conall, Laoghaire's brother, one of Patrick's first converts; and Conall gave to Patrick the site of a church which stood where is the modern building. Beyond this is Teltown, where was held periodically a great fair, *Aonach Tailteann*, which was

also the occasion for all kinds of sports. The Tailteann games were held in the year before Dermot Macmurrough brought over the Normans—and not again till 1923, though this later event took place actually in Croke Park at Dublin.

Farther still along the same road is Kells, where St Columba founded in 550 the monastery in which was wrought that marvel of craftsmanship, *The Book of Kells*. It is quite possible that the stone-roofed building which is called St Columba's House may have been the writing-chamber of that artist-scribe—or company of scribes. The book is probably of the eighth century, and the building with its cylindrical vaulting may be as old as that. The scribes worked in the room formed between the arched vault and the stone roof. Here also is a round tower, and there are three sculptured crosses in the churchyard and one greater one—unhappily, broken—in the market-place.

But the real importance of Kells is that it was chief and centre of the foundations with which Columba studded Ireland, before he crossed the seas and founded Iona—from which sprang Ireland's vast missionary work. All Scotland was Christianized from Iona, and nearly all of Saxon England.

As you come back from Kells, you should take the road which passes the Hill of Ward, a great mark for hunting-men, but in ancient Ireland famous as *Tlachtga*, one of the chief places of assembly. Rory O'Conor, the last High King of Ireland, called a meeting there of the chiefs, lay and ecclesiastic, in 1168, and 17,000 horsemen mustered there and "passed many good resolutions respecting veneration for churches and clerics and control of tribes and territories," and there was peace. But that same year Dermot Macmurrough came back from England bringing the first Norman knight. Within five years from that the Norman power had strongly entrenched

itself in this land of Meath, and Trim, which you pass next, shows how they got their grip. They introduced castle-building on a systematic scale—though of course the great ruins beside the Boyne bridge at Trim date from much later. They began with wooden blockhouses perched on top of a high mound, but very soon replaced these by the strong keep, surrounded with a *bawn*, or walled enclosure, into which preys of cattle could be driven, and that again in the strongest places was surrounded—as here—with a moat. Trim Castle was built first for Hugh de Lacy, whom Henry II named as his Lieutenant when he left Ireland; and for a century and a half the de Lacys were lords of this territory, which was continuously held strongly—the very centre of the Pale.

If you are interested in Hugo de Lacy, his burying-place can be seen at Bective Abbey on the Boyne, midway between Trim and Navan—a noble example of the medieval monastery, with which the Normans covered Ireland—half cloister, half fortress.

I add one more to the historic landmarks which can be seen in this drive of sixty or seventy miles. A couple of miles from Trim is Laracor, the country parish which was Swift's benefice before he became Dean of St Patrick's. Here Stella and her chaperone lived, and Stella's house is still shown.

Just recall a few of the associations: the Croppies' Grave at Tara, 1798—and I might have added O'Connell's mass-meeting here in 1845; Swift at Laracor, 1700–10; the Battle of the Boyne, 1690; Cromwell's sack of Drogheda, 1649. All these are of the post-Gaelic period. Going back, Bective Abbey and the church at Trim may be about 1450; Trim's first castle dates from 1173. Mellifont dates to 1150, Monasterboice to perhaps 900; *The Book of Kells* may have been written toward 750, and in 550 Kells was founded by Columba. In 433 Patrick came to Tara. Beyond that we have the shadowy yet

not mythical figures of Cormac MacArt and the pagan kings, and beyond them, lost in dim ages, surely not less than two thousand years ago, the building of Brugh na Boinne and Dowth.

III. Kildare

Another day's excursion should take you down west along the Liffey Valley into Kildare. You will probably go out by the Phœnix Park, on the high ground; but the lower road along the tramway to Lucan passes through Chapelizod, which keeps the name of Iseult of Ireland, for whom Tristram in the Arthurian story deserted Iseult of Brittany. In any case you must soon enter the Liffey's gorge, and here you may see Glenaulin, the home of Mr 'Tim' Healy, which he much prefers to his present abode, the Viceregal Lodge. A little farther on is the fall at Leixlip, an old Danish name; the *lax* still leaps here as he passes up. The Liffey is a good salmon river, and fish are poached—where no one would expect it—in between the Dublin Quays.

A little beyond Leixlip is Celbridge, where Swift's Vanessa had her home in Celbridge Abbey; her 'bower' is still noted (but the grounds are not open), a charming roofed seat by the river-bank, under arching foliage. On the left bank just below Celbridge is Castletown, one of the greatest eighteenth-century houses. Tom Connolly who owned it married Lady Louisa Lennox, sister to the Duke of Richmond. Another sister married the Duke of Leinster and was the mother of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. To be near them—for the Leinster house at Carton is only three miles from Celbridge—came the most famous of all these beautiful sisters, who as Lady Sarah Lennox nearly became Queen of England; but she came here as Lady Sarah Napier, with her very distinguished husband and her bevy of sons, who were to be illustrious. Charles,

William, and George Napier were all cousins of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and were all at Celbridge as boys when the rising of 1798—which Lord Edward headed—broke into war. There was never a more romantic group of people gathered together anywhere; the Napiers counted themselves half Irish by adoption, and commanded Irish soldiers in magnificent deeds all over the world. Yet no name of them all is so well remembered as that of Lord Edward, Pamela's husband, the rebel who only escaped the gallows by dying of his wounds. He had the beauty and charm of the famous Geraldine house, whose ancestral home at Maynooth should be visited by whoever goes to Celbridge.

Maynooth is now best known for the ecclesiastical college which England established during the Revolutionary wars, a concession to counteract the spread of French Republican influence in Ireland; and since Ireland has become the chief Catholic power in the English-speaking world this great group of buildings has significance, and it does not lack an austere beauty. Coming toward it, one sees that it began with the purchase of a big Irish country house—behind which have grown quadrangle after quadrangle of formal architecture.

But for the ordinary visitor more interest lies in the ruined castle, half-way up to the approach from the town to the college—and in the huge yew-tree opposite, which still bears the name of 'Silken Thomas's tree.' Garrett More and Garrett Oge, Earls of Kildare, virtually ruled Ireland in the time of Henry VII and Henry VIII; scarcely any king in Europe had greater subjects, and scarcely any subject a finer house, or a stronger castle. But the growing power of the monarchy was jealous; its ministers, the first bureaucrats, Wolsey and after him Cromwell, backed by lesser bureaucrats in Dublin, made attempt after attempt to ruin the Kildares and were baffled. One of their subordinates, the Bishop of Meath,

complained to Henry VII when Garrett More was impeached: "All Ireland cannot rule this man." "Then shall he rule all Ireland," said Henry. But at last in 1533 Garrett Oge was summoned to London to answer for his conduct, and in full Council (held at Drogheda) he gave the Sword of State to his son Thomas, only twenty-one years of age, known as 'Silken Thomas' because even his retinue of horsemen had silken hangings to their helmets. Plots were busy and a false message was transmitted to the young Deputy, declaring that his father had been put to death. Riding into Dublin, he flung down the Sword of State and declared war. His campaigns were unsuccessful, but Maynooth was garrisoned and counted impregnable. Men had not learnt to reckon with artillery; ordnance breached even those strong walls. Thereafter all males of the house of Kildare were executed —Silken Thomas and five of his uncles. But there was left one boy, Gerald, half-brother to Thomas, and all Ireland leagued itself, Gael and Norman and English, to shelter the Geraldine. At last he escaped to the Continent and was treated there as a prince in exile, till under the reign of Mary permission was secured for him to come back—the eleventh earl; and for four hundred years since then the line has been carried on, the earldom of Kildare being changed in 1766 to the dukedom of Leinster.

Carton, their modern seat, was built in 1739; a broad road tree-planted on each side leads straight from its gate to the gate of Maynooth College.

From Maynooth a road will take you past Clongowes Wood College, which ranks first among Irish Catholic schools. Near by is Bodenstown churchyard, where the grave of Theobald Wolfe Tone is now a place of pilgrimage; the rebel of 1798 comes by his full meed of honour when rebellion has ceased to be rebellion and he has added a dominion to the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Farther on the road to Kildare crosses the Grand Canal near Robertstown, and here is one of the most curious modern landmarks. A branch leaves the canal, running south through Monasterevan to Athy. Just by the junction stands an impressive building of black stone, a somewhat smaller replica of that by Portobello Bridge in Dublin which is now an hospital. If you had the rare experience of following the main canal to where it joins the Shannon, you would find a third—even more incongruous than this big edifice in the flat land at Robertstown. They were hotels, built in the early part of the nineteenth century when people travelled a great deal by 'flyboat,' a kind of light barge, roofed like a Thames houseboat, which was towed by horses at a gallop. The distance from Dublin to the Shannon used to be covered in less than eleven hours; at every halt all was ready for the speedy passage and change of horses.

Readers of Lever's *Harry Lorrequer* may remember his description of a journey by this conveyance and of his arrival at Shannon Bridge.

Kildare is a place of ancient fame where St Brigid, "the Mary of the Gael," founded the first convent for women; she herself is said to have been baptized by St Patrick. A monastery grew up beside it. The round tower came centuries later; it has been altered and has a battlemented top instead of the conical cap which was usual. Ornamentation on the doorway is here, and is also exceptional. The castle, of which ruins remain, was originally Strongbow's—though this building on his site is of a later period. But the most interesting thing here is the Cathedral, in which a modern architect, Mr Street, has reproduced the character of one of the churches built in Norman times, which were meant to be fortress as well.

Returning from Kildare, your way lies across the Curragh, that huge extent of grassland unenclosed, part of

which is racecourse, and all of which is used for training racers; but its main use in the past was for a permanent camp. Here was the central focus of British military power in Ireland. The barracks, and all related buildings, still serve their purpose; this is now the chief training-ground of the little Irish regular army.

All to east, north-east, and south-east of the Curragh rises the long chain of the Dublin and Wicklow Mountains; your road as you return brings you closer and closer. Nobody who takes the drive I have described on a clear day is likely to complain of lack of beauty in the scenery—though all the way you will have been travelling through a fertile land of great grass pastures where thorn-hedges are allowed to grow rather into shelter-belts than enclosures. It is lovely beyond words in Maytime.

IV. Wicklow

But if your heart is set on heather and mountain, there is no trouble in reaching them. The shortest way is by the Rathfarnham tram-line and through Rockbrook to what is called now the Pine Forest. On your right is Killakee Mountain, easily known by the ruined building on top of it; the Hell-fire Club, established in days of the Dublin Parliament—hard-drinking days. Gentlemen used to go up there, providing themselves with a cask of claret and a carcase of beef, till both were consumed; cards helped to pass the time and the money. Whisky or brandy no doubt aided the claret and beef to go down. From Rockbrook you follow the stream's gorge till it leads into Glen Cullen which lies behind the four summits that are nearest to Dublin—Tibradden (or the King's Burying-ground), Kilmashogue, Two Rock (the highest of them, over 2000 feet), and Three Rock. The road runs on through the Glen, until you find a gap opening and get view of the sea from nearly a thousand feet up.

That is the simplest road; but I should advise a *détour* on the way, turning to the left at Rathfarnham so as to pass the fine eighteenth-century house, which is now St Enda's School, but once was the Hermitage. It has romantic associations. Here in the days of Grattan's Parliament lived John Philpot Curran, famous as wit, orator, and patriot—one of the chief opponents of the Union and the leading advocate for every rebel who was tried in 1798. Here also used to come Leonard MacNally, a comic personage, ugly and uncouth, yet a noted duellist—and the author of some popular sentimental operettas. He, also a patriotic member of the bar, assisted Curran and was very bold in his attitude toward the British rulers. Nobody guessed then that he was in receipt of a salary from the Government, to whom he sold the secrets of the men he defended.

1798 was followed by 1800 and the Union; but there was still a nucleus of rebellion. Robert Emmet, a student of Trinity, had in 1798 been expelled for seditious practices; his friend Thomas Moore narrowly escaped sharing his fate. Emmet's father was a leading doctor, his eldest brother had been a brilliant lawyer, whose career was checked by early death; the next of the family, Thomas Addis Emmet, had been a leader of the United Irishmen whom Curran defended. This Emmet was in Paris, a banished man, and plotting for a French invasion. The younger brother Robert, a born conspirator—but of the noblest type—was plotting too; though of this Curran, who had settled down to look for preferment under the new order, knew nothing, and Robert Emmet was often at his hospitable Hermitage. Robert Emmet fell in love with Sarah Curran, and that neighbourhood is full of legends of their meeting-place.

What is now St Columba's College on the slope of Kilmashogue was then the demesne of Lundy Foote, a rich tobacconist. (He came to Curran for advice about a

motto to emblazon on his coach, and Curran suggested *Quid rides?* which if you read it in Latin means "Why do you laugh?" But if you read it in English, the reason for laughing is apparent.) On the upper walk below what was Foote's deer park used to be a semicircular summer-house set among laurels and commanding a superb view over city and sea and plain; and here, we were always told, Emmet and Sarah used to sit while he poured out his projects for a sudden stroke to capture Dublin Castle and free Ireland.

In 1803 he made his attempt, and the result was a pitiful failure, attended by the murder of Lord Kilwarden, a respected old judge who drove by accident into the armed mob. Emmet fled with a few companions through Rathfarnham to the hills, which even then were almost outside British law; a noted outlaw, Michael Dwyer, had held out there ever since 1798. The hunt was hot after the rebel, but he hung about the place where Sarah Curran lived; letters passed between them. Finally he was taken at Harold's Cross between Rathfarnham and Dublin, and Sarah Curran's letters were found on him. Her father was furious and drove out his daughter whom he denounced. He did not defend Emmet, but MacNally appeared once more in Court for the rebel. It is not known how Emmet's hiding-place was betrayed; but it is at least a probable guess that MacNally knew of the attachment and wormed the secret out of the girl.

Nothing was ever more ignominious than the failure of that insurrection; yet Robert Emmet's speech from the dock became in the passing time one of the scriptures of Irish Nationalism; and Moore's lyric upon Sarah Curran ("She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps") helped to make this couple figures of high romance, and in that sense helped to perpetuate Emmet's message.

More than a hundred years later Patrick Pearse, who had been secretary of the Gaelic League and was a mem-

ber of the Fenian Society, or Irish Republican Brotherhood, decided to start a school whose main mission should be to make Ireland Irish-speaking—and free of England. For the sake of the association he chose the Hermitage. Thomas MacDonagh, a young poet, was one of his masters, and these two ardent souls taught the young in the spirit of Robert Emmet. Both ended as Emmet did (except that it was firing-squad, not gallows) and not a few of their pupils were in the Dublin Post Office with Pearse when he declared the Irish Republic in 1916. Curran's house is a landmark in history.

Another thing which connects back to 1803 and 1798 is the 'military road,' undertaken after the rebellion. Branching off over a bridge in the Pine Forest from the road to Glen Cullen, it crosses the humped shoulder of Featherbed, and, beyond Glencree Reformatory, passes Lough Bray and the upper waters of the little river which flows out by Powerscourt. Its original purpose was to give easy access for troops to these wild regions which had always defied subjugation; and a chain of fortified barracks was built along it. Far down, on the slope of Lugnaculliagh, beyond Glendalough and Glenmalure, one of these still stands, converted into a modern dwelling-house. Its name is Aughavannagh and it was Parnell's shooting-lodge. After his death John Redmond, who had often been his leader's guest there, bought the place, made it more habitable, loved it, and lived in it whenever he was in Ireland. His son Captain Redmond still owns it.

Nowadays the chief use of the military road is for tourists, and there is no finer drive than to follow it past Lough Bray to Sally Gap, having on your right Kippure, the highest of this group—nearly 2500 feet. Here a road strikes across to the west, skirting Kippure and running beside the head-waters of the Liffey; then past Kilbride camp with its rifle-butts you come into the valley

traversed by an antiquated steam tramway, and so you can return to Dublin.

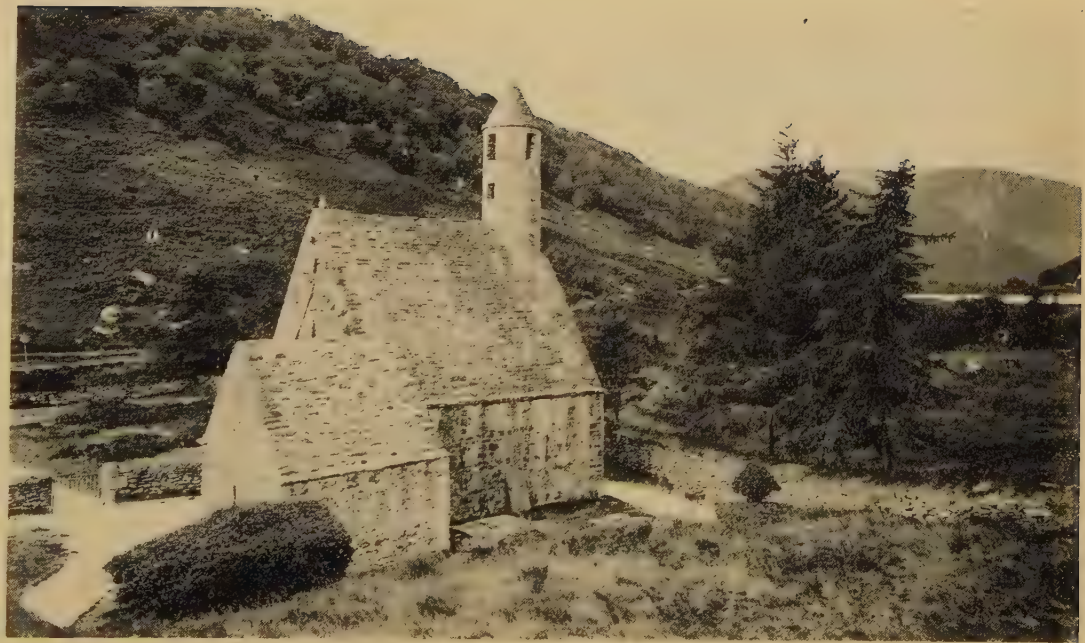
Or again, for a longer run, you may keep straight on at Sally Gap, and past the lovely little Lough Tay (or Luggilaw) behind Douce Mountain, and on across Callary Bog to Glendalough with its seven churches—about which I must speak later. Lunch there, see the sights, and carry on past the opening to Glenmalure, and then past Aughavannagh; and just here a road turns west, taking you over a high pass. Keeping on, along the slopes of Lugnaculliagh, you reach the Glen of Imaal, from which the Slaney rises; and keeping on through Dunlavin to Blessington you have the mountains on the east of you, and your view is now not over sea, but over the great central plain which spreads like a sea from you.

All this is in Wicklow and it is a region very little known to visitors. Wicklow to them means the seaward slope of the mountains—all the hills, glens, and rivers from Bray down to Arklow; a tangle of wild and beautiful places, yet subdued to amenity and charm by the presence of great houses and well-devised plantation. There are no big rivers in it; Liffey and Slaney, which rise on the Wicklow Mountains, barely five miles apart, flow westward into the plain, one curving north, the other south; the Liffey sweeps round the mountains, the Slaney finds a way through them into County Wexford at Newtownbarry and reaches the sea seventy miles from Dublin. Those waters which have their whole course in Wicklow fall into two systems, one of which issues at Bray, the other through the Vale of Ovoca at Arklow.

The northernmost rises in Glen Cullen, and comes down past Enniskerry, joining the Dargle river about two miles inland from Bray. Next comes the Glencree stream, which gets a trickle from Lough Bray. But the main water is the Vartry, which flows north from Roundwood, where is Dublin's main reservoir. All these make the

SEVEN CHURCHES, GLENDALOUGH

Photo London, Midland & Scottish Railway Co.



ST KEVIN'S KITCHEN, GLENDALOUGH

Photo London, Midland & Scottish Railway Co.

Dargle river and come out at Bray. Yet only two or three miles from the Vartry's source are Lough Tay and Lough Dan, connected by a river which flows to a junction where many valleys and streams converge, uniting in the Avonmore, which flows through the beautiful Vale of Clara, and so through the steep and wild Devil's Glen, below which it reaches the railway at Rathdrum, and line and river run side by side to Ovoca. The 'Meeting of the Waters,' celebrated in Moore's lyric, is where Avonbeg flows in, rising out of Glenmalure. In the angle above the Watersmeet is Avondale, now the centre of the forestry department—though famous in last century as the home of Charles Stewart Parnell. At least it carries on a work he cared for, for he was a great lover of trees. Also, at Ovoca station you will notice sulphur works; this country has much mineral, and Parnell whose hobby was chemistry spent all his leisure in assaying.

The sulphur poisons the water and leaves a deposit on the rocks traceable to Arklow; so no salmon can come up here; but above the streams are full of small trout, and so are the last affluents which come in at Woodenbridge, past Aughrim, down the long valley which takes the drainage of Lugnaculliagh and at whose head stands Aughavannagh.

Everywhere in all this region the streams run golden-brown off the peat, swift and rocky; everywhere the sides of their valleys are steep, and in many places they are nobly planted; in spring it is a world of bluebell and wood anemone. It can be best explored from Bray or Greystones; or, if you wish to be farther afield and have less company, at Woodenbridge there is a hotel and golf-links.

But take a typical excursion from Dublin. You can drive out through Glen Cullen and then reach the main road to Enniskerry from Dublin. It passes through the Scalp, a most picturesque moraine, with its steep sides, a huddle

of great rocks and bracken rising through them. Then into Enniskerry, a pretty village outside the gates of Powerscourt demesne (and this also is no bad place to stay in and has two very fair little hotels). Then you can drive into the demesne, through an avenue of marvellous beech-trees, and go to see the gardens and terraces, sloping down to the valley of the Dargle—superbly laid out and planted; for a mixture of skilled artifice and wild beauty this prospect is hard to beat. Then you can get into the Dargle and either walk or drive the length of this river-glen between wooded cliffs—two miles long—and then out of it; you enter the Powerscourt deer park and drive to the waterfall, where the Vartry water comes down a hundred feet sheer. It is of course tourist-haunted; but I have never found anything spoil the beauty of the loosely planted glades leading up to this crescent of cliff and its plunging water.

Then you turn back and drive over to the lower end of the Rocky Valley, through which the road leads by wild moorland and bog to Roundwood and so to Glendalough. But I am concerned here with the shorter excursion by the road between Great and Little Sugar-loaf, at the farther end of which you enter the Glen of the Downs, and emerge from it at Delgany—two miles in from Greystones.

It seems stupid to string out names; but every name of them is associated to us who know Wicklow with the most exquisite beauty, in which the art of man, tree-planting, house-building, garden-devising, has worked with lovely Nature.

The places of main historic interest in Wicklow are Glenmalure and, of course, Glendalough. I take first Glenmalure, though it is farther from Dublin, for it is the wildest and fiercest of all these recesses and was a stronghold of the O'Byrnes, the clan who held this country independent till the last days of Elizabeth. A long straight

cleft in the hills, it recalls Glen Veagh in Donegal, but one misses the lake-water. However, the absence of that made it even more useful as a fortress, and after 1798 Holt, a Protestant farmer, driven into rebellion, held out with this for his headquarters till long after the rising was crushed.

Glendalough—that is, "the Glen of Two Lakes"—has lake-water in plenty, and mountains over 2000 feet rising from them on each side. But the historic interest exceeds the beauty.

Kevin, a prince of the reigning house in Leinster, decided like many of the young nobles in that day—the sixth century—to retire from the world and live a hermit's life, and here at Glendalough he found the 'desert' or solitude which all these early anchorites sought after. But here as elsewhere the desert became peopled by his disciples, who built their huts round his and studied and prayed under his direction. The settlement lasted, and we have a whole group here of early Celtic churches and other buildings, as well as the usual round tower.

But St Kevin's own habitation was by tradition in a cave of the rock on the upper lake, and one of the obligatory things at Glendalough is to scramble into the 'Bed,' as it is called—where, as it is told, a young woman enamoured of the holy man made her way to visit him; but he with saintly promptitude pushed her off into the water.

There is good climbing on the cliffs here, and at my own first visit to the Bed I made my way into it from above; but that was very long ago. Moore was right about one thing in his poem; it is a gloomy place. However, the guides to the place who conduct you to wishing-chairs and relate the various miracles cheer up visitors; and visitors come in great numbers by char-à-banc from Dublin. A passable hotel exists.

V. Wexford and Kilkenny

Beyond County Wicklow is Wexford, wholly neglected by sightseers, though it is full of interest and beauty. I would suggest, to anybody who wishes to avoid the beaten track, a motor run, perhaps along by the coast to Woodenbridge and then up the river to Aughrim, and thence, following the railway-track, away to Shillelagh, where Lord Fitzwilliam's beautiful woods at Coolattin are a glory to see. By this time you have crossed the watershed and can follow the valley of the Derry river to Clonegal in County Carlow. Across the fine bridge here, you reach the grounds of Huntington Castle, a fortress of the sixteenth century converted into a modern dwelling. Visitors are at liberty to drive up the long approach between immense lime-trees, which in 1780 were described as 'venerable,' and walk round the terraced grounds, where is a yew-tree walk of amazing length and height.

Just below here the Derry joins the Slaney, and you can follow it down to Newtownbarry (now called Bunclody) where the big river passes through a gorge under the slopes of Mount Leinster—and few places in Ireland are more picturesque and delightful than this stretch of salmon river, with fine houses at short distances all along its banks. The Newtownbarry Mall hotel is highly civilized.

From here you can either turn back and drive to Dublin through the tillage country of Carlow and South Kildare; or you can follow down the river to Enniscorthy, outside which is the sharp peak of Vinegar Hill, central camp of the insurgents in 1798 and the scene of their final defeat. Or, as a shorter way, you can strike across to Ferns, which was the capital of Dermot Macmurrough, the King of Leinster who brought in Henry II's Normans. At Ferns he was buried in the precincts of an Augustinian monastery that he founded, of which some remains show exquisite stonework. But the main ruin in Ferns is the

Castle, built by Strongbow who married Dermot's daughter and (by a compact contrary to Irish law) inherited the kingdom. This castle was one of the arguments which he opposed to the claims of Irish law.

I have written a good deal about South Leinster because it is neglected; yet interest and beauty are everywhere; and if from Dublin you go to Munster, I suggest the route along the east coast to Waterford. Even from the window of a train there is much to be seen. But there is another alternative—to reach Waterford by Kilkenny; and if you take it, for heaven's sake stop for several hours in that most picturesque city.

It is on the Nore, one of three great rivers—Barrow, Nore, and Suir—which join below Waterford and flow out through the long, sheltered tideway that was in medieval times the chief route from Wales and England; and all this country was Norman settled from the first. Kilkenny in Gaelic times was the seat of a great monastery founded by St Canice; it was William le Marshal, ablest and best of the early Norman chiefs, who in King John's reign built a strong castle here and encouraged the growth of a town with skilled artificers. A century later, for the Marshals unhappily died out, it passed to the Butlers, who in John's time got great lands in Tipperary. From the fourteenth century on Kilkenny Castle has been in Butler hands, and the muniment-room there has letters in the handwriting of every British sovereign from Henry II onward. The Earls of Ormonde were from the fourteenth century, with the Earls of Desmond and of Kildare, the ruling Norman-Irish princes; they intermarried with the princely Gaelic families, O'Briens and M'Carthys, and they made a noble place of Kilkenny. The castle itself is a superb monument of the Middle Ages; and outside it is a Mall, fine, grave, dignified houses of the eighteenth century when Kilkenny had its season like a capital, and the country gentry had their

town houses in it—as well as their club, which is now the Clubhouse Hotel. In an earlier period of the eighteenth century was built the charming Tholsel of the High Street. All this is post-Reformation. Of pre-Reformation work there is the Black Abbey, a fine piece of flamboyant architecture and, happily, not a ruin. Beyond that again is the Cathedral, built no doubt where St Canice's monastery stood; the round tower rises behind it. The Cathedral itself has been built and rebuilt, but the result is a structure having austere beauty of line; and the stone of which it is built is a material that any lover of colour could look at for hours, either from outside, where it is weathered and wind and sun have given it a patina, or from within, where the blue-grey is like a pigeon's wing.

Across the river, opposite the castle, is Kilkenny Grammar School, where were educated Swift, Congreve, and Berkeley—three of the greatest Anglo-Irishmen. And under the castle, by the river, is a tree-shaded path, stretching delightfully for a mile. This is where Thomas Moore went a-courting his lovely Bessy—the penniless girl of sixteen whom he married, and who was perhaps a greater success than any wife of any poet in literary history. There was a theatre at Kilkenny in those days, and its great event was the grand annual season of amateur performances there; Moore, then at the height of his vogue and of his charm, was a star performer; but a couple of professional actresses were always engaged, and Bessy came down with her sister, who was the leading lady. Walks by the riverside did the rest, and Moore, whatever else may be said for or against him, remained his wife's devoted lover into old age and misfortune—and she his devoted comrade, housewife, and in the latter end his kind and unhappy nurse. It is a sad story enough—but the two of them had great good times together; and she basked in her husband's successes and was never jealous—and I think never had cause to be.

Moore was popular beyond measure through all Ireland for nearly a hundred years; but he was essentially a poet of Leinster; his mother was a Wexford woman, and a tablet there still marks the house where she was born. And when Moore came to visit Leinster in 1830 he had such a triumphal progress as has been accorded to no other poet in these islands.

CHAPTER IV

IRELAND WEST OF THE SHANNON

West of the Shannon lies the most primitive part of Ireland, still in many districts Gaelic-speaking (though it is rare now to find man or woman who has no English), and very largely Gaelic in race—with traces of the older peoples whom the Gaels subdued long before history was written down in these islands. If you desire that the place of your holiday shall be completely unlike England or America, Connaught is perhaps the best choice to make. All its attractions lie along the seaboard—except along the group of great lakes which drain out at Galway; and even here the salt breath of ocean is always on the wind. There is little to tempt the tourist inland in Roscommon or Leitrim; but the counties of Sligo, Mayo, and Galway, with their immense length of jagged and deeply embayed coastline, offer endless varieties of scenery—and of sport. Hotels, however, are few and far between, and there are only two watering-places—Rosses Point in Sligo Bay and Galway City. Perhaps Clifden in Connemara should be added.

I have decided to throw County Clare into this chapter, though if you told a native of it that he was a Connaught man he would probably strike you. Clare was separated politically in the dawn of history. But when Cromwell's people gave Catholic Irishmen the choice between "hell or Connaught" they threw in Clare; and Clare has the characteristics of Ireland west of the Shannon in a certain looseness of attitude toward the law—but more especially still, in a very great friendliness and hospitality.

I. Athlone and Clonmacnoise

The gateway into Ireland west of the Shannon is and always has been at Athlone, and to reach it you travel 75 miles across the central plain, traversing the north of the Bog of Allen—much of which is now reclaimed. But along the whole course you will notice gravelly hillocks which begin just outside Dublin. These are called *eskirs*, and the Eskir *Riada* (or Eskir Road) was the main way through the bogs from Dublin to Galway Bay in ancient times.

The railway passes through Maynooth (if you are motoring, Celbridge and Maynooth can be taken on this journey), and at Mullingar, fifty miles from Dublin, the track divides, one branch going northward to Sligo. Here, if you are motoring, you can visit the Westmeath lakes, Ennel, Derevaragh, and Sheelin—beautiful sheets of water.

The Sligo road and line pass through Longford, and this county was part of the ancient sub-kingdom of Brefny; its lord was Tiernan O'Rourke, and his wife was Dervorgilla, whom Dermot Macmurrough certainly carried off; though historians do not agree that this is the only reason or the main reason why King Dermot was driven out of Leinster and so induced to bring in the Norman knights. But certain it is that he and Tiernan were bitter enemies.

If you are motoring, and have an interest in literature, you may wish to go round by Edgeworthstown, still owned by a descendant of the able but priggish gentleman who spoilt the novels of his daughter, Maria Edgeworth, by putting moralizing passages into them. But for *Castle Rackrent* Mr Edgeworth was not responsible, for it was written by Maria secretly as a surprise to her father, whom she adored. (She was a 'mother' to several successive families of stepbrothers and stepsisters, and the meek associate of three or four stepmothers, mostly younger than herself, and better-looking; and she was also her

father's secretary and land agent as well as being one of the most active novelists of her time.) And it was at Edgeworthstown that Mr Edgeworth read aloud to his family the new novel *Waverley*, and at the end came on the "Postscript which ought to have been a Preface," in which the great Unknown declared that his object had been to do for Scotland what the authoress of *Castle Rackrent* had done for Ireland. I like to imagine the thrills in that family party when the pompous but proud father came to that passage—the secret of which he had kept—and the glow which must have lit up Miss Edgeworth's plain but witty face. In later years, when the great Unknown was publicly revealed, Sir Walter Scott came to Edgeworthstown and carried off Maria in his coach for a journey into what were then indeed the wilds of Connemara.

There is another literary pilgrimage of even greater interest to be made on the way to Athlone, for Lissoy near Pallas is the village where Oliver Goldsmith's father was "passing rich on forty pounds a year"; and the house where the creator of *The Vicar of Wakefield* grew up is still to be seen, though in ruins and serving only for a cattle-shed. And though *The Deserted Village* describes exactly no village in particular, yet assuredly Lissoy is Auburn and these low hills and fields were the home to which Goldsmith's heart was for ever turning back.

Athlone stands on both banks of the Shannon; the best part of it is on the Westmeath side, and here is, or used to be, a very decent old-fashioned inn rather than hotel. But the modern interest lies in the fact that a fort on the Westmeath bank answers to a strong keep on the Roscommon shore. Under British rule this was one of the key positions for keeping a grip on the country; and it was always solidly garrisoned. Nowadays Athlone has lost this rather sinister significance.

The name *Ath Luain* means the Ford of the Loin.

When the Brown Bull of Cooley was brought back with Maeve's Connaught host and turned loose to pasture, the White Horn of Connaught, Findbennach, came against him and the province was shaken with their tramplings, till the Brown Bull went away from the fight carrying the White Bull's quarter on his horns; and he threw it off in the ford here as he crossed on his way back to Cooley.

There are many memories of war here, but chiefly of the year after William's victory. The Irish still held Connaught, and French troops had reinforced them under St Ruth, whom James II put in command. William's forces marched on the Shannon in 1691 under Ginckel, and the sappers under cover of a cannonade succeeded in throwing a wooden structure across the broken arches of the bridge. But ten Irish soldiers and a sergeant went out and under the fire of an army tore away the planks and hacked at the beams till every man of them was dead; and then eleven more volunteered and finished the job. Two came back alive out of that two-and-twenty.

The bridge being impassable, St Ruth gave it as his opinion that he deserved to be hanged if Ginckel crossed, and that Ginckel deserved to be hanged if he attempted a crossing; and so he left the ford weakly defended, and Ginckel did cross, by a surprise movement. St Ruth fell back now beyond the Suck into County Galway and offered battle in a chosen position at Aughrim, four miles west of Ballinasloe. The place is worth a visit, for here was fought a battle really more decisive than the Boyne, and one in which the chances were even. You can see St Ruth's position on the crest and slope of a curving line of *eskirs* to which a causeway led across bog. The English right, advancing close to the church and the old castle near, was attacked and driven into the bog; their centre and left got across, and St Ruth gave the order to charge, and, leading, was struck down by a cannon-ball. St Ruth's thorn, or the stump of it, is marked by a ring of

stones. Sarsfield, the leader whom the Irish most trusted, had been posted out of sight behind the *eskirs* and forbidden to move without orders, which never came. All he could do was to rally the rout and lead the disordered forces to Limerick—where the last stand was made.

One passes gladly to modern history and very different exploits. There is no ford now at Athlone, as the river was dammed up long ago by a great weir, and prosperous cloth-mills work there. Above the weir all is on the level of Lough Ree, a great sheet of water just above the town. But modern engineering designs propose to raise Lough Ree's level and impound the water there as an extra reservoir in the scheme for turning the Shannon into electric power. For this it is necessary to keep Lough Derg, the greater lake thirty miles nearer the sea, at a fixed level; to ensure this, and to give a constant head of water for the turbines, not only Lough Ree but Lough Allen, twenty miles farther up, are to be diked in and regulated by sluices. When all this is accomplished the Shannon, which hitherto has been for its size one of the most useless rivers in Europe, will become among the most useful.

It is, of course, even now a waterway, and it used to be possible to make excursion by steamer to a place which more travellers ought to visit. Even now, a motor-boat can probably be hired in Athlone for the run; but in any case you can get by motor to Clonmacnoise—the loneliest group of ruins I have ever seen, but once a centre of European culture. There exists a letter, written about 780 from the Court of Charlemagne by Alcuin, director of education at a time when Charles the Great was seeking to restore letters and civilization in Europe. It is addressed to Colchu the Wise, who was Reader in this monastery, and it gives an account of the wars in Europe; Saxons and Frisians forced to accept Christianity at the sword-point; the Huns driven back from Italy; a great part of Spain recaptured from the Saracens.

But unhappily the same Saracens control the whole of Africa and Asia Major in great measure. I think I wrote recently to your respected wisdom concerning their expedition. For the rest, let your revered self know that I, your son, and Joseph your countryman are in good health, and your men who are with us serve God prosperously.

Then follows a note about "strained relations between France and England," as we should say—though neither country had as yet that name; but Ireland was Ireland. Then, says he, "I must have committed some offence since for long I have not been rewarded with a sight of your Fatherhood's delightful letters."

Go and look at that group of ruins and see if it is not strange beyond words to think of that correspondence passing from the very heart of modern Europe—then only beginning to be framed—to this desert. Alcuin was a Northumbrian, pupil of a school founded by Irish scholars, and from this letter it looks as though he had come to study in Ireland, as did hundreds of English students. The common tongue of such learners and teachers of course was Latin. At that very period—or rather, a generation later—Dicuil, an Irish monk, wrote in Latin at Clonmacnoise a work, which we have, on world geography as it was then. The writer had been informed about the Pyramids by Irish monks who had visited them on their way to Jerusalem, passing into the Red Sea by Trajan's canal, then open. About Iceland he had knowledge from others of this wandering race who had been there, and reported that in summer a man could see to pick lice off his shirt at midnight.

But Clonmacnoise was a place of sanctity even more than of learning. St Ciaran, who founded it in 544, was a friend of St Columba, and far the best loved of all these saints; he died there, and the great of Ireland all desired to be buried with him because it was believed that all this graveyard would be exempt from damnation. The last

High King of Ireland, Rory O'Conor, died at Cong but was brought here for interment, in the sepulchre of many kings. An Irish poet, T. W. Rolleston, has written:

> In a quiet watered land, a land of roses,
> Stands St Ciaran's city fair,
> And the warriors of Erin in their famous generations
> Slumber there.
>
> Many and many a son of Conn the Hundred Fighter
> In the red earth lies at rest;
> Many a blue eye of Clan Colman the turf covers,
> Many a swan-white breast.

The fair city is no more than stumps of ruins; but one thing stands, the lovely sculptured cross made for Flann, High King, by Colman, Abbot of Clonmacnoise, in 909. There stand also, put together by skilful restoration, the choir arch and west doorway of a nunnery built here by O'Rourke's Dervorgilla—a great benefactress in her later days of devotion. (Her bones, though, were laid at Mellifont, where also she gave richly.) These arches with tier behind tier of carved stone show the Irish Romanesque work at its best. But if you push across the Shannon a few miles farther down (by another fortified passage) and go to Clonfert you will find an even finer doorway of the same type in what is still a cathedral.

I cannot enumerate Clonmacnoise's ruins; but here as at Glendalough it is plain that when the community increased they multiplied churches instead of building larger. The castle was Norman work; John de Grey built here in 1214; Cromwell blew it to pieces about 1650.

But two memories should be preserved. In 838 Turgesius, most formidable of all the Danish marauders, overran all Ireland, and while he sacked Armagh his queen Ota, a Druidess, came with a fleet of boats from Lough Ree, seized Clonmacnoise, and held her Druid rites at the high altar.

In the eleventh century, after Brian's victory at Clontarf had given peace to Ireland, efforts were made to collect again the scattered libraries; and, according to a story, it was found that no complete manuscript existed of the *Táin*, in which is told the story of Cuchulain and the Raid for the Bull of Cooley. Search was made in vain, till at last one of the old bards, a studious ghost, came back to life for some hours to dictate to living scribes the old epic. We have in Dublin what is called *The Book of the Dun Cow* written by Maelmuire (servant of Mary), a scribe of Clonmacnoise, which contains the oldest version of that epic; but in 1105 the scribe was killed by robbers in the church here while he was writing, and the manuscript remains incomplete.

Such are some of the memories to be stirred here on this patch of firm grass, ruin-covered, between the vast extent of red bog and the broad, lonely, silent, slow-moving heavy river.

II. Galway City

From Athlone to Galway is nothing to delay you, except the field of Aughrim; but you will note the transition from thorn-hedges to the stone walls, loosely built round big fields—with a deal of stones still left in them. About Athenry is the heart of the Galway Blazers country. Lately at the Dublin Horse Show I watched the final of a competition between representatives of the Irish Hunts; the Tipperary Black and Tans and the Blazers were left in. Both couples completed the course perfectly; but at the stone wall (five feet high) one Galway horse ridden by a lady displaced a couple of loose stones with the backward fling of his feet as he cleared it. He was nineteen years old and had been jumping stone walls all his life and that was his habitual practice, just to satisfy himself that he had not wasted an inch of effort. But the judges gave the prize to the Tipperary pair who flew half a foot above

it. They would not last till nineteen years old on that method in the Galway country.

The approach to Galway brings you past inner edges of Galway Bay, set with little islands, and just before the town is reached a viaduct crosses the mouth of Lough Athauliah, a tide creek. The railway hotel is part of the station buildings and faces Eyre Square, at the top of which is the market-place. But all this is outside of Galway proper, the medieval city whose walls crossed from water to water about the line of the street where the head post-office now stands. It was small, like all medieval towns, but up to the days of Cromwell it was splendid; and if you happened to enter it first, as was my luck, from the sea, a sense of that would be felt; for even now the warehouses rise tall and dark, built of the black limestone that is really a marble. But in its great day (when "proud as a Galway merchant" was a proverb) the houses were built on the Continental plan about a court-yard with entrance through a *porte cochère*. One of these gates is now set up in Eyre Square; it was built in 1629 for a Browne who had married a Lynch. Sir Oliver St John in 1614 described the town as "small but faire, full of statelie buildings, the front of the houses toward the street are all of hewed stone to the top, garnished with fine battlements in an uniform course as if the whole town had been built upon one modle." To-day there is only one fragment of that "modle"—what is called Lynch's Castle in the High Street; and to-day it is a tenement house. But it is linked with the most famous episode in Galway's history.

There had always been some kind of settlement here, where an island in the Corrib River makes a natural crossing-place for all the traffic of Connemara eastward; river and lake stretch inland for thirty miles, up to the isthmus of Cong. But it was only when the first de Burgo, conqueror of Connaught, built a castle here that

a walled town began to grow up under its shelter. The Norman kings of England had a settled policy in their scattered empire of getting allegiance from the towns by giving large municipal rights, and as early as 1270 Galway got a charter allowing its citizens to raise taxes for the upkeep of their walls. Settlers came over from England and started to trade; and the advantage of their position was soon recognized. A man making from London to Bordeaux, the great Anglo-French port, must beat up the Channel; but the Galway merchant, once he was clear of his own bay and got a west wind (as he would three days in four), could run from there to Bordeaux river, or to Spain, without shifting a sail; and the same 'soldier's wind' served for the voyage either way. The result was a very great trade in Gascon and Spanish wine; the leading families of Galway, Blakes (which is simply Black), Brownes, Frenches, Martins, Lynches, Athys, and the other 'tribes' all grew strong, and their city became more and more a sort of little republic. They were, however, loyal to the English Crown, which did not interfere with them, but defended their rights fiercely against the "ferocious O'Flahertie's" of Connemara, and no less fiercely against the Earl of Clanricarde, de Burgo's descendant, whose stronghold was in East Galway, about Loughrea. In 1320 they began to build the beautiful church of St Nicholas (Santa Claus, patron of sailors and of children), which is the Protestant parish church to-day. In 1342 Edmund Lynch Fitzstephen, called *Eamonn na Tuaine*, from the number of his tuns of wine, built the west bridge on which you stand to look at the salmon crowded below you in the swift water. In 1493 another of his family, James Lynch Fitzstephen, was Mayor of Galway, and to further the town's interest voyaged to Cadiz and was entertained by Gomez, a wealthy merchant. Returning, he brought back the son of Gomez to be his guest, and no doubt to learn his language. The young Spaniard made

close friends with Lynch's son; but unhappily young Gomez paid many visits to the house of a Spanish-speaking merchant of Galway whose daughter was betrothed to young Lynch; there was a quarrel and the Galway lad stabbed his father's guest—who was also the guest of the city, a pledge of friendly trade. Lynch as Mayor arrested his own son; as Mayor he sat in judgment and passed sentence—death. The clan of the boy's mother (a Blake) were up in arms; no one could be found to execute the sentence; and so Lynch, having received the Sacrament with his son, went out and with his own hand hanged him in sight of the crowd, and went home to his house, whose threshold he never crossed again in life.

The spot of the execution is marked by a marble slab near the entrance to St Nicholas set up in 1624 by a later Lynch, in memory of this terrible justice—which was also an act of public policy.

The ruin of Galway came after the devastating war of 1641–52. Galway was Royalist rather than Irish throughout and surrendered finally on fair terms—which were broken. In 1655 an order issued that "considering the extraordinary strength of the town and the great intercourse the inhabitants had for many ages with the dominions of the King of Spain, all the Irish and other Popish inhabitants should be moved out in order that accommodation should be provided for English inhabitants."

The new settlers were a mere rabble and the fine houses quickly grew ruinous; and the Galway merchants, most of whom had acquired estates, ceased to be traders and became simply landlords. The Martins owned nearly all Connemara. The Blakes had their castle at Menlo on the Corrib river, a beautiful place unhappily destroyed by fire some twenty years ago. People in Galway still remember "old Sir Val," last of the family to be member for Galway; he could only leave his house on a Sunday in

LYNCH'S CASTLE IN GALWAY OF 1830 108

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CLIFDEN

Photo Irish Tourist Association

the intervals between Parliaments, being liable to arrest for endless debts. It was a typical case: the thriving, farseeing merchants who built up Galway degenerated into the duelling, gambling, hard-riding Galway squires of Lever's novels. Yet the town increased in population; it had 40,000 people in 1800 against 15,000 to-day—and in 1800 very few towns outside of Dublin or London had 40,000 people. Latocnaye, a French *émigré* in 1797 who made a walking-tour through Ireland, described Galway's houses with gable ends to the street and courtyard entrance, and says there was a yearly season lasting three months, with a public entertainment every day, either assembly (full dress), drum (half dress), or promenade (undress).

Decay went on through all the nineteenth century; but now the "city of the tribes" has begun to organize itself seriously as a watering-place; it has acquired a fine golf-course just beyond Salthill, the suburb where sea-bathing goes on; its racecourse is the most picturesque in Ireland, and the Galway races, held annually early in August, just before the Dublin Horse Show, rank very high in the list of sporting events.

It seems to me of all the towns in Ireland the most suited for a holiday. Boats can be had in plenty for sailing on the bay; but also the Corrib river above the weir offers three or four miles of perfect water for pleasure boating, with Lough Corrib beyond. Tennis can be had; there are cinemas and places where you can dance; and I shall go on to sketch the range of possible excursions. But above all, I must emphasize the romance and beauty of the town. St Nicholas and Lynch's Castle are the only old buildings; but the College of the National University is a fine thing and even the court-house and the jail (between which lies the best stretch of salmon-fishing in the world) have a certain dignity; and the newly built diocesan college, which rises like a cliff in one long *façade*, is

the work of an architect of genius. If you see Galway, as you should, from the water, and slip up on the flood-tide in the quiet dusk of a summer evening, past the quaint fishing village of the Claddagh with its Irish-speaking folk, in the shadowy glimmer with the quay's lights reflected on it, that long craggy outline against the western glow makes a link which carries the profile up to heights on the Connemara side. So seen, with the velvety dark flung about it like a cloak, there is no place in Ireland more romantically beautiful than Galway.

III. Clifden and Killary

As to excursions, take Killary first. The railway crosses the Corrib by a viaduct, and then follows the west shore of the lake past Oughterard to the gap at Maam, when it turns into regions of wild bog, scattered with innumerable little lakes, till you come to the woods planted about Ballinahinch, once the seat of the Martins. Most famous of these was Humanity Dick who flourished in the time of the Regency—a most notorious duellist, member for County Galway. It was he who answered George IV's question as to which candidate would get in at a contested Galway election. "The survivor, sir." He was also the founder of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and carried legislation giving it the necessary powers. In the debates some one taunted him with inconsistency, for his duelling record was terrible. "An ox cannot hold a pistol, sir," was his retort.

He made his estate bankrupt and broke down the remnants of his own strength in an effort to fight the Irish famine of 1848. In our times, Ballinahinch has passed from his hand; at present the Indian prince whom all the world knew as Ranjitsinghi is its tenant and fishes its many waters.

The end of the rail is Clifden, a little town facing a

sheltered bay; but you have only to walk half a mile and your road runs along the Atlantic shore, looking straight to America.

All through this journey, from Maam on, you have to your right beyond the bogland the group of mountains called the Twelve Pins (more properly *Binne*, plural of *Benn*, a mountain). None is much above 3000 feet, but bolder mountain shapes, or more beautifully varied in the profile of their grouping, cannot—at least, by me—be imagined.

Beyond Clifden is no rail; the coast road will take you past Cleggan harbour, a fish-curing station, to Letterfrack, a neat little village with a small hotel, and beyond this again a road, lined with hedges of the red fuchsia that grows like thorn here, leads to the lake of Kylemore and the huge castle built on it by Mr Mitchel Henry. It is now held as a school by the Irish nuns of Ypres, a community whose convent was shattered in 1914. John Redmond helped to get them this new home.

Beyond Letterfrack a road turns across past Lough Inagh to Recess—and this is one way back to Galway. But it is natural to go farther on till you reach the long, narrow, deep-sea lough called Killary Harbour. It divides Galway from Mayo, and opposite on the Mayo shore rises Mweelrea, the Bald King, a majestic mountain. For miles now the road skirts the water with a steep heathy hill to your right, and then you reach McKeown's Hotel, a great resort for anglers. Opposite it the Bundorragha river falls in from its lakes called Delphi; while at the upper end of the bay flows the Erriff, sweeping past the flanks of a mountain called the Devil's Mother, which looks seaward over all the length of Killary.

This is the southern limit of Paul and Grace Henry's domain, Achill and Blacksod being the northern; but he and she have painted perhaps even more beautiful things at Killary than at Achill; and again and again pictures of

his have emphasized the lovely shape of that long fjord as it is seen by the one who has energy to climb even half-way up the Devil's Mother.

Round the bay the road goes on up the Bundorragha valley on its way to Westport—a famous drive. But for the moment, turn back over the south shoulder of the Devil's Mother by a high, climbing road that leads to Maam. This now is Joyce Country—Connemara proper being the region of lake and river along the north shore of Galway Bay.

If you desire to see anything wilder than this part of Ireland, honestly, we have nothing to show you. Other parts are as wild—the barony of Erris in Mayo, the Rosses in Donegal; but nowhere is so much beauty in the wildness.

I myself should prefer, instead of going straight over the pass to Maam, with the Twelve Pins marching along on my right, to turn my back on them, wheel round the Devil's Mother and then out past Lough na Fooey—where I should certainly stop to fish with Tom Coyne, if it was only for an hour. I caught nothing when I went there, but it is a lake where you might get either very big trout or pike; and in any case you would meet as charming and courteous a boatman as was ever my good luck to know.

From there you go on past Connemara and come down near Maamtrasna on to Upper Lough Mask—part of the system of great lakes of which Galway has command. You can either drive right round Lough Mask and pass between it and Lough Carra on your way to Ballinrobe; or cross the neck between it and Corrib by Clonbur and Cong and so back through Headford and Claregalway; or, still keeping on west, return by Oughterard and Moycullen.

IV. Lough Corrib and Lough Mask

Whichever way, you will be among scenes of grandeur and beauty. These Galway lakes have none of the soft loveliness that Killarney has, or Lough Gill near Sligo, or Lough Erne; perhaps that is why few but anglers know them; yet they are superb. Corrib stretches back thirty miles from Galway, a long, ragged outline, not half a mile broad at one point, but opening into a great sheet of water between Oughterard and Cong. Yet even here one does not get a sense of its bigness, so studded it is with islands. All the east shore of it is low ground, at points amazingly stony; but since the rock is limestone, many rare and delicate flowers grow there. The Connemara side, which is granite, rises into mountains. To the north, by the isthmus which separates the two great lakes, rises table-shaped Ben Levi—or, more vulgarly, Mount Gable. Clonbur has a hotel where anglers stay, so has Cong; but the glory of Cong is Ashford, the late Lord Ardilaun's seat, surrounded by wood—the best covers for woodcock known anywhere. Five hundred have been shot there in a day.

Lough Mask is much wider than Corrib, less fantastic in shape; here again the east shore is low; from the west rise the Partry Mountains, to me always frowning and sinister. There is an inn at Tourmakeady under them, and on the opposite shore by Ballinrobe many anglers find themselves quarters. Lough Mask is as good for trout-fishing as Corrib, and no Irish lake is better. The fish are big in both. But Mask has no salmon, for the river which connects the two flows underground for a considerable distance—a habit that rivers have in this limestone formation, full of chinks and crevices. There is a proof here; for about 1850 a canal was cut to connect the two lakes for barge traffic, which would have been very serviceable to the poor people of Partry. But when

the water was let into the rock-hewn bed it found ways and means to disappear as fast as it came, and the canal is only a dry cutting.

Lough Carra beyond Lough Mask has the singularity of showing a bright green colour from something in the nature of its bottom. On it stood Moore Hall, the fine house which belonged to George Henry Moore, a great steeplechase rider and horse-breeder, before he became a leading Irish politician; and in it was brought up his son Mr George Moore the novelist, and Senator Colonel Maurice Moore, whose book about his father called *An Irish Gentleman* is in its way as interesting as anything that Mr George Moore ever wrote.

From Lough Mask and from parts of Corrib you will see a lone hill or mound rising from the plain on the east, between Cong and Tuam. It has a big cairn on top of it, and lesser cairns all over it, for it was a place of sanctity, and much frequented by fairies. It is Knockmagh, the Hill of the Plain, and on its top Finvarra, King of the Fairies, keeps his Court. The cairn on the top is said to be that piled over Ceasair, a chieftainess in the first invasion of Ireland, which is dated exactly forty days before the Flood.

The whole of this country is full of legend about the dim days before history; and on the neck of land between the north-east of Corrib and south-east of Mask was fought the legendary battle of Moytura. All its associations were investigated three-quarters of a century ago by Sir William Wilde, a famous surgeon, father of a more famous son. Oscar Wilde lived as a boy at Moytura House, which Sir William built, overlooking Corrib.

It was a battle between the Firbolgs, small, dark-skinned, plebeian people, against the *Tuatha de Danaan*, who were demi-gods; and of course the demi-gods won; but the fight lasted five days. King Eochy of the Firbolgs is said to lie under the huge cairn of stones called

Ballymagibbon, about a mile out from Cong. There are several of these cairns here, and probably legend has some truth of history and some great battle took place; it may be that the tall fair-haired Gaels here defeated decisively the little men whom they drove out into the islands and waste places by the sea. (In Achill to this day some families are known to their neighbour as of Firbolg stock.)

We get to actual history when we come to Cong—a place which I consider one of the most interesting in Ireland to stop at; but I have a partiality, for the first trout I caught there weighed seventeen pounds. (You can see him in Michael Lydon's shop opposite the post-office in Galway—and then can go fish for the fellow to him.) But from Cong also I made my way by boat to Inchaguill, a wooded island in which are two ruined churches, one only some 30 feet long, built of huge stones roughly cemented together; its narrow doorway has jambs inclining together near the top and has one stone for the lintel. The second church is much later, but still Gaelic, with a richly decorated arch. But the real interest of the place concerns a small pillar stone with an inscription which is read thus: LIE LUGNEDON MAC LIMENUEH—that is, "The Stone of Lugnath, son of Limenueh." Now, Limenueh was St Patrick's sister, and her son Lugnath was Patrick's pilot or navigator; and the lettering from its character might be fifth-century work. In short, this may be the grave of one of Patrick's actual companions. The full Irish name Inchagoillcreevy (I write it phonetically) means the Island of the Devout Foreigner, and would seem to bear out the truth of a view which great scholars do not hesitate to affirm.

In Cong you will find in the village street an old sculptured cross—or rather the base of it, with a Gaelic inscription. The shaft is in the abbey, an abbey of Augustinians, whose last abbot died in 1829, and the Order became

extinct. In its keeping had been always the Cross of Cong, now the chief glory of the Museum of Antiquities in Dublin. Sir William Wilde as a boy knew it to be kept in the last abbot's sitting-room; and when a curate succeeded to charge of the parish, Wilde persuaded him to sell it to the Royal Irish Academy for a hundred pounds. It used to be set up on the altar in Cong at Christmas and Easter Day, and the parish was furious at its removal. Then came a new priest, and since law had failed to get back the jewel he went up to Dublin, wrapped in a big overcoat, and visited the museum. There was a crash of glass, the policeman in charge found both cross and priest gone, but rushed into the street and captured them. There was long debate, but at last the priest went, having for consolation the promise of a faithful picture of the treasure, which he kept jealously till he died.

At Cong died in retreat the last High King of Ireland, Rory O'Conor, who had been forced to recognize the overlordship of Henry the Norman. His son Maurice the Canon was buried in Cong; so was his daughter Nuala, wife to the King of Ulster. No slab marks their graves in this picturesque ruin, which used to be sadly disfigured by a dreadful accumulation of bones and skulls.

I have talked of reaching Cong by motor; but incomparably the better way is to come by water on the little steamer which plies from Galway, touching at Oughterard and other places; in that way you see to perfection all the length of the lake, and you may even come then to think that I am unjust in ranking it for beauty any lower than Killarney. But certainly no scenes in Ireland have more individual character than those you will see on this journey.

V. Tuam

In general, the region of interest to visitors lies west of the lakes and along them; but exception must be made

KILLARY BAY AT LEENANE 116

Photo R. Welsh

[*P.* 110]

LOUGH GILL

Photo London, Midland & Scottish Railway Co.

for Tuam and the district surrounding it. All to the east of Corrib is limestone, and this country is full of turloughs, that is, lakes which run dry in summer because the leakage in their soil is more than summer rains can cope with. It is full also of streams which suddenly disappear underground, and where this happens there is often a *muilionn an lepreachán*, or fairy mill; listen and you can hear the wheel of it turning away underground—delicate, fairy-like noises, but undoubtedly a mill-wheel. In old times people used to leave their corn outside them and it would be ready ground for them in the morning; but one rascal stole a poor widow's portion one evening and after that the leprechauns would work no more for such people.

A leprechaun is a little man in a green coat; you may meet him dodging along by the roadside; if you are not sure, get a telegraph post between you and him, and if he comes out neither on the one side nor on the other, then you have a trigonometrical demonstration that something supernatural is in it. So I was told by a man who once applied this test and so convinced his own scepticism. I have never seen the little fellow, but I have seen the shoe of one; a low brogue of soft leather exquisitely sewn, with thread for the lace of it; it was about an inch long and showed plain sign of having been worn. It is in West Carbery, and it was picked up in a green glade by a little river.

If you catch a leprechaun and can hold him fast, he must tell you where his gold is hidden before you let him go: but he is very clever at slipping away by some trick. I have never known anybody who got the better of one.

In this country about Tuam are also many raths, or forts ringed about with a rampart of earth, and cahirs, where the ring is of piled stones. Thorn-trees growing in these places in Galway and elsewhere must not be interfered with: nor of course must the enclosure be ploughed

up. Fairies have taken possession. But here about Tuam there is a surprising number of underground dwellings within these raths. A small opening leads into a narrow chamber, perhaps 20 feet long, formed by slabs of stone laid across walls of dry masonry. At one corner is another opening, blocked to the height of a half-door so that you crawl in head first into a chamber beyond the first. If the newcomer was an enemy, the one inside had every convenience to knock a hole in his head.

Tuam itself has very great interest, first because no other considerable town in Ireland consists so largely of thatched houses or hears so much Irish spoken. It is safe to assume, here or in Galway at a market, that any man wearing the cutaway-skirted coat of coarse frieze is an Irish speaker. But also in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, when Connaught was becoming a successful rival to Munster and Ulster for the High Kingship, until a Connaught king actually obtained it (Rory O'Conor, last High King of all) Tuam was the centre of the O'Conor power. The filigree work of the Cross of Cong was made for Turlough O'Conor: and in the Cathedral of Tuam was executed during his reign the superb choir arch of red stone with its six concentric tiers of intricate sculpture. You may see also at the Abbey Knockmoy, only three or four miles off, ruins of the church built by another O'Conor, Cathal of the Red Hand, as a thank-offering for his victory over a Norman raiding force in 1189. There is trace of frescoes on the ruined walls.

The old cathedral, at Tuam as elsewhere, is in Protestant hands; the Catholic cathedral was one of the first built after the relaxation of penal laws admitted such an enterprise (it is said that the Protestant bishop subscribed anonymously and generously); and it has work of interest in the gargoyles. Many are said to be portraits—one representing what we call a 'voteen' or very devout worshipper who begged the honour of drawing the first

cartload of stones. There is said to be a portrait of the stone-cutter too, with nutcracker nose and chin like Punch—witty and undevout, as were many artists who carved the stonework of Catholic churches all over Europe.

If I ever took a party to Tuam, it should certainly visit the standing stone (about an Irish mile out on the road to Claremorris) on which is inscribed: "Pray for the souls of James Lally and his family, 1673." This Lally was owner of Tullinadaly, close to where the stone is set. His grandsons fought for James II and followed Sarsfield into exile after the siege of Limerick—so beginning what was called "the Flight of the Wild Geese." A son of Gerald Lally was among the 'Wild Geese' in Clare's Irish Brigade that decided the day against England at the battle of Fontenoy—and paid off some old scores. For his services this Irish soldier was ennobled and became Comte Lally de Tollendal—who later on came very near to wrest India from the English. Not many people in France or England know that Lally Tollendal was Lally (or rather Mullaly) of Tullinadaly.

At Headford, should you pass it on your way to Tuam, it is worth while to stop and look at the beautiful remains of the Franciscan monastery of Ross Errilly: nearly every wall is intact, and the place was a living institution till 1753.

Also, it is very well worth while to stop and try your luck in the river here, which holds splendid trout. I have seen the cast of one over eight pounds caught with the dry fly on this water a few years ago.

VI. Connemara and the Islands

As you drive back to Galway from Tuam, the country may very likely seem to you poor—and it is; but the people in a good year have a decent way of living and

many are comfortably off in their thatched houses. But if on your next excursion you drive into Connemara proper, which is the rugged, ragged coast along Galway Bay down to Loop Head, you will probably wonder how human beings exist there at all. Yèt everywhere along the shore and away up into the background of hills, cottages are scattered as if shaken out of a pepper-pot. It is one of Ireland's singularities that the richer the land the fewer the people on it (scarcely any other district is so thinly peopled as Meath); while, on the other hand, where the hardiest cattle and sheep can hardly live folk cluster. From Barna, four miles west of Galway, onward, fields grow smaller and smaller till the whole landscape is covered with a network of stone walls; they stand up against the skyline in a kind of open tracery, and they enclose fields in some of which you could not spread a decent-sized carpet. A field is made by clearing off the stones and piling them up round it; yet look inside of these enclosures, 7 or 8 feet high, and you will see enough stones left to double the walling. No man can plough here; all has to be done with the spade; and the spade has to be long and narrow, little more than a crowbar, to enter among the stones. Manuring is done by the use of seaweed; each holding has its claim to a strip of beach to collect the weed on, and there are regular crops of it, the black weed, the red weed, and the running weed. It is carried up in creels on the backs of donkeys, or, very often, of women.

Everywhere along the innumerable creeks you will see boats, high and dry at low tide; and when you look at the rocks among which they lie you will wonder how they ever get in or out. They are used for fishing a little, but chiefly for carrying turf for sale in Galway or in Aran; and with the turf often goes some poteen hidden under it —a bad traffic, but inveterate here.

On the whole, though, these people are mainly enabled

to subsist by what is sent back to them from America by the sons and daughters who have emigrated and who are wonderful in this task of duty.

You can stay at Mongan's Hotel in Carna or at O'Loghlen's Hotel in Cashel and be well cared for in a simple way among anglers. All the system of lakes and rivers along here offers the best sea-trout fishing in Ireland, and these hotels have some for their guests; but the best waters are let at high rents.

For the pleasure of the eye, I have seen perhaps the most beautiful view I ever looked at, from Kilkieran Bay, back toward the Twelve Pins, whose noble shapes are constantly in view along here. But on the whole Connemara has more picturesqueness than beauty; and much of it comes from the rich colour of the red petticoats worn by all the barefooted women. Men wear as a rule the sleeved waistcoat of white homespun flannel which is called a *bawneen*, and of course Irish is the habitual speech. This is a main part of the *Gaeltheacht*—or Gaelic Ireland.

But the true capital of that Ireland is to be found in the three islands which lie off Connemara across the mouth of Galway Bay. These are Aran of the Saints—so called because St Enda, one of the earliest Christian leaders, pushed out here in search of solitude and was followed by so many disciples that it became almost a necessary part of the religious training to spend a period under his direction. Columba, for instance, sojourned here, and in later centuries pilgrims flocked to Aran from Britain and the Continent; one stone there in the graveyard has the inscription *Septem Romani*. Who the Seven Romans were, when or how they came, is only matter for guesswork.

But for the modern world Aran is chiefly of interest because when Synge fixed his purpose to write plays of Irish peasant-life it was to Aran he came and in Aran he lived for a year or more. His descriptive book about it is

well known, but his little play of Aran life, *Riders to the Sea*, ranks with the masterpieces of all literature.

To Aran also have come the greatest of all those Continental scholars who studied Irish when Ireland was neglecting it—Kuno Meyer the best known among them. And to Aran assuredly should go any visitor of Galway who does not fear thirty miles of sea. The Dun Angus steamer plies regularly back and forward.

I have seen nothing stranger than these rocks where nearly all the ground surface is covered by great slabs of limestone, rising tier by tier till at last the western face towers up a thousand feet. Islanders all use the *pampootie*, or slipper of raw hide, held together with thongs, for walking on these slippery surfaces; just as instead of ordinary rowing-boats they use *curraghs* or canoes of wickerwork covered with tarred canvas, which ride on top of the water and go climbing up the slope of an Atlantic wave like a vast water-beetle. I doubt if anywhere else in these islands is there a way of life so remote and strange to the city-dweller. Yet many of these people can talk familiarly of Boston and Philadelphia.

Away on the west of the Big Island is trace of something infinitely stranger and more remote—the fort of Dun Angus on the south coast; a huge stronghold on top of the cliff, guarded to the landward by ring after ring of stone walls of dry masonry, and the approach protected by sharp-pointed stones set to make *chevaux de frise*; and this is only the greatest and most imposing of these prehistoric fortifications. Dun Conor on Inishmaan, or Middle Island, is scarcely less impressive, while on the Great Island there are other similar erections, the Black Fort and Dun Owenaght. So far as anything can be affirmed with certainty, these are work of the earlier races, whom the Gaels subdued. Firbolgs is the name generally given to them—Men of the Wallet—though this may merely be a trade name, 'bagmen,' given in mockery to

the low-caste stitchers of leather sacks. They may have been, racially, Picts; but Gaels they certainly were not; and certainly they were pushed out here to the western limits of the land by the stronger, taller, fair-haired race that came in from somewhere in the Rhine basin. These forts were their ultimate defences—just as the great monuments of the Boyne Valley were the expression of their ceremonial instincts.

Also, Aran is crowded with old churches. Temple Benen, called after St Benignus, one of Patrick's first converts, is only 15 feet in length, built up of the solidest stone wall—probably in the sixth century. Kiaran of Clonmacnoise has a Temple Kiaran somewhat larger; but there is no counting the ancient chapels, built when Aran was really "Aran of the Saints," a great community of anchorites; and here as everywhere in Gaelic monasteries, when more church room was wanted, they built another small building instead of enlarging. What they built here had to last, for they had nothing but stone to build with.

There is a hotel on Aran where many people have stayed, though no one goes there for luxury; and it is possible to get lodging in the houses of these island folk, whose whole traffic is with the sea, yet who are not a people of sailors. Only lately have they learnt to use boats that venture out of sight of land. But as boatmen in the *curraghs*, which they can carry on their shoulders, their skill and daring is amazing; they will take a bull on board one of these frail craft from island to island.

From Aran of a clear day you can see all the mountainous range along the coast, the Twelve Pins, Mweelrea, Croaghpatrick, and beyond that again the island mountain of Achill; while inland the dome of Nephin can be easily discerned. Opposite on the Clare coast are the cliffs of Moher; you can trace the coast, a savage coast, away down past the mouth of the Shannon; and far away

to the south, on the Dingle peninsula in Kerry, you can see Mount Brandon rising from the sea.

Nearer hand, you have the rugged Connemara shore, and, outside Galway Bay, the chain of islands which lie off the west coast and which stud Clew Bay. All this is west of the west, and here is no room to describe it in detail; so I print here an impression of it, seen mostly, as it is best seen, from the sea, between Galway Bay and Killary Harbour.

I was living on Ballinakill Bay, a great sheet of water so completely landlocked that from many points it seems a lake, but a lake that curves in and out among islands and runs up into the land with exquisite winding creeks. Beyond it is the finest mountain-range in Ireland, some forty miles long, stretching from the peaked and fantastic outline of the Twelve Pins—every peak 2000 feet high—by the Kylemore group, to the highest mountain in Connaught, the magnificent shape of Mweelrea. And though wind and wave can be at their wildest on that coast, it has its holiday moods too. For a week before the 12th of August these mountains were daily steeped in a sunny haze; pearly and opalescent in the morning light, but with the westering sun glowing into tints of amethyst and garnet, till this also deepened into the soft, solemn purple of the twilight. Between the islands and the coast there was calm water, peopled with innumerable guillemots that swam in pairs, the old bird teaching the young one its business, and the young distinguishable by its larger dash of white through the sooty black, and by the piping cry, which its mother answered with a kind of croak.

One afternoon we ran in the steam-yacht from Blacksod Bay, past the eagle-haunted cliffs of Achill that rise a sheer wall of 2000 feet from the sea, and across the mouth of Clew Bay. The bight of the bay was lost in the blue haze; Croaghpatrick mountain was a faint shadow, dimly conjecturable; and all between us and the land was a

great expanse of blue, smooth yet faintly heaving with the ceaseless Atlantic swell, ruffled like frosted metal with the lightest of airs, yet with oily patches of calm where the sheen made the deep blue steel-grey. Beyond were the ghosts of mountains; nearer hand the grey cliffs of Clare Island, and the golden green of grass slopes above them; and on the starboard bow Inishturk was soft in the haze. But all to the west was a long glory of rippled silver, dancing and sparkling in the sunshine, up which the eye travelled outward and onward to Hybrasil, if you chose, or to Ireland overseas. About the steamer black-backed gulls wheeled and circled; gannets, with their long goose-necks, flew past or plunged superbly on their prey—white birds, dazzling white against the blue sea. And the haze over all, and the warm sun, made it a dream of mountain cliff and ocean as one dozed, feeling rather than seeing how the foam sprang and sheered in a sparkling cascade from the bows and streamed away in lines and ribbons of white past the vessel's sides.

It is not beauty only that is the charm of that coast; the whole history of Ireland stands there written in monuments—the ruin of yesterday and the ruin of long centuries ago. On Hy Island you can still find the beehive cells whither early anchorites withdrew themselves for fasting and prayer. On Inishboffin, ten miles farther north, is the church founded by St Colman, one of the missionaries who went out from Ireland but returned in his old age to die in the land of his birth; and he sleeps under the ruin. In a little church on Clare Island, a short sail from Boffin, there lies a very different personage, Granuaile herself, Grace O'Malley, the formidable chieftainess who withstood the power of Elizabeth. The little church shows how much the Irish had learnt from the English and Norman builders, and the vaulted roof of the chancel keeps still the quaint frescoes, figures of knights and bowmen, such as are seen on the Bayeux Tapestry.

And by the O'Malley tomb there is the family shield carved in stone, with its fit emblems, the flying horse and the oared galley. For, almost alone among the Irish septs, the O'Malleys and O'Flahertys used the sea, and Granuaile's men were thieves and notable pirates. Her castle stood on the mainland near the entrance to Killary Bay, and just by Renvyle, the family seat of the Blakes.

One Sunday morning came a whole fleet of *curraghs* bringing folk to chapel; you could hear the creak of the rough oars before the boat crept out from under the land into sight. And in all Connaught I saw nothing prettier than a girl sculling in one of these same boats. Her bodice was dyed deep red, the skirt indigo; a white handkerchief tied round her head hid the features, but showed a mass of glossy black hair, and under it the white turn of her neck. That is one of the great charms of the country, the strong note of colour introduced into almost every picture by these home-dyed flannels. And it would seem as if Nature also felt the need to enliven all that wildness, for the commonest of all flowers there is the crimson loosestrife, in itself too violent a colour to be beautiful. But in those wide spaces you may see a field of it—for it covers whole fields with its tall crimson spikes—glow in the sunlight, relieved against the golden green of the grass; and then you realize how great an artist is at work.

The strongest, crudest tints melt into the surrounding harmony. Looking across from Inishboffin over St Colman's Church, I saw in the distance the Twelve Pins beyond the blue sea; in the middle distance the graveyard was full of mourners at a burial. The plaintive note of the keening rose and filled the air, but not shrilly, as it would have sounded in a house; it was part of Nature's music, as the dresses of the men and women about the grass fell into one tone with the grey and yellow of lichened rock; and close at our feet was a grass field full of yellow ragweed and a hedge overgrown with loose-

strife springing among a creamy froth of meadow-sweet. Everything was a part of an unstudied pageant. Man seems very small in those wide, spacious, and wind-swept regions; the moving waters have little to do in their priest-like task of pure ablution, for earth's shores have little soil of humanity. Yet everywhere the mountain-sides show here and there a patch of tillage, some field of corn nestled into a nook of the hills, here and there a rough-built cottage whose thatch and walls are weathered into soft greys and browns, and the presence of these features, rather felt than noticed, gives to the whole landscape the kindly human touch.

VII. County Clare

South of Galway and along the south shore of Galway Bay lies the stony region of Clare, known as the Burren. It reproduces in the mainland many of the features of Aran; the huge limestone flags, and the delicate greenery that grows among their crevices. No region in Ireland is more esteemed by botanists; and for scenery the Cliffs of Moher which face Achill have their own grandeur. For my own part I should prefer to cross the bay by boat to Ballyvaughan and charter a motor there—but most people drive the whole way from Galway. A road leads by the rocky shore along the south of the bay to Black Head, where it turns south-west and carries along above the cliffs, facing the sound that divides Clare from Aran, till you reach Hag's Head. A short way back from this road lies the spa of Lisdoonvarna, immensely resorted to by people from the West of Ireland—more especially by the clergy. It is the Homberg of Irish priests. Here are several hotels. Also, near by, if you care for such explorations, is the longest cave in the British Isles. You may walk nearly five miles in it, following the bed of a stream which here pierces the limestone. So far as I can

judge from photographs, most of the way you will be waist-deep in chilly water.

Beyond Hag's Head is Liscannor Bay, and on the southward shore is Lahinch, the best-known golf-links on the west coast. Here is a good hotel; and any part of Clare beyond this should be explored from Lahinch; unless indeed you prefer to stay at Kilkee, which has been a watering-place for the South of Ireland through all time; people used it when carriages could hardly get there. No other watering-place in Ireland lies quite so open to the full swing of the Atlantic, for here the coast for once is not embayed, and the waves of Kilkee have been a legend among Irish bathers since any of us can remember. There are hotels and lodging-houses, and the place is accessible by the West Clare Railway of which it is one terminus; the other being Kilrush, a few miles off, on the estuary of the Shannon.

VIII. Mayo and Sligo

If you have come into County Galway by motor and want to go north, your way is of course by the superb road which enters Mayo at the inner end of Killary Bay, and then carries along under the foot of Bengorm by the north shore of Killary till it reaches the adorable little Bundorragha river, and turns up the gorge of it between Bengorm and Mweelrea past Delphi and Dhulough, and so north, till it meets Croaghpatrick rising to a peak that overlooks Clew Bay. A little way farther is the pretty town of Westport, laid out by a Frenchman for the Marquis of Sligo, whose demesne adjoins the town.

If you come by rail from Dublin through Claremorris and Castlebar, Westport is where you will meet the sea. It ought to be one of the best places in Ireland to stop in, for Clew Bay has three hundred and sixty-five islands (it is, I believe, one of three hundred and sixty-five places

which have exactly that number of islands—Lough Corrib is another), and in any case it has at least three hundred and sixty-five aspects of beauty. The place has associations, for the novelist whom we know as George A. Birmingham lived here for many years, and the scenery which he describes is mostly that of County Mayo. Also, Mr William O'Brien, whom everybody would reckon one of the most important Irish writers if he had not been much more important as a politician in Parnell's day and after, took up his abode here, deserting for a while his own lovely valley of the Blackwater. But he apologized for the desertion by calling his house in Westport "Mallow Cottage."

Still, the fact is that not many tourists do stay in Westport; and they pass on through Newport, where a good little salmon river flows down from the enchanting Lough Beltra that lies close to the foot of Nephin; and they follow the sea to where the Curraun peninsula makes a connecting link with the great mountain island of Achill. Here at the east of Curraun the Southern Railway has a hotel, such as seems impossible in so wild a place; but there it is, and Mailaranny is undoubtedly the best place for comfort in all Mayo.

Achill can be explored in a day from there, or in several days. Or if you want to know Achill better, there are hotels at Dugort, on the north side facing Blacksod Bay, at Achill Sound where the railway crosses to the island, and at Keel, facing the Atlantic and looking south also to Clare Island.

I have been twice in Achill, but I confess to knowing it infinitely better through the work of the artist whose picture the French Government chose to buy when they wanted a representative work of Irish art for the gallery of picked foreign work which is now in the Jeu de Paume —a special branch of the Luxembourg. To describe his work may be the best way of telling you what you are likely to see in Achill.

Paul Henry is Belfast born and bred, but he has lived more closely in touch with the west than any other man not native of it. He and his wife, Grace Henry, were in Achill most of seven years winter and summer, and when they were not in Achill they were at Leenane or Salruck or Mallaranny. The stamp of the west is on all their work. What Paul Henry loves and paints chiefly is the western sky: he sees rock and mountain and the tiny crouching cottages in relation to the sky rather than the sky in relation to them: nobody has ever had such feeling for the strength and majesty and terror of the great vapour masses which sweep over these cliffs and moors. All the detail is rendered carelessly, and broadly, yet in a way that shows perfect familiarity. Nobody has ever painted turf-cutting like him: the colour and the texture of the peat in its different layers, the marks of the *slane* (turf-cutter's spade)—everything is there, yet nothing is emphasized. Or again you look at a painting by him of a *curragh*, and you feel instantly the balance of it on the water; the poise of the whole thing. Nobody could paint it so who had not fished in one, time and again.

Grace Henry, whose work artists rate fully on a level with her husband's, is first and foremost a colourist, as he is first and foremost a draughtsman. What fascinates her are the rich masses of colour in the western women's dresses, or the wine-dark purple of sea beyond a stretch of sand. But she brings to her painting a lovely and loving sense of humour, and she has painted the people, old and young, so as to bring out not only their picturesqueness, but their essential character.

Everything in Achill is on the grand scale—except the works of man. The two mountain-peaks which front west and north drop almost sheer to the water from their height of 2000 feet; yet not so sheer but that goats which have run wild may be seen grazing along the face of them. People shoot them as if they were deer.

Life in Achill is very primitive, and several of the villages are merely huddles of huts, like a Kaffir kraal. But there are few of the inhabitants that do not know England and Scotland well, for the men and women both go over in the summer for harvest work.

North of Achill lies the great landlocked water of Blacksod Bay, a fine harbour. Yet in it lies the timber of Don Alonzo de Leyva's *La Rata*, the chief ship of the Armada. At a low tide the wreck was located, and divers went down and brought away things of interest but of no great value. From Achill north to Donegal Bay the coast was littered with that great overthrow: De Leyva, a fine seaman, apparently managed to make into Blacksod, but his vessel had ceased to be manageable, and tide and tempest drove him on the low, boggy shores of the Barony of Erris.

This country which lies between Blacksod Bay and Killala Bay is the wildest and most miserable in Ireland. Anglers have good reason to visit it, but there is no accommodation for tourists—except that in Belmullet, on the neck of land which curves round Blacksod from the north, there is, I am assured, a good hotel, regularly frequented by sportsmen. It must be a matter of fifty miles from the nearest railway-station at Ballina.

Off Belmullet lie the two islands of Inishkea, which have become the centre of a considerable whale-fishery. The Gulf Stream passes round this coast and the whales follow it. Boating anywhere along the west coast, you will of course constantly see seals and porpoises; basking sharks, perhaps 30 feet long, are common; and sunfish not rare. The whales keep farther out and are seldom seen.

Ballina, and Lough Conn, which is a few miles from it, are of great interest to anglers; to motorists I can say that the drive from Ballina to Sligo by Collooney is one of the most beautiful I know, and it could be made more

beautiful still by taking the road which skirts the east shore of Killala Bay.

Killala Bay is famous in Irish history, for here a small French expedition of Republican troops under Humbert landed in 1798 and inflicted an ignominious reverse on the British force commanded by General Lake—who had let his troops get out of hand by very unsoldierly practices during the Wexford rising.

Once you have crossed the Easky river, and are in sight of Sligo Bay, beauty is lavished on you—especially if it be a characteristic Irish summer day with blue sky and clouds driving under a light wind. Sligo Bay is wide, but it parts into many inner inlets, of which Ballysodare Bay is the nearest to you, and Drumcliffe Bay the farthest. But across the water, beyond Drumcliffe Bay, rises Sligo's chief mountain, Benbulbin, not 2000 feet high, yet somehow extraordinarily impressive by its long, flat back, and then the sheer frontal on the seaward face, where the slope up ceases to be climbable.

Nearer you across Ballysodare Bay is Knocknarea; and to your right toward County Leitrim the rugged line of the Ox Mountains makes the horizon.

All the names are familiar to students of literature, for William Butler Yeats was born in Sligo and lived among scenes that coloured his fancy and added the richness of their sound to his verse.

> The host is riding on Knocknarea
> And over the rath of Cloothnabaire
> Caoilte tossing his gleaming hair
> And Niamh calling, Away, come away.

For all this region is peopled with legendary figures, and it was on Benbulbin that Diarmuid perished. He was the lover of Grania, the princess who fled with him from Tara when she was to be married to Finn MacCool. He and Grania, after their wanderings through Ireland in flight before Finn's pursuit (and in a score of places the

Bed of Diarmuid and Grania is shown), were living on Keshcorran Hill near the Mayo border when Finn came demanding hospitality. Diarmuid would have refused, but Grania said that a princess should not live unseen by great men. So Finn came and they went to the hunting; but Finn who was a wizard sent the Black Boar to Benbulbin, and Diarmuid met the beast and fought him and was torn with his tusks; and Finn came on him lying there and refused to use his magic power of healing. So Finn went back, and got hard words from Grania for leaving his host to die; but he gave her good words in return, and she went back with him to be his queen.

In Sligo town too, on Sligo Bay, there will be much to remind you of the work of Jack B. Yeats (the poet's painter-brother). He is no one's disciple and no one's master; but his fame has grown steadily, and it is based on his handling of all this western life. He loves the sea and the longshore fishermen of Sligo: but he loves also the country race-meeting on a stretch of clean sand: and in some of his landscapes, or seascapes, he catches the strong tang of the brine and the fresh, clean wind that blows it.

Sligo like Galway has the great charm of possessing a lake near by; it is a row of about a mile up a beautiful stretch of river to Lough Gill; and Lough Gill is in all reality very like one of the lakes of Killarney.

Not far off, at the head of the river which flows into Drumcliffe Bay is Glencar, another lake of extraordinary beauty. All this is within easy reach of Rosses Point, a spit of land between the Sligo river and Drumcliffe Bay on which a good little watering-place has grown up, with an eighteen-hole links. I cannot speak of it from experience, but I have heard it praised by many; and so far as I could be any judge from the top of Benbulbin Mountain there could be no better position. It is landlocked and sheltered to some extent; yet it has all the quality of Atlantic scenery.

Sligo is more comparable to the scenery of Lough Swilly in Donegal than to anything in Mayo and Galway; it has less wildness, more amenity; the country is more civilized and cultivated. But it has none the less beauty for that.

Lastly, the drive round the coast skirting between Benbulbin and the sea and so to Bundoran or Ballyshannon in Donegal is unsurpassed. I must write later on of Donegal Bay. But a service of motor-coaches plies along this level stretch of twenty-five miles; and if you want to enter Donegal from Dublin without crossing a Customs barrier it can be done in this way and in this way only.

CHAPTER V

TIPPERARY, LIMERICK, AND WATERFORD

I. Ways of Approach to Munster

THE southern province of Ireland, which contains the most famous of our scenery, can be entered in several ways.

First, from Dublin, by the main southern line which carries the mails through the central plain to Cork. At Mallow it meets another line running east to west, and this is the way to Killarney.

But if you care to see scenery from the train, it is well worth while to take the coast line through Wicklow and Wexford and enter Munster at Waterford.

Or again, coming from England, you may prefer the Great Western route by Fishguard to Rosslare on the Wexford coast; and then the great bridge over the meeting of Nore and Suir takes you into Kilkenny, and so to Waterford.

Or, once more, if Cork is your objective, the Rosslare to Cork service is admirable for those who do not fear eight hours crossing; and on a summer evening or morning the sail along the south-east coast, and down or up the ten miles of lovely river channel, holds endless shifts and changes of delight.

Less known, but to me very attractive, is the route from Rosslare to Waterford by direct boat. In this, the open sea is only a matter of three to four hours and the rest is spent winding up the historic waterway which was in ancient times, and throughout all the medieval period, the main access to Ireland. (This service, however, is only every alternate night.)

Also, you may come into Munster by motor; and there is a great deal to be said for this, because it enables you to see much that is of great interest and beauty and is little visited, particularly along the north of the province.

And finally, if you are from America you will probably land at Cove, which used to be called Queenstown, and then if you follow the example of thousands you will make a short excursion to Blarney, and a longer one to Killarney—possibly extending it to Glengariff. That is the usage of Americans, which I find it hard to write about with civility. Munster is worth a fortnight at the very least, even if you take only that part of it which is specially laid out for tourists.

Let me define the tourist region. First, the lakes of Killarney, three of them, lying among great mountains. They are inland; but the river Laune which flows out of them has only some five miles to traverse before it reaches the salt water of Dingle Bay. Next, on Dingle Bay, a few miles beyond Killorglin, where the Laune issues, is Caragh Lough, with its river; and here the railway has a good hotel. Farther along, at Glenbeigh, is a good little inn.

Next comes the Kenmare river, which is no river but the loveliest of sea loughs, thirty miles long. On it the railway maintains two good hotels; and on the seaward face of the peninsula which divides the Kenmare river from Dingle Bay is Waterville, where is good accommodation; and on the north shore of the River are three passable small hotels. Finally, on Bantry Bay, to the south, is Glengariff, reached by a road from Killarney which passes through Kenmare. I drove that way once with a well-known Scottish artist and before we were half-way to Kenmare he said (as if the confession were being wrung from him): "I admit there is nothing finer than this in the Trossachs." On the road from Kenmare to Glengariff, which is still more surprisingly beautiful, he

said nothing; we thought he was a little displeased about the profusion of wild beauty.

At Glengariff there is a good choice of hotels; and there have been moments when I admitted to myself that nothing in Donegal was so enchanting as Glengariff.

Finally, the road from Glengariff to Cork, first along Bantry Bay, and then through the famous pass of Keimaneigh, and by the lakes of Inchigeela, along the valley of the Lee with its ruined castles, takes you to Cork.

That is the Munster of tourists. It is, if I have to speak my candid mind, too good for them. It is wasted on their hasty generation. It is a country to linger over, to fish in, to climb in, to loaf in, to fall in love with.

II. Cashel of the Kings, and County Tipperary

But even if you have seen all the tourist region you will have seen a very small part of what Munster has to show; and I turn from it now to begin with a quite different beauty, at Cashel of the Kings; as historic as Tara and incomparably more interesting in its monuments.

If you are coming from Dublin by motor, and have not seen Kilkenny, I would advise your taking it on the way —possibly passing through Carlow, to look at one of the landmarks of our new era in Ireland, the great sugar-beet factory which has sprung up, under the impulse given by a native Government, beside that prosperous, well-built little town.

From Kilkenny, of which I have already written, your road should take you through Callan and Fethard, to the north of the great dome-shaped mountain, Slievenamon —that is, *Sliabh na mBan*, the Women's Mountain. It is always associated with the work of Charles James Kickham, one of the peasant writers who made the songs and stories of the Fenian movement. Slievenamon divides

the central plain of Munster from the hummocky country of South Leinster; and it acts as a northern wall, answering to the Comeragh mountains on the south, to make a corridor for the Suir, flowing east to Waterford.

But already the Suir, which flows nearly due south for thirty miles through the central plain, has been headed east when it meets at Cahir the great mass of the Galtees. Slievenamon and the Comeraghs are good mountains, but Galtymore with its peaked top makes them look insignificant. Wherever you are in the central plain, and away west as far as to the Shannon, this mountain is a glory.

You may possibly, if motoring from Kilkenny, decide to go south of Slievenamon and reach the Suir at Clonmel —to my thinking one of the prettiest towns in Ireland, so pleasantly accommodated by its broad river of swirling water, in which, to say nothing of salmon, is very good trout-fishing.

Clonmel figured in Irish history during the rebellion of 1848. The skirmish of Ballingarry—it was hardly even a skirmish—where the rising collapsed, took place on the direct line between Kilkenny and Cashel; and Smith O'Brien, its leader, with his young colleague Thomas Francis Meagher ("Meagher of the Sword"), was tried in the court-house at Clonmel and sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. Both were reprieved, and Meagher lived to lead an Irish brigade at Gettysburg. It is curious to think that one of the men who reported that trial was Justin McCarthy, who after he had become famous as a writer was almost better known as Parnell's vice-chairman—and later still as head of the party which broke away from Parnell—a bitter schism into which Justin McCarthy, almost alone of the chief figures, imported no bitterness.

He was a Munsterman and his name was the name of those who were kings in Cashel. All these surnames in Ireland, Macs and O's, date from the tenth century; and

when the O'Briens chose a patronymic from Brian Boru, the rival Munster clan called itself after Carthach, one of the last kings of the line which Brien deposed from headship.

But now, what is Cashel? A great hummock of rock, dropped in the middle of the Golden Vein (often wrongly called Vale), that is, the rich pastures of South Tipperary and Limerick, between the Galtees and Slieve Phelim. I say "dropped" because popular tradition declares that the devil took a mouthful out of the ridge of hills which runs west of the main railway line, north and south. You cannot mistake the gap he left, which is called the Devil's Bit; but the morsel was too heavy, and as he flew back (to England) he dropped his burden quickly; and it is the Rock of Cashel.

Devil or divinity, whoever made it made a natural fortress commanding that rich expanse of land, and Cashel was from the earliest-known times to Munster what Tara was to the northern half of Ireland. It was more, for its ascendancy lasted into the time when stone buildings came into fashion, and the two acres of level ground which make its top are covered with the monuments of a thousand years.

A word or two of history is necessary. The High-Kingship of Tara alternated for six centuries between two branches of one family, and not unnaturally a tradition grew up that the tenure of Cashel should alternate too. To the west of it lay the principality of Thomond, which was chiefly the present County Clare, but always owned some territory east of the Shannon; to the south and east was the larger princedom of Desmond; and the lords of Desmond monopolized Cashel. But in the tenth century, when Munster was terribly ravaged by the Danes, Thomond headed the resistance. The first great defeat inflicted on the foreigners was at Solohead, between Tipperary and Limerick Junction, overlooked from the

Rock. After that, Mahon, King of Thomond, and his brother Brian Boru, claimed and won the lordship of Cashel and the rule of Munster. But in the hundred years after Brian's death, disputes were fierce and in 1101 his successor Murtough O'Brien bestowed Cashel on "the religious of Ireland in general." The truth was that the Gael now took to cities, and Limerick and Cork were the real capitals of Thomond and Desmond.

The reason for Murtough's gift is probably to be found in the fact that Munster wanted an archbishopric to set over against Armagh. At all events from that year dates the foundation of an Archbishopric of Cashel. Thenceforward religious buildings concentrated on the place, and rich foundations grew up in a circle all about it.

The associations of course go farther back than the buildings. St Patrick came here about 450, and converted the King, who is said to have stuck at the doctrine of the Trinity—How should One be Three? St Patrick pointed to the shamrock.

About 900 flourished another King of Cashel, who was also a bishop and scholar—Cormac MacCullenan. From him came a work called "the Psalter of Cashel," a sort of Domesday Book for Munster—now lost. It is possible that the round tower on the Rock may date from his day; at all events the Cross of Cashel, near the cathedral, with its carven figure of St Patrick, is probably work of his time; and by tradition the pedestal on which it stands is the place where he and all other Kings of Munster were formally inaugurated.

But the interest of Cashel centres on the work of another King of Munster, also a bishop—Cormac MacCarthy. The chapel which he caused to be erected was consecrated in 1134 and it stands intact, a perfect example of Irish architecture before the introduction of Gothic. Yet here already is marked the beginning of the new influence, for the two square towers on each side of the

nave make the church roughly cruciform and not a mere oblong, as was the Irish type. All the rich, massive decoration is of the kind often called Norman in England, but more properly Romanesque. This little church is the best that Irish Romanesque has to show. The stone coffin of Cormac MacCullenan rested in a recess of its north wall, and with it lay the beautiful crozier, now in the National Museum, whose crook is a serpent enclosing a figure spearing a dragon.

The heavy stone roof of this little building—which gives an effect of mass and solidity quite disproportioned to its size—rests on an inner barrel roof, and the most interesting feature of the whole is to me the apartment formed between the two roofs, which, as the windows and corbels for timbers show, once had two stories separated by a wooden floor. Here was undoubtedly the *scriptorium* or writing-chamber for monks. Every monastery in Ireland was above all a factory of books.

The cathedral is attributed to Donal O'Brien—only forty years later than Cormac's church. Yet I find it hard to believe that this was not Norman work, for the west end of it is simply a fortress—just as Kildare was, and many others of the Norman ecclesiastical buildings. As a fortress it served, time and again. Garrett, Earl of Kildare, burnt it down in Henry VII's day and was taxed with the deed by Creagh, Archbishop of Cashel, one of his chief opponents. "I would never have burnt it," said Kildare, "had I not thought that the Archbishop was inside." This was in the interview that ended by the Archbishop or some other crying out: "All Ireland cannot rule this man." "Then," said King Henry, "shall this man rule all Ireland."

It was wrecked again by another Irishman, Lord Inchiquin, in 1647. "Murrough of the Burnings" as he was called, was then on the side of Parliament against King, and had little respect for cathedrals. But the

place continued to be a cathedral under the Protestant dispensation till in 1744 one Archbishop Price succeeded to the see. He was a man of large ideas and liked to go to church as a bishop should, and the road up from the palace, which stands on the level ground below, was not practicable even for a coach and pair. So he got an Act of Parliament passed to the effect that when "cathedral churches are so incommodiously situated that they cannot be conveniently resorted to for divine service" there should be power to "remove the site to some convenient parish church." The Act was general, but was applied only to Cashel, and Parliament in its bounty lent Archbishop Price a regiment of soldiers to strip off the roof. That satisfied him; the parish church, which is now the cathedral, had not a roof on it twenty-five years later, and the service was held in a court-house.

There are to be seen also on the Rock remains of a monastery, probably that founded for the Benedictines. Dominicans and Franciscans had their quarters below in the town, and remains of their stonework can be seen. But there are more than mere remnants at Hore Abbey, only half a mile away—a beautiful thirteenth-century structure, built for the Cistercians by an archbishop who expelled the Benedictines and confiscated their revenues.

Henry II marked his sense of Cashel's importance when he made his first progress from Waterford to Dublin as conqueror, for he came to the Rock and there received the submission of Donal O'Brien—possibly in the cathedral that Donal had only just built. And at Cashel he caused to be summoned a synod of the Irish Church, before which he appeared later in that year and at which he was officially recognized as lord paramount by all the bishops of Ireland.

But what struck me most at my first visit to Cashel was less the monuments than the beauty of the view from this vantage-point. Along to the east was the dome of

Slievenamon; to the west the range of hills which divide Lough Derg and the Shannon from the plain (Keeper Mountain, the highest of them); and farther north the Devil's Bit showing its gap against the sky. Mountains everywhere, beyond grassy plains of the lush richness which scarcely even Meath surpasses—and there is no point from which you can so survey Meath's pastures. But of course the main feature is the south, where the range of the Galtees rises beyond the Suir in a superb culmination of lines. To the east, the Comeraghs continue the rampart, rich in wooding and jagged on their crest; to the west, the Galtee mass sinks by slow undulations through the Ballyhoura hills—on the other side of which lies Buttevant, and close by it the stump of what was once Kilcolman Castle—where Edmund Spenser planned and wrote *The Faerie Queene.*

If you are at Cashel and have the freedom of movement which a motor gives, do not fail to see some of the ruins which survive from medieval bounty in the valley of the Suir. Athassel Abbey is only a few miles off; it was founded by the first de Burgh, William, known to Connaught as 'the Conqueror,' though it was really his son Richard who made that conquest. But to William de Burgh, King John granted Connaught—when he could take it; and for the meantime William got great tracts of land here in the Golden Vein stretching to the Shannon about Castle Connell. The territory came to be called Clanwilliam; and de Burgh, like many of these early Norman invaders, did much to justify his annexation. Athassel was only one of his foundations, but it was the chief; and when he died he was buried in Athassel.

More famous than it is the Abbey of Holy Cross, only four miles from Thurles. And I may say here that if you come by rail from Dublin Thurles may be your best point to explore this country from. It has a very passable hotel, Hayes's, maintained for Irish uses chiefly. Thurles

is a great market-town and it is now the seat of the Catholic Archbishop, and his cathedral is there—a fine modern building. It is also an exceedingly good centre for the trout-fisher—one of the best in Ireland—and it is on the main line. Cashel lies six miles off the track, reached by a branch line. When the Great Southern Railway was built, an unwise economy dictated the shortest line from Mallow to Thurles, and consequently Tipperary and Cashel were left aside, served only by branch lines. Cashel has suffered badly; it is no credit to the ancient kings; except for its monuments, the only mark of its ancient splendour is the convergence of main roads. Still, I am told that you can eat or be lodged with comfort at Stewart's Hotel there.

But whether from Cashel or Thurles, do not neglect Holy Cross. It was founded as a Benedictine monastery by Donal O'Brien in 1168—the year before the first Norman came—and was rebuilt for the Cistercians. Before this it had become possessed of a famous relic—a fragment of the True Cross, which after passing from hand to hand (and many of the hands Protestant) is now in the Ursuline Convent at Blackrock near Cork. Beautiful work of the fourteenth century shows that bounty was constantly expended on the place. It was in Ormond territory, and at the dissolution of the monasteries was granted to the ruling Ormond, but he and his heirs after him left the monks undisturbed for long after the Reformation — indeed until after the Williamite victory and the penal laws.

Hugh O'Neill and Red Hugh O'Donnell passed here on their way south in the last great struggle under Elizabeth before the Gaelic kings were finally defeated at Kinsale.

Strictly speaking, the Ormond title came from this region. Ormond means East Munster just as Desmond means South, and Thomond, North Munster. The first

Butler stronghold was at Carrick-on-Suir, about ten miles below Clonmel, at the head of the navigable waterway; Clonmel was theirs, and Fethard. But later, when they acquired Kilkenny, the centre of Ormond's country lay outside Munster. Cashel and Holy Cross were on its eastern limits, and beyond that there was always trouble between them and the O'Briens, O'Carrolls, and other Gaelic chiefs; while near Tipperary they clashed against the Geraldine Earls of Desmond.

Few small places in Ireland have come oftener into military history than the Glen of Aherlow, close to Tipperary town on the slope of the Galtees; it was a natural fortress. Mr Paul Flynn in the *Book of the Galtees* has written the history of this vale—or plain rather—shut in between the Galtees and the long range of Slievenamuck, west of them. It is from this side, and preferably from Tipperary town, that one should explore this mountain mass; though the great caves are on the southern slope near Mitchelstown.

Not far from here is Lough Diheen, high up on the east side of Galtymore. It contains a *piast*, or waterbeast, which devastated the country till St Patrick persuaded him to go in under the great tub or vat which the lake makes (*Diheen* means a tub) until after the Saints' Monday. But that is the same as Tibb's Eve, and the *piast* can be heard on Easter Monday crying out, "It's a long Monday, Patrick."

III. Limerick and the Shannon Valley

Before I go on to the tourist region, it is well to say something about Limerick and its surrounding country. You can reach it by train, from Dublin, either by the Limerick junction or, preferably, by the line through Nenagh and along the west of Lough Derg. Limerick is a big, lazy, untidy place—the third town in the Free

State, the first in the West of Ireland; but it has been visited with a stir of new life since the Shannon project was launched; and in another three years or less it will have its promised abundance of cheap electric current. Many visitors are attracted to the presence of these great engineering works—by far the biggest production of electricity from water power yet undertaken in Great Britain. It was undertaken through the bold initiative of à young Irish engineer, Dr McLaughlin, who chanced to be studying the subject in the firm of Messrs Siemens Schuckert when the Free State Government came into power. Having convinced himself that the project was technically practicable, he had to persuade the German firm to undertake it, if the contract was offered to them, and then to persuade the new authorities to make the offer. Fortunately the Irish Government was one of young men and was looking for something big to do. They took it on.

Here is the outline of it: The Shannon flows from County Leitrim through boggy country with extraordinary little fall, widening out at two points into great lakes, Loughs Allen and Ree. At Athlone there is a fall, at Shannon Bridge more rapids, and others again at Meelick, but for the most part it flows like a canal, used by barges, till it reaches the great sheet of mountain-enclosed water which is Lough Derg. Issuing from this at Killaloe, where is a weir, it becomes a swift river of majestic beauty. The rapids here are more than a mile long; yet the river sobers down again to broad, long flats until it reaches O'Brien's Bridge—a very long structure first set up by an O'Brien ruler about 1500. Half a mile below this stands on the Clare side the Hill of Doonass, and on the Limerick side the village of Castle Connell.

Here the river, headed off from its course by Doonass Hill, swings to the left, and between Castle Connell and

Doonass—each of which has a feudal castle commanding the river—it plunges over a series of low falls and then goes racing for a couple of miles, broad and broken. This has been the Paradise of anglers—at least of anglers who want specially big salmon. The only one I ever killed there weighed twenty-three pounds and it was the smallest fish of eight that were brought back that evening to the inn in Castle Connell; they averaged thirty pounds.

To a certain extent these are likely to be bygone glories; for the modern engineer is going to put a barrage above O'Brien's Bridge and dig a huge ditch behind Doonass, as a chord to the arc which the river forms between this point and the tideway. About half the stream will be diverted; and so, although there will still be salmon-fishing and trout-fishing at Castle Connell, there will never again be that superb tumble of water in which the skilled cotsmen hold their little craft steady while the angler fishes out from it.

As for the rapids below Killaloe, they alas! are doomed to disappear with the fine fishing that they yielded. The dam at O'Brien's Bridge will hold the water up to the level of Lough Derg, which will be made thus to push out a long, deep arm down the defile by Killaloe. It will submerge the little rocky island, a mile below Killaloe, on which is an ancient church and the shrine of St Molua.

However, it will leave unharmed the objects for whose sake every one interested in Irish history should come to Killaloe; all the more because it is one of the most beautiful pieces of inland scenery we have to show; and the hotel, much used by anglers, is a pleasant place.

Still, let us suppose you have gone to Limerick first.

Here, as at Cork, the Danes who were the first town-builders chose an island at the head of the tideway; the old city lies on it, about the cathedral and the castle.

Most that is on the Clare bank is quite new, yet there are houses there dating back to the eighteenth century;

the main commercial quarter, once George Street, now O'Connell Street, is of that century also. But up near the bridge which crosses the narrow King's River is an older quarter—what was once the 'Irish town.' For about all these walled towns that the Normans built there grew up on the outside a huddle of dwellings for the native Gaels. The Claddagh of Galway is the best instance; but at Wexford there is an Irish town outside the walls, and there was one in Dublin toward Clontarf—all places for the poor. At Limerick, however, this quarter on the left bank developed prosperously, because the island had not room, and the Irish town was walled in and made part of the fortress.

We first hear of a siege of Limerick under Raymond Le Gros, and he with his knights forded or swam the Abbey river and broke through whatever fence of timber the Danes and Gaels had put up. But the value of this western port was soon perceived, and in John's reign the strong castle was built that is there still; and it was connected to the Clare bank by Thomond Bridge.

From that time onward Limerick was Galway's rival for the Spanish and Gascon trade, and, like Galway, it came to no great harm in all the various wars until the time of Cromwell. Then it stood the first of two famous sieges. Ireton was the attacker, and he got across the Shannon by O'Brien's Bridge so as to hold both banks; and finally, plague being inside, Hugh O'Neill, who had inflicted heavy defeat at Clonmel on both Cromwell and Ireton, had to surrender. Ireton was for hanging him, but the gallantry of this great soldier had so wrought on his opponents that twice Ireton's officers stopped the sentence; and O'Neill ended his days, not much better, as a prisoner in the Tower of London.

Forty years later, in 1691, the Irish forces drew together in Limerick, and William III in person, fresh from the Boyne, came down to conduct the siege. This time

the Clare bank was held by the besieged, and William's attack was directed against the walls of the Irish town. He waited for a while; his artillery train was on the way from Dublin. Sarsfield also waited; and when the heavy convoy approached from Cashel he slipped out by night with a troop of horse, taking for guide a *rapparee*, or freebooter, called Galloping Hogan. All the fords were watched up to Killaloe. But above Killaloe, where the lake narrows to a river, was a ford scarcely used, yet passable to bold riders; and by this Hogan led them across. They lay for the night on Keeper Mountain—whose great bulk blocks the view north-east along the river from Limerick. From this vantage they watched the convoy, winding below them across the plain till it halted for the night at Ballyneety—ten miles short of its destination. That night Sarsfield and his men fell on them, sabred the escort, blew up the ammunition, burnt the guns—and so back across the ford. It was a feat of no great military importance since another siege train came round by sea; but it put heart into the defence. After many days hard fighting the outlying Irish fort was carried and the wall breached by the siege train; William's storming party of 500 with 10,000 in reserve forced an entrance, but were driven out. They attacked again and again, three separate assaults in the day; and when night fell the Irish still held the wall and could make good the breach. The losses had been too heavy; William struck his camp three days later and withdrew.

If you follow the old winding street from the bridge by the cathedral up to St John's Hospital you can see St John's Gate with marks of cannon-balls on the stone; you can see the Black Battery which at the fiercest of the assault was blown up by a mine under a regiment of Brandenburghers.

But a year later Aughrim had been fought and lost, and Sarsfield had retired with the beaten army to

Limerick. Ginckel approached. This time he contrived to master a crossing, and the Irish were penned into their island. Ginckel, remembering their former resistance, offered terms: Sarsfield and all who chose to accompany him were to be free to leave Ireland and serve King James in France—and the Catholics of Ireland were to retain whatever rights they enjoyed under Charles II. That was the Treaty of Limerick, signed on Thomond Bridge. The stone is kept there as a monument of the broken Treaty.

Eleven thousand men sailed with Sarsfield, the pick of Ireland; it was the formal beginning of that Flight of the Wild Geese which lasted for over a hundred years. A French authority has computed from the French War Office's archives that, by 1750, 450,000 Irishmen had fallen in the service of France.

These are the central memories of Limerick. For what is older, the cathedral stands, built by Donal O'Brien, the king from whom Raymond took the place. As soon as Raymond's back was turned O'Brien burnt the whole, lest it should be a stronghold of the foreigner; and he built this cathedral on the site of his own palace.

But the valley of the Shannon is of more interest than Limerick, and about two miles up is a point of extraordinary interest at Corbally. Here St Thomas' Island divides the river into two swift currents, and below them the laxweir spans the stream. It has been a salmon-trap since long before the Norman invasion; there exists a charter of King John dealing with the rights in it; and the little castle which rises from one of its stone piers is quite probably of John's day. I know hardly anything more picturesque than this long irregular line of masonry and spars and hurdlework, with this little gem of antique fortification to control the crossing.

But in these years the laxweir has a new rival in interest, for just below it the tailrace from the power-station will sweep in. The station itself is at Ardna-

crusha, a mile away; there, half the normal flow of the Shannon will drop about 100 feet to drive turbines that are calculated to generate 90,000 horse-power of electric energy.

While I write the gigantic machines are scooping out the ditch in one place, building it up in another; and there are many visitors to see sights very novel in so purely agricultural a country. History is being made here; if the achievement leads to a growth of industrial enterprise in the Shannon Valley it will indeed be a new departure.

But even if it is for the sake of the Shannon scheme that you go to Ardnacrusha and so along by road to O'Brien's Bridge, you will enjoy the beauty of the drive, with the Clare hills on your left, the bluff bulk of Keeper on your right, and every now and then the broad bend of the river in view. And for the best of the beauty you must go to Killaloe; and at Killaloe you touch historic interests perhaps greater than the Shannon scheme.

Here in the graveyard stands the cathedral—in Protestant hands—with noble stonework of Irish craftsmen from the twelfth century; of kin to Dervorgilla's chapel at Clonmacnoise. But beside it is a little old church of the early Celtic type with high-pitched stone roof; and in that church undoubtedly Brian Boru attended his devotions. For here at Killaloe was the abode of the greatest of all Gaelic kings of Ireland.

It is probable that his dwelling may have been on the top of the hill where is now the fair-green; but his armed camp was undoubtedly at the point from which Paul Henry's picture of Lough Derg is drawn. Here is a great double rath, with a flat space about it for a parade-ground; and here no doubt the Dalcassian heroes kept ward and did their training; they commanded the ford by which Hogan led Sarsfield's men across; and, since probably in Brian's day the water was not dammed up at

Killaloe, the ford may then have been the chief one. At Killaloe itself there was always a bridge of some kind, but probably only for pack animals.

I have always thought this place, Kincora, one of the most beautiful in Ireland. Above it Lough Derg offers every charm for boating (as well as great trout-fishing), and if you climb one of the mountains that overlook Killaloe from the Tipperary side, you can see four or five counties and a scene of the most varied beauty.

County Clare itself has many excursions to offer if you stay in Limerick: Bunratty Castle and Quin Abbey, to mention only one such outing. And the tidal Shannon down past Foynes Harbour has majesty as well as beauty, and you can boat down it.

But of all the places that no one should miss seeing who visits Limerick, Adare is easily first. This little town is on the Maigue, a tributary of the Shannon, and it has been beautified in many ways by the Earls of Dunraven, who have their great manor here.

They had the care to restore what nobles of an earlier day erected. Adare was a southern property of the northern Geraldines, the Earls of Kildare, and they built the Augustinian friary which the first Lord Dunraven restored to be a Catholic church. It was they, again, who founded in 1474 the Franciscan friary, whose carefully tended ruins are the chief ornament of the beautiful grounds—in which stand also the remains of the old castle.

Everything about Adare speaks of intelligent interest in antique beauty and the desire of preserving it; and the place is made agreeable by a good hotel, the Dunraven Arms, much frequented by anglers and by hunting folk. But the late Earl of Dunraven, not less keen than his predecessor on antiquities, had a host of other interests; and here for twenty years he cultivated Turkish tobacco to his own satisfaction (and the resulting cigarettes were very

THOMOND BRIDGE AND CASTLE, LIMERICK

Photo London, Midland & Scottish Railway Co.

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QUAY AND REGINALD'S TOWER, WATERFORD

Photo Great Western Railway Co.

smokable), and also he bred race-horses to the admiration of mankind.

IV. Waterford

I pass now to County Waterford and that part of Cork which lies along the Blackwater. From Dublin, as I have said, you may come through Kilkenny west of the mountains or east of them through Wicklow to Enniscorthy. But if you start from London or anywhere in the South of England your best way is by Fishguard. The regular short sea-service (three hours) brings you to Rosslare, where is a pleasant strand used by the people of Wexford as a watering-place; and the train service from Rosslare hurries you past Waterford and across through Dungarvan into the Blackwater Valley—and so right across Ireland to Killarney.

But I am all for staying to have a look at Waterford.

Danish settled, it keeps still its Danish name, and the low stone tower near the quay, circular in shape, is called Reginald's—that is, Ragnal's—Tower. Strongbow made his landing in the Waterford river and being joined here by Raymond Le Gros, who had already reached the Wexford coast, he carried the Danish defences, and within the captured city was married to Eva, Dermot Macmurrough's daughter. A year later Henry II came up the long channel with his greater fleet. John, Lord of Ireland, twice landed here—and so did every King of England who visited this domain of his up to the time of James II.

These visits only happened about once in a hundred years. Still, they mark the fact that till the eighteenth century the normal way to Ireland from England was by Waterford. And even in the nineteenth century Dunmore on the Waterford river was provided with a fine pier to serve as terminus for a mail service. The project came to nothing, but the pier remains, and Dunmore at the foot

of cliffs which face the long channel is a charming village with great facilities for yachting and fishing; there is a neat-looking little hotel and lodgings to be had in plenty.

As you steam up the river the Suir shows itself lined on both sides with pleasant houses and grounds leading to the water; and the ship's stewards will be able to point you to where, in the trimmest of all these houses, Field-Marshal Lord Roberts was born.

His father, Sir Abraham Roberts, was son of a parish clergyman, who again was son of John Roberts, the architect who restored the Protestant cathedral at Waterford and built the Catholic one and the Guildhall. This John Roberts married a Miss Sautelle, descendant of one of the Huguenot families who were settled in Waterford after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. To their use was assigned what is still called the French Church—an old friary founded for the Franciscans in 1240. Service was held here in French until 1820. The chancel of the church became a place of burial; and this right was continued to certain families. The last man with whom that right remained was the Field-Marshal. He lies elsewhere, but his memory is not forgotten in Waterford.

In the Guildhall which his great-grandfather built another memory is preserved. Thomas Meagher, one of O'Connell's supporters, became the first Catholic Mayor of Waterford after the reform of Municipal Corporations which followed on O'Connell's gaining Catholic Emancipation. His son, Thomas Francis Meagher, was one of the leading figures in the Young Ireland movement, which broke away from O'Connell, and in 1848 he stood as a Young Irelander for Waterford against a man whom O'Connell supported. In that election the father sided against the son. Generations clashed, as later in the time of Sinn Fein.

Waterford possesses memorials of Thomas Meagher's later fame; the flags which his Irish Brigade carried at

Fredericksburgh and the sword of honour which was bestowed on him are in the Guildhall.

Waterford was John Redmond's constituency, and when the rest of Ireland turned against that leader's memory Waterford stood by him and returned his son to take his place; and still to-day Captain Redmond, D.S.O., sits for Waterford County by the city's votes.

The cathedral is chiefly notable for a fifteenth-century tomb commemorating one Rice, who was so often mayor that he feared lest his fellow-citizens should think him superhuman; and his Will provided that a fortnight after his decease his grave should be opened and the citizens admitted to see the remains. Accordingly on the top of his very finely carved tomb there is the image of a nude figure in process of decay; unpleasant creatures crawl in and out of the ribs. It is indeed a fantastic piece of eccentricity—but for all that a beautiful carving.

The city has a noble position along its mile of quay, and there is a good hotel, the Imperial, at the end of the broad and dignified Mall which leads down to the quay. But as a place from which to explore this side of County Waterford and its coast there is a far better choice. Twenty minutes in a motor, half an hour by a local train (with a separate station) takes you to Tramore, a very characteristic Irish watering-place.

This Waterford coast deserves more attention than it gets from English visitors—if only because of its handiness to all the South of England. It is not our western scenery; it has more the character of the English Channel coast; and indeed Dunmore and Tramore remind me as no other places in Ireland do of little ports in Devon. But it is Ireland, as characteristically Irish as anything can be.

People who come to Ireland as a rule see very little of the Irish people, which is a pity, for after all the people of a country make what is best worth knowing in it. At the

lakes of Killarney or Glengariff you will make acquaintance with your boatman; at Rosapenna or Portsalon in Donegal you will also know your caddies; but the guests in the hotel will be very largely English or American. It is only at the Irish watering-places that a wider observation is possible. For in Ireland to-day Irish people gravitate to the places where there is organized amusement, and nowhere more gaily organized than at Tramore.

A ridge of high land with cliffs overhanging encloses the Waterford river on its south shore; across this ridge you come to a wide shallow bay and on that bay is Tramore. A mile of sand stretches across and then southward the cliffs begin again, indented for many miles with a series of coves. But at Tramore there was a wide flat, reclaimed from the tide, and here some twenty years ago an enterprising friend and colleague of John Redmond's conceived the idea of establishing a hotel where Irish people could come and take their pleasure along with their surf-bathing. He built the Grand Hotel; he laid out golf-links; and round the golf-links he marked a racecourse. Ireland jumped at the chance. The Tramore links and the Tramore race-meetings became hugely popular. Sea broke in and swallowed up links and racecourse, but the institution was too well established to die; a new site was found, and there are races every month in summer, the main meeting in August lasting four days; and there is golf every day of the year. But there is more of Ireland to be seen at a race-meeting than you would find in ten days on a golf-links. Finally, some other enterprising person built a really good dance-hall down below the hotel—five hundred couples can dance there without crowding—and a really good band was brought down from Dublin, with the result that from Waterford and Wexford and Kilkenny, and from Cork and even from Dublin, Irish people flock down to Tramore for a week-end and dance to their heart's content. The hotel is full to-day, and full

of Irish people. You can study Irish society here as it exists after the Revolution.

There is no mistake about the Revolution. The Ireland in which I was brought up was what people call an aristocratic country. I remember perfectly well, even after I had spent four years at Oxford, being surprised to find that in a big English town a wine merchant held as good a social position as anybody else. Also, 'Society,' save by exception, was Protestant; the Catholic was not at all so easily admitted as one who belonged to the Church of the landed gentry. Nowadays—well, nowadays an "old man of the people" occupies the Viceregal Lodge and the Pope has no more devout adherent; neither, I think, has the King any abler or more useful representative. But unquestionably the Viceregal Lodge has been democratized, and so have the public dances. Society here is, I should imagine, becoming more and more like what it is in Australia or Canada. The question of creeds does not arise; nobody minds which place of worship you go to, or minds if you go to neither. Most of the pleasant young women in the Grand Hotel have, I should say, brothers or cousins at Clongowes or some other Catholic school. But the ex-Rugby international from Trinity who lent me a room to write in is a judge appointed by the Free State. The Irish bench to-day has as many Protestants as Catholics on it. And I have no doubt that among the couples whom I watched fox-trotting many Catholics had Protestant partners. All I know for certain, however, is that they all seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely and prettily and decently; and that the breakfast-room when I came into it was full of talk and laughter—which is not common in my experience of hotels. People shake up well together here.

If I were the owner of a motor and wanted to see Southern Ireland (I mean geographically, not politically Southern Ireland) I should certainly land it at Waterford,

and run down in twenty minutes to Tramore. From there one can explore all this coast, which is strangely little known.

After such exploration you can drive ahead to Killarney and see the things that everybody else has seen. But you will learn far more about the island that is not merely a tourist resort, but a country setting out to-day to make good its position in the modern world, if you acquaint yourself with the parts where prosperity and commerce either have been, or are, or will be; and you will come across Irish people who are not peasants, but are none the less Irish for that. If it is the Celtic twilight you are looking for, you will not find it in the dance-hall or on the race-course at Tramore. But you will find the modern Ireland there—a democratic country, yet with a very long past behind it to mellow its democracy and to put charm into its laughter.

Motors can be hired, of course, and excursions to make are plenty. It is a fine drive inland to Curraghmore, Lord Waterford's demesne, headquarters of the famous Beresford family—and hospitably open to visitors. Thence you can push on, from the northern slope of the Comeragh mountains where it lies, down into the valley of the Suir and look at Carrick-on-Suir with its very old bridge, or farther upstream to Clonmel. Even Cashel is not too far for a day's outing.

But the obvious line for exploration is by a road that follows the coast, which is all a line of low cliffs, with little coves among them; you come here to what is rare in Ireland, traces of old mine-workings at Bonmahon. The little port of Dungarvan with its jolly strand is not twenty miles off; and the road to it lies between the eastern face of the Comeraghs and the sea. South of Dungarvan again is Ardmore, a watering-place frequented by this countryside; and here also lodgings are to be had. Katherine Cecil Thurston, one of the most popular

novelists of twenty years ago, lived here for many years. And beyond Ardmore again it is not a great way to Youghal and the mouth of the Blackwater.

But the excursion which I should recommend above all is just beyond Dungarvan to Helvick Head and the little village of Ring, which lies there by the old coastguard-station; for this is a singular survival of Gaelic-speaking Ireland on the Channel coast. As late as 1926 I found men there to whom English was scarcely known—and they were not yet of middle age. A good deal of the language survives still in the Comeraghs; it is in full use at points of North Cork. But you would go, I think, from Dungarvan all the way round to the Kenmare river before you should find another community of fishermen so exclusively Gaelic in speech as these Helvick folk. Naturally, therefore, a college of Gaelic study has been established at Ring near the Head—which, oddly enough, keeps a name that the Danes gave it some twelve hundred years ago.

V. The Valley of the Blackwater

I pass now to the valley of the Blackwater, which stretches west to east from quite near the Killarney mountains, past Mallow and Fermoy and Lismore and Cappoquin to Youghal. Many English tourists get glimpses of it from the train on their way to Killarney; the track leaves the valley of the Suir a few miles above Waterford (where it crosses the river) and climbs the hill past Kilmacthomas, with the Comeraghs on the right, and so past Dungarvan and down to Cappoquin. Here the Blackwater is tidal, and its banks are to some extent disfigured by slob, but even the tidal Blackwater is hard to beat for beauty. Cappoquin is the halting-place for one of the chief centres of interest, the Trappist monastery of Mount Melleray, high up on the Knockmealdown mountains which here run parallel to the river valley.

The Trappists, expelled from France in 1830, established themselves here, and they have turned a wilderness into a garden. Visitors are admitted to see the house and the life of this ascetic community whose rule is silence; and there is a guest-house where strangers may be lodged—making what offering they please on departure; it helps to provide not only for the monastery, but for the school which the monks maintain. Catholic laymen habitually go to make a retreat here; but no question is asked as to a guest's religion; hospitality is offered without distinction.

Beyond Cappoquin, upstream, is Lismore, where the Devonshire Arms is known to many anglers. For the Duke of Devonshire, who owns the fishing and the weir here, has always allowed guests at the hotel to fish about a mile of water which in summer is, as we say, "stiff with salmon"; and a little river flows in here from the hills which is all free fishing and at times very good. But fishing apart, Lismore is a place to visit for its beauty. Here, as at Adare, rich lords of the manor have spent very nobly.

The centre of the place is the castle on a high cliff, overlooking the river which below it is spanned by one of the beautiful bridges which the eighteenth century knew how to build. A castle of some sort has always been here since the first Norman settlement; but Lismore was always a place of great religious fame, and the castle became the abode of the bishops of Lismore until in the Reformation times Miler Magrath, Archbishop of Cashel, who fluctuated between Protestant and Catholic as his interest served, sold the possession to Sir Walter Raleigh. From Raleigh it was bought by Sir Richard Boyle, a much more prudent speculator; and Boyle, becoming Earl of Cork, made this his home. Boyle property it remained till 1753, when Lady Charlotte Boyle brought it into the Devonshire family. By then it had been rebuilt and

LISMORE : THE BLACKWATER

Photo Great Western Railway Co.

THE MARINA, CORK

Photo Great Western Railway Co.

beautified in many ways, as has also the church, once St Carthage's Cathedral, in which are shown many ancient Gaelic funeral inscriptions.

Besides its charm for anglers, Lismore makes a perfect centre to explore from. To the north a road leads across the Knockmealdown range past Mount Melleray, through Clogheen and Ardfinnan, which I have heard described as the most beautiful drive in Ireland. To the south there is the valley of the Bride river to explore; and above all there is Youghal (though of course this can be reached by rail from Cork).

Wherever you reach it from, Youghal is a place to visit; indeed, it is a watering-place and good to stay in, with passable hotels. But above all it is the place which has St Mary's Abbey, a collegiate church founded by the great Earls of Desmond in 1464, which has continued through the centuries as a place of worship. Here among many monuments is that of the Desmonds, and, coming on to Charles I's day, here is that of Boyle, the Earl of Cork, with his nine children—four of whom he contrived to get promoted to peerages. It is worth climbing the tower, not only for the view of the really beautiful little town, but also because from the tower you can see just under you Myrtle Grove, an Elizabethan house with mullioned windows and many gables, once the dwelling of the Wardens of Youghal. Walter Raleigh had it, and in it is said to have smoked the first tobacco ever brought into Ireland. More important still, in its garden he caused to be planted the first Irish potato.

Here Edmund Spenser was Raleigh's guest, and, though Ireland has no call to love either of them for anything they did in Ireland (where Raleigh accomplished much killing, and Spenser, the gentle poet, advocated a complete extermination of the native race), yet for the sake of poetry and adventure Myrtle Grove deserves great esteem.

Spenser's own habitation was near Buttevant, on the Awbeg, which he calls in his verse "Mola." The Awbeg flows into the Blackwater about six miles above Fermoy, close to a ford where the ruins of Bridgetown Abbey stand on a little island. Below this in Lord Listowel's demesne is a wooded cliff where a huge oak reaches out over a perfect salmon pool, and it is called Spenser's Oak. These are places only known to a few anglers, yet in all a lifetime devoted to running water I have never seen a river stretch to compare with this. The place to see it from is Fermoy, and I do most earnestly advise visitors to make Fermoy a centre.

Fermoy has had a strange history. Up to the end of the eighteenth century there were only a few hovels here at a crossing of the river. An enterprising Scot bought property, made a bridge, and persuaded the British Government to build barracks. It became one of the great military centres under British occupation. In Fermoy itself were two barracks—they housed three battalions in 1915; at Moor Park was another centre of huts; on Kilworth Moor, four miles off, another great group of huts and a rifle range. The whole town lived by the garrison. Then came the rebellion and the struggle in 1922, and all these buildings were burnt out. There are some twenty-seven acres of ruins in Fermoy. Yet there remain the hotels which served the purposes of the garrison, the golf-links, the tennis-courts, all the appliances for amusement. As for fishermen, the Blackwater flows through the town, salmon-fishing is mostly let, but trout-fishing is free. Within easy reach are four little rivers, the Araglen, the Funshin, the Awbeg, and the Bride, all of which—except perhaps the first—are notably good. And from Fermoy down, for about three miles, is the most perfect stretch for pleasure boating that man or woman could dream of; a beautiful great river between high-wooded cliffs, perpetually changing in loveliness as you go.

As for excursions, upstream is Ballyhooly, where an old

castle looks out over the splendid bridge; and away out toward Kilworth the ground rises, and when you crest the ridge there are the Galtees facing you in all their magnificence, five miles away. I have never seen a country where the transition from parklike country to wild mountain was so frequent, so sudden, and so perfect in harmony. Just beyond Kilworth is Mitchelstown, and from here you can visit the amazing caves of the Galtees with their huge series of stalactites and stalagmites; but you need a guide, for nothing would be easier than to get lost there.

Yet for my own part I recommend rather the charms of the two small rivers, Awbeg and Funshin, which, flowing off limestone, run crystal clear and cut their way through defiles and gorges with miniature cliffs—exquisite places. At one point the Awbeg passes through Annsgrove demesne, and here a most skilful gardener has carried gardening down a slope and across a slope so that the swift, clear little river becomes the very heart and life of the garden, and its banks are set with rare and exquisite things that love the water.

A matter of fifteen miles upstream from Fermoy (great miles for salmon-fishers) brings you to Mallow, where the Royal Hotel near the station is to be commended, though its old landlord, who used to hunt regularly till the age of eighty-five, is alas! now no more.

Mallow is a little town with a charm of its own; and Mr William O'Brien, who forsook it for Westport, was again drawn back in his later days. It had in old times repute as a spa, and attempts are being made to revive this attraction. Part of this takes the form of combining attractions in August, a race-meeting with a flower-show and a dog-show.

But for most visitors to Ireland Mallow is simply the parting of the ways, the main junction whence you go north to Dublin, south to Cork, east to Waterford, and west to Killarney.

CHAPTER VI

CORK AND KERRY

I. Cork City

The access to Cork from the main rail is not imposing; the line burrows under one of Ireland's few tunnels and comes out on a suburb; most of the city proper is on a flat island, but Shandon Church stands on a steep rise to the north and the Protestant cathedral on an answering one on the farther side. Vessels of 10,000 tons can come up to the quay, so that the whole layout of the town is singularly diversified. Indeed, without possessing any building of real distinction, Cork has strong claims to be the most charming city in Ireland; and there is something Continental in its character, emphasized by the long, straight, tree-planted walk down the river, called the Marina, and the other matching it, up river, the Mardyke.

There is not a great deal to see in Cork itself. Shandon steeple has beauty, and its graveyard keeps the remains of that queer Bohemian John Francis Mahony, known as Father Prout, who wrote about

> The bells of Shandon,
> That sound so grand on
> The pleasant water of the River Lee.

In the University College among the fine new Gothic buildings it is worth visiting the Honan Chapel to see the stained glass, executed in part by Miss Purser's group and in part by Mr Harry Clarke—the gift of Sir John O'Connell. There should be noted also on the Grand Parade a monument to the Manchester Martyrs—Allen, Larkin,

and O'Brien—who were executed in 1867 for their share in the rescue of a Fenian leader when a policeman was killed. When sentence was pronounced on the Fenians the answer from the dock was "God save Ireland!" This became the refrain of what was virtually the Irish National Anthem up to 1916. In 1914 the Irish Guards sang it as they marched through London to entrain for Mons and the first months of the European War—so strangely had things altered. In 1916 Sinn Fein's *Soldier's Song* superseded it. But under all phases Cork was proud of the name "rebel Cork"—and paid dear for it in 1920, when half the city was burnt.

There is, however, another memory of which Cork is perhaps as proud as of the rebels. In Patrick Street stands the statue of Father Theobald Mathew, the apostle of temperance, who was known and adored in Cork for more than twenty years before his name grew famous. Theobald was the son of a well-to-do Catholic gentleman, John Mathew, agent to his kinsman Lord Llandaff at Thomastown near Tipperary; and having decided to be a priest he entered the humblest of all Orders, the Capuchin Friars, and was attached to their house on Charlotte Quay. He was not an eloquent preacher, but from the first all classes, but specially the poor, were attracted by his saintliness and his boundless generosity. "If the streets of Cork were paved with gold and Father Mathew had the control of them, there would not be a paving-stone in Cork by the end of the year," said one who worked with him. In these years he specially endeared himself to the people by getting what had been the 'Botanic Garden' transformed into a public burying-ground; there was no consecrated place where Catholic priests could conduct a funeral without leave of the Protestant Dean, and this he resented, though no man had more friends among Protestants. Indeed, it was one of these, a Quaker named William Martin, who launched him on the great work of

his life. Seeing the priest's influence with the poor, Martin was instant with him in season and out: "Ah, Theobald Mathew, if thou wouldst take this matter up." And in the end Father Mathew, who had never been an abstainer himself and who loved all forms of sociability, did take the matter up. On April 10, 1838, he called a meeting in the schoolroom of his friary, and having explained to the audience his purpose, taking down a blank sheet of paper and saying, "So, here goes," he signed his name first on the list. By December of that year Cork had 150,000 signatories. The priest was invited to preach in Waterford, but took Limerick on the way, and the strength of this movement was first felt here, for people crowded in till they nearly trampled each other. One hundred and fifty thousand signed on in Limerick, eighty thousand in Waterford. So began his amazing progresses through the country. The coaches by which he travelled were held up for hours by mobs insisting that he should administer the pledge and his blessing. In five years the consumption of whisky fell from twelve million gallons to five.

The height of the movement came with the height of O'Connell's Repeal Crusade, and the famine broke it as it broke O'Connell. O'Connell died in that tragedy; Father Mathew lived through it, but it killed the heart in him. His new cemetery had to be closed in 1848 after ten thousand burials there in nine months. He gave away all he had, he made his kinsfolk give all they had, and they could do nothing; and all his organization fell to pieces. Eight years later in 1856 he was dead; but his faculties had really perished years before then.

In his day he was famous through the whole English-speaking world; and his name is not yet forgotten anywhere. But it is only in Cork that they celebrate his birthday. His grave is in the cemetery he got for his citizens; he lies among his own people—the gentlest of saints.

A memorial tower to him is one of the features in the lovely landscape that unfolds itself as you go down the river from Cork to its harbour. For although along the waterway are many little towns—Blackrock Passage, and finally Cove itself (which is more than a little town)—all the water is under Cork's jurisdiction; and on an appointed day in summer the Mayor of Cork with his civic corporation goes down by water to the harbour, and, sailing out past the harbour mouth, casts a dart from him into the sea—so marking the limit of his admiralty.

It would be tedious to write here all the names of these places; enough to say that in Cove the quay is dominated by a great cathedral of Pugin's designing, which was set there perhaps to give encouragement to the myriads of young Irish people who pour out by that gate. Three-quarters of a million in the last quarter of a century is the reckoning; but Queenstown, as it was then called, has before that seen more than a hundred thousand depart in one year; and very small was the proportion of them that ever returned.

Yet if you stay in Cork, assuredly excursions should be made up and down the Lee; and on the west bank Crosshaven is a watering-place and yachting centre of great repute. The chief attraction here of late years has been the International Dinghy Race, which a Cork man, Captain Payne, won when the cup was first offered in Belgium; and the race must be sailed in Irish waters until somebody can be found to beat this clever boatsman on his own tricky water. It will be a good thing to see, anyhow, in August.

I have said little about the history of Cork, which was Danish also in origin, and was soon won by the Normans, who, here as elsewhere, contrived to get the town on their side by giving it large charter-privileges. Cork developed, a rival to Limerick and to Galway, but not greater than these; like them, it was full of Spanish influence

through the wine trade. From the time when the Gaelic order was broken down, the English Government concentrated on strengthening Cork—and perhaps not a little of the preference was due to the judicious action of the first Earl of Cork.

For Cork had stood by England, though not enthusiastically, in the day when Gaelic Ireland had its greatest chance of shaking off the English yoke. Hugh O'Neill and Hugh O'Donnell were masters of more than half the country in 1601 and they controlled the way down into Munster; they were in treaty with Spain, and at last Spain moved. Six thousand men in a fleet under Don Juan de Aquila landed at Kinsale, only fifteen miles from Cork, and occupied the castle. Mountjoy and Carew marched down to blockade it, but Hugh O'Neill and O'Donnell drew outer lines round the English. O'Neill was for waiting to win by cutting off supplies, but the Spaniards pressed for battle, and O'Donnell took their view. Then suddenly in a half-hearted action the Irish who for ten years had won success after success crumbled to pieces and the game was up. Mountjoy and Carew could march back to Cork in triumph.

II. The South Coast

If historic memories tempt you, Kinsale is richly worth a visit, and the little old-world place has a quaintness of its own, like a town where old sailor-men have settled down through generations, to keep an eye on the sea even after they ceased to use it. But Kinsale is only the beginning of the south coast, which in all Ireland seems to be for some reason the front most neglected by holiday-makers.

The coast has cliff all the way; Atlantic water comes in, blue and deep; and the ocean here has the charm of a highway, for this is in the full traffic of commerce. Off

these shores the *Lusitania* came to her tragic end, and they were strewn with the saddest flotsam and jetsam that April of 1915. Great liners pass now where she went down. Away to the west, in the region called Carbery, the coast is so set and studded with islands—Cape Clear the greatest of them—that a well-known ballad sings of "Carbery's Hundred Isles."

History speaks here in scores of castles, some Norman, some of the Gaelic tribes, O'Donovans and O'Driscolls; the O'Driscolls whose stronghold lay about Baltimore were notable sea-rovers.

At Castlehaven the exquisite little harbour has other memories; a scattered detachment of Aquila's fleet came in here and was joined by the O'Sullivans from Bearhaven in Bantry Bay. Yet of more interest to most visitors is a rough stone arch set up overlooking the harbour, in memory of the day when a swift frigate bringing up from the south put in here, and brought to these islands the first news of Trafalgar.

It is a region which has not lacked genius to commemorate it; for here Miss Edith Somerville, one of the two ladies who added to the gaiety of nations by their *Experiences of an Irish R.M.*, has had her home; here for many years she hunted a pack of hounds in the craggiest country that mortals ever rode over; and her comrade and collaborator, Martin Ross—of the Galway Martins—hunted here with her, and wrote with her. Yet so far as I know there is nothing in the nature of a hotel available at Castle Townshend. Indeed, on that long stretch of lovely coast there are only two obvious places to stay at. For both, the station is Skibbereen; but Schull lies ten miles to the west, and Glandore as many to the east. I set down here what I wrote in the fine summer of 1926, when I at last began to make acquaintance with the neglected south.

Cork people are so good at either praising or pitying

themselves that the rest of Ireland is slow to take a hand either way; but, after a week's holiday on the south coast of this island, I must say that we are foolish to neglect so many charms as are there accessible. For, after all, the south is the south; no place else on our shores has those sheltered havens, each of them a suntrap, from Cove itself westward, at any rate to Baltimore. At Schull, on Roaring Water Bay, there is more wideness and bareness; and thence to the Mizen all is rocky land. Yet even at Schull, I saw oats by the harbour growing almost six feet high; you would not meet that in Kerry even, let alone Connemara or Donegal. And not even Clew Bay has so noble a network of islands as make Carbery's glory. Yet I am sure that ten people visit Connemara for one that sees Carbery; and with Kerry there is no possible comparison of numbers.

One reason, no doubt, is the fewness of hotels in West Cork; but that is a matter in which demand soon produces supply. There is an excellent little house at Schull —Grove House—and it was full to overflowing, and no doubt will stay so till the end of August, but that means only about forty people at a time. Except for golf the place had everything to make it perfect for a seaside place; and the number and variety of excursions to make from it by sea or land is past counting. Yet I confess that if I were looking for a spot to spend a month in, Crookhaven would tempt me even more—but it has no hotel that I could hear of. Yet, quite near it, on the neck which divides the haven from the lovely Barley Strand is a natural links, ready made—perhaps only a nine-hole course, but that, anyhow.

Still, this involves pioneering; but the place which left me in amazement that I should have been all these years without discovering it was Glandore, which cannot be more than fifty miles from Cork—yet being, as it is, eight or ten miles from the nearest station, Skibbereen, it can-

not be overrun by trippers, and it has a couple of hotels, one of which, Kilfinnan Castle, is unique in my experience. It stands there on a shelf of rock commanding the entrance to the winding waters of this wooded inlet; and the square block of it next the sea was built, they say, as long ago as 1215. No wonder it has stood, for the rock itself is compacted into those thick walls—how thick can be judged where they have been pierced to make modern windows. For it is only since the present owner came into possession that the ivy was torn off, and this part of the fabric utilized. The bulk of the place was added, keeping the castellated style with its battlements, some two generations ago, and the old gentleman whose hobby it was to carry this out amused himself with various devices. He terraced the cliff-face down to the south, and (having a convenient stream tumbling down the hill behind him) led water not only to the house, but to a series of fountains among his terraces; while from them also access was made to a cave in the rock; the sea entrance to this was partly dammed up so as to make a pool within, in which he kept fish to await his good pleasure. Part of the diversion consisted in naming this 'Little Hell,' and if a priest arrived for dinner the host's delight was to stand on the doorstep and roar to his gardener: "Go down to Hell, Mick, and bring me up a couple of soles"—which order the gardener proceeded to execute in the most matter-of-fact way. When I was there lobsters were the only inhabitants of this inferno; but they lived there without sign of annoyance till they were translated to the table.

Below, again, was a bathing-place with all possible or imaginable facilities of beach and of diving-place, and you could chuck a penny into it from your bedroom; naturally, people did their dressing and undressing in the hotel. A boat lay moored in the creek, to take you out after pollock or mackerel; inland, within easy reach, were lakes

said to be good for trout, and a little river which, in a reasonable height of water, should give fine fishing, for the sea trout were in the tideway. And if, as happened while I was there, the weather was too sunny for much exertion, all you had to do was to sit outside the hotel and look at a view of blue water lying among cliffs and wooded slopes, which in its own way nothing that I have ever seen in Ireland surpasses for enchantment. It is not my particular Paradise (which has to have a salmon river); if it were, I might not be so ready to advise the world at large to flock there. But for anybody who likes sea-boating and fishing and bathing, I can conceive of nothing more perfect. The hotel, apart from its quaint historic interest, had that rare thing for hotels, a library of readable books; and I was reminded in it that two hundred years ago Swift spent a summer in Glandore and wrote a poem about it. Unfortunately he wrote it in Latin; his *Carberiæ Rupes* is only a string of conventional phrases, about the "hideous yawn of caverns wide," the "rocks stupendous," and "sea calves that stable in the oozy lake." (So a certain Mr Dunkin translated him at the period.) And no doubt there are cliffs at Glandore, and lashing breakers, and, indubitably, seals. But the essence of the place is loveliness and shelter and amenity; it is the least terrific or horrific inlet of the Atlantic I ever looked at, and several prudent men have shown their sense and taste by building handsome houses with grounds overlooking it. Though it has permanent lovers, it has not the train of suitors who in summer might naturally come to pay to it the passing homage which it so richly deserves. I should never set it up as a rival, say, to Glengariff. But I am much mistaken if Glengariff would not give you two hours of rain for one you would get at Glandore; and for sunshine, alas! I fear the south coast gets twice as much of it as we were ever used to when I grew up in Donegal.

It is my own affair that I would rather have Donegal,

wet day or fine day; but it is only justice to admit that the south has the sun. It has also the airy tongue of its people. Miss Somerville, in her enchanting *Irish Memories*, quotes the saying of one of her neighbours about Castle Townshend. "High ginthry does be jumpin' mad for rooms in this village." And, again, this reply to one who asked why a field of potatoes had failed. "I couldn't hardly say. Whatever it was, God spurned them in a boggy place."

III. Blarney

Before I leave Cork and its dependencies a word must be said about Blarney Castle, which has considerable historic interest as the chief fortress of the M'Carthys, who until the reign of Elizabeth divided sovereignty in Munster with the Earls of Desmond. They had several branches, and Blarney was the stronghold of the M'Carthys of Muskerry.

There is also near Blarney a well-known hydro, at St Ann's, much frequented by Irish people.

But neither for the history nor the hydro do tourists visit Blarney, but for the sake of the legend which has grown up about the place—no one knows when or how. It was current, anyhow, a hundred years ago when Father Prout and Maguire and other witty Irishmen gained for Cork its name of the Athens of Ireland. These wits derived great amusement from the lucubrations of Irish schoolmasters whose native tongue was Gaelic and who proved their acquaintance with English and with classical literature by the employment of very long words and many mythological allusions. In short, just as their predecessors, the unlicensed schoolmasters of the penal-law period (when no Catholic could legally keep a school), were often pedants in the language that they knew perfectly, these men were pedants in another tongue for which they

had no hereditary feeling. Their productions in verse were superbly parodied in *The Groves of Blarney*, which describes the ornamented grounds of Blarney Castle, in English verse that is constructed (as popular ballads often were) on the Irish system of rhyming. For instance:

The groves of Blarney,
They look so charming,
Down by the purlings
Of sweet silent brooks.

All these are rhymes to the Irish ear, which does not desire exact consonance; but of course to the ordinary reader the thing sounds silly, like a piece of Babu English. Richard Milligan, if he really was the author, had an easy mark in the poor pedants who were cut off from their own literary tradition and not yet at home in that which they had now to adopt.

But the parody embodies the legend of the place, which has been so profitable to it:

There is a stone there
That whoever kisses,
Oh, he never misses
To grow eloquent.
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
Of Parliament.

To kiss the stone it was necessary to lean over the castle battlement so far that the aspirant had to be held by the feet. It is safe to say that ten Englishmen and twenty Americans have performed the feat for one Irishman. Still, since Mr George Bernard Shaw comes from the neighbourhood, he may have kissed the stone, and that may answer for the eloquence of himself and his characters. If it is so, the stone has a big responsibility.

A train runs to Blarney and a motor will get you there in twenty minutes from Cork.

STREET SCENE IN KILLARNEY

Photo Great Western Railway Co.

GLENGARIFF

Photo Great Western Railway Co

IV. Glengariff, Killarney, and the Tourist Country

It now becomes a question how to approach Killarney and its region.

If you start from Dublin or from Rosslare the matter is simple; you go by train from Mallow Junction along the Blackwater, and as you reach its headwaters the mountains of West Cork show on your left—beautiful breast-shaped hills, the Paps. Shortly beyond this you reach the watershed and pass from the Blackwater, running east to the valley of the Flesk, which tumbles rapidly west into the lakes of Killarney, and so finally into Dingle Bay.

But if you come from Cork there is great choice of routes. Rail will take you to Bantry, and then you have for drive by motor or char-à-banc the 'Prince of Wales' route through Glengariff, and over the mountain to Kenmare, and then over the mountain again to Killarney.

Or again you may go by train to Macroom and drive from there through Ballyvourney and the Derrynasaggart Mountains to Killarney, passing through one of the strongholds of the Gaelic tongue.

Or, lastly, you may be motoring all the way. In that case I earnestly advise taking the south coast on your way, with stops, long or short, at Glandore and Schull and a glance at Castlehaven—but you must leave the road to explore that lovely place.

On the way, about Clonakilty, those who are interested in recent Irish history can make their way to Woodfield—the farmer's house where Michael Collins was born, son of an old Fenian and brought up in the Fenian tradition. The hamlet of Sam's Cross where live other members of this old Gaelic family—in Irish O'Coiléain—is near by. On August 22, 1922, General Collins, then Commander-in-Chief of the Free State Forces, was on a military tour in West Cork, and came from Macroom to

Clonakilty and thence to Rosscarbery, where he met his friends. Thence he was on his road to Cork, by way of Macroom, when his party was ambushed by the Irregulars, and in the action which followed he was shot through the head, a few miles from his birthplace. It is easy to learn in the countryside where the skirmish took place.

Beyond Schull the drive by the coast is simply superb; a visit to the Lighthouse at Mizen Head is well worth making. Then you cut across on to the shore of Dunmanus Bay, and skirt that long lovely sheet of water for miles till you reach the inner bight of it. Then you cut across seven or eight miles of land and come down to the little town of Bantry, which in the days of Parnell sent out a group of amazingly able men from poor homes. The centre of the group was a schoolmaster Martin Healy, and the first of his pupils to become famous was A. M. Sullivan, perhaps the most eloquent Irishman in the generation after O'Connell; at all events, chief leader of the constitutional movement before 1870. Later, a younger Sullivan, T. D., author of *God Save Ireland* and many other popular songs, rivalled his brother's fame; and a third brother beside these two sat in Parliament for long years.

But Martin Healy's sons distanced even the Sullivans; yet perhaps that is not the way to put it, since Healys and Sullivans intermarried inextricably and the whole came to be known as the Bantry Band. Three Healys as well as three Sullivans of that generation sat in Parliament: one, 'Tim,' had the wittiest tongue and the most biting that was heard there; he was abhorred and execrated, and finally admired and flattered, having won; and to-day he is the King's Deputy at the Viceregal Lodge.

Another of the group, also a pupil of that very humble school, was William Martin Murphy, who constructed the electric tramways for Dublin first, and then for Belfast, and who made the *Irish Independent*, now the best-known Irish paper.

These men grew up in scenes of glorious beauty and of heart-breaking poverty. The country is poor still; but one fact is changed. No cottier to-day can be evicted from his holding. The people are at least their own masters in their beautiful wilderness.

From Bantry you go on round the bay, about twelve miles, to Glengariff—which may be taken as the southern limit of the regular tourist region, Killarney being the northern. A glance at the map will show that west of a line between these two points are two long mountainous peninsulas with jagged coastline, dividing Bantry Bay from Kenmare river and Kenmare river from Dingle Bay.

These are perhaps the best playgrounds in the West of Ireland. If I say 'perhaps,' it is with a mental reservation for Donegal. And without any perhaps at all, in them and about them is the most ravishing variety of wild beauty—with a reasonable provision of hotels.

All this south coast of Ireland, and more specially the south-west corner, has extraordinary immunity from frost and harsh weather. You may get tremendous wind and the rainfall is heavy, but never the cold which stabs one's vitals. It has long been a usage for people to go and spend Christmas at Glengariff, and the present management of Eccles Hotel is reviving this custom, bringing down a good band, so that people can dance to their hearts' content. But there is also a serious effort to make the place a winter and spring resort. One spring, when I had the chance to compare Glengariff with the Mediterranean coast, I thought there was a deal to be said for it. Also, it is one of the places where a man might easily be tempted to go, any time from October on, for rough shooting. Cock and snipe are plenty; there are some grouse; and along the coast are duck and all the shore-haunting birds. A fine day there in November or December could make it a joy to be alive, tramping

hillsides which shine with holly; and even on a wet day you would never meet the biting weather which makes it misery to carry a gun.

But I am writing for visitors who will come in late summer and autumn. A fortunate few may make their way there when the young leaf is golden on the oak-trees of the glens and when the salmon are just beginning to run up the two enchanting little rivers which it is a delight to fish even if you get nothing, as was my bad luck one September. But I think a wise man there would rather do his angling at sea, after big pollock or mackerel when they are in. A sailing-boat on Bantry Bay in decent weather should be an instalment of Paradise.

If I am to say what is the special character which marks off Glengariff from all other seaside places on our west coast, I should say it lay in the indescribable beauty of the detail. Here you have—as in Lough Swilly, or in Killarney, or in Dingle Bay, or in the Kenmare river—a long inlet of the sea, between mountains that fall steeply to it and are deep in heather; and the shores of the sea lough are jagged and indented with little steep coves and creeks to which wooding runs down. There is more wooding here, and more of the jagged indentation; that helps to the perfection. But what sets it apart is that from some freak of geology every stone under the action of the weather seems as if it were sculptured; and in every crevice of every stone dainty mosses and ferns grow with a delicate luxuriance; under the oak-wooding the ground is so carpeted as I have seen it nowhere but here in West Cork and Kerry; and as you climb one of the roads that go winding back up the hills you look across great glens full of wooding, and the shapes of rock show twisted into every extravagance of patterning. In that moist air when the sun comes out all form and colour take a tenderness that is peculiar to the region; it is a pearly light; and everywhere the glossy green of holly (perfect cover

for woodcock) lights up the whole with its innumerable mirrors for their soft rays.

The place is adorned, too, by man's work; the beautiful grounds of Glengariff Castle and of Glengariff Lodge are admirably planted; and about the two hotels arbutus, fuchsia, and rhododendron, as well as palm and bamboo and sub-tropical shrubs, grow luxuriantly.

A delightful excursion can be made to Bantry, where Mrs Lee White has thrown Bantry Castle open to visitors at a small admission fee. The castle is decorated with tapestries and furniture of the most distinguished French school, for the most part bought up in Paris after the palace of the Tuileries was sacked in 1871. These exotic and sophisticated works of art which crowd the great rooms gain a piquancy by contrast with the rugged beauty which surrounds the castle.

But the gem of Glengariff is Ilnaculin Island, lying just off the hotels in the inner bay, which a rich Ulsterman, Mr Annan Bryce, bought and proceeded to turn into a pleasure-house, building *loggias* and *piazzas*, and laying out the whole in exquisite gardens where grow plants in profusion that elsewhere are the rarest treasures. Happily nowadays those who wish to visit this place of delight can do so on paying a small admission fee; and if there were nothing else to see at Glengariff this would make the journey worth while.

Along the peninsula a coast road runs, passing through Adrigole with its little harbour, to the outermost point where is Castletown Bere, by Berehaven—one of the points at which, under the Anglo-Irish Treaty, Great Britain has retained the right to keep a garrison.

For Bantry Bay is one of the key points in naval strategy. All the fleet can lie here and not crowd the harbourage; and there is a permanent garrison maintained at this outpost.

Bantry was once the scene of a serious attempt at

invasion, in 1796, when a fleet of forty-three vessels under the command of Hoche sailed from Brest. Weather came to the help of England; the fleet was scattered by storm and only sixteen vessels made the rendezvous; and even then the wind blew furiously out of the east—a very rare thing on these shores. Hoche was with the scattered part of the fleet; Grouchy, who was second in command, declined to risk a landing; and after some days of waiting for their consorts the expedition sailed back having effected nothing, though there was no force in Ireland that could have stopped them in a march on Cork.

At Dunboy Castle, on the western inlet of Berehaven, are more tragic memories. O'Sullivan Beare, lord of this country, had joined O'Neill and O'Donnell before Kinsale in 1601; and after the rout he fell back on this stronghold, which he manned with one hundred and fifty resolute men. Carew came down to lay siege to the place; and he went about it skilfully and valiantly. He managed to place a cannon on a little rock which commanded the wall, and from here a breach was made. Resistance was pushed to the uttermost, and when troops fought their way they were only just in time to cut down Tyrrell, commander of the place, as he was about to fire the powder magazine, and blow defenders and assailants alike to pieces.

On the north shore of this peninsula, facing the Kenmare river, is Lord Lansdowne's beautiful place Derreen; but this shore has no place to stay at, though it can be explored by motor from Glengariff or Kenmare. Yet there is no need to go far afield. The mountains and shores about Glengariff itself give more variety of beauty than could be exhausted in a month; there are little mountain lakes full of trout, not hard to catch; and above all there is the bay to boat on. For hotels you have your choice: Roche's is on the higher ground,

looking south-west down the bay and standing in very pleasant grounds; Eccles' is down on the water's edge by the road and faces south, across Ilnaculin Island—and here is a pleasant old library, a dining-room full of old-fashioned pictures, and a comfortable tradition. Here also is modern medical equipment of peat baths (much recommended for rheumatism), violet-ray apparatus, and all the rest, under skilled medical attendance.

There are also half a dozen smaller and cheaper hotels and boarding-houses in Glengariff village.

Lastly, when you are done with Glengariff there is the road to Kenmare which serpents up the gorge of the river and then by bold curves up the hillside, till at the top of all, to avoid the last steepest point, a tunnel is driven through and you come out on the watershed that falls into the Kenmare river. The descent shows below you the Sheen, which but for shameless poaching could be one of the best little salmon-fishings in Ireland, and even as it is offers good sport; so does the Roughty, which joins it at the tideway by Kenmare. Here the Southern Railway maintains a hotel which I have proved excellent; and there is a nine-hole links close to it.

From here, if you head straight for Killarney, there is the magnificent drive of twenty miles across the mountains which brings you down finally along the whole series of the lakes. Or you can go by rail along the valley of the Roughty to Headford Junction and thence to Killarney. But it seems to me better here to describe the possibilities of the Kenmare river, and indeed of the whole Iveragh peninsula between it and Dingle Bay, before we come to the main centre.

Most people instead of staying at Kenmare go to Parknasilla, about ten miles off—which is a charming old private house now turned into a hotel, for which the railway is also responsible. No place could be better sheltered than this, which was once the palace of the Bishops

of Limerick; its latest occupant was Dr Graves, a famous Celtic scholar and antiquarian, yet not so well known as his son Alfred Percival Graves, author of the song *Father O'Flynn*. The grounds about it are full of sub-tropical growths, and the little islands which lie right in to the shore make perfect shelter for pleasure-boating. A short way off is the larger island of Garinish elaborately planted by the late Lord Dunraven.

Yet for my own part I prefer the opener water and wilder country farther toward the ocean; and hotels, though less well equipped, can be found at Staigue Fort and West Cove—some ten miles farther on.

The Staigue Fort Hotel takes its name from an ancient *cahir*, or fortress of unmortared stone, which stands on the hillside here about two miles off the coast road. The wall is of such thickness that chambers have been left in it at certain points; and there are stone stairways leading up to the platform within the battlements where defenders stood. Except on Aran there is no prehistoric fortress of this kind of equal importance (for the Grianan near Derry is a modern restoration).

At the harbour of West Cove are fishing-boats which can be hired for excursions on the bay or across it to Kilmacalloge Harbour near Derreen; and everywhere the beauty of the views is past description. Seaward one looks to the ocean and to Dursey Island off the point of the opposite peninsula, near which rise the Bull and Cow Rocks. Inland along the long line of narrow water the eye travels, and against the horizon can be seen the mountains about Killarney rising in their glory. It seemed to me when I have been there that nowhere else was Nature so prodigal of colour; such purple of heather, such deep intense blue in water and sky, such superb cloud masses. And I have heard a famous artist, who had seen nearly all that is most famous as natural scenery in the world, admit as she looked east to a sky flushed with the reflection of

PARKNASILLA

Photo Great Western Railway Co.

KILLARNEY : MIDDLE LAKE AND COLLEEN BAWN ROCK

Photo Great Western Railway Co.

sunset, that 'the beat of it' (as we say) could not be anywhere found.

Beyond West Cove the road skirts the water to Cahirdaniel, and here by the sea, at the opening of the River, is Darrynane, Daniel O'Connell's home. This was the native country of the Liberator. The O'Connells, Gaelic nobles who were driven down by the penal laws into the ranks of the tenantry, always retained their leadership. They were leaders in smuggling, a great traffic during the eighteenth century when Ireland was forbidden to trade direct with the Continent; also they were deeply concerned in the dispatch of Wild Geese to the service of France. General Count O'Connell, the Liberator's uncle, was the last colonel of the Irish Brigade in the service of the kings of France. He was a Royalist, and Catholic, and narrowly escaped destruction at the Revolution.

Darrynane is full of relics of the Liberator, who used to come down here—driving all the way from Dublin—to hunt the hare on foot with beagles over these rough hills.

At Darrynane is a little hotel, admirably situated, in the heart of as Irish an Ireland as can be imagined. Every Sunday the country people gather there to dance on the short grass of the sand-links, and life goes on much as it did in O'Connell's day.

Beyond Darrynane the road travels over the steep Pass of Coomakista, very high above the sea; and from there it descends to the narrow neck of land which separates the salt water of Ballinskelligs Bay from the fresh of Lough Currane. The little river which connects these is famous for angling, and Lough Currane is one of the most reputed sea-trout fishings in Ireland. Here is a terminus of one of the Atlantic cables, and telegraph companies keep a station here. The Butler Arms is a good hotel, and many sea-anglers come here as well as the trout- and salmon-fishers. It is, in short, something of a watering-place; and it is on the whole the best point

from which to attempt an excursion to those strange places, the Skellig Islands, which lie off Bolus Head. But except in fine weather it is impossible to land where the modern lighthouses have been erected among the habitations of ancient hermits.

For here, sometime in the sixth or seventh century, Irish hermit monks established themselves, living in beehive cells of stone, of which six remain among tiny oratories, built, like the cells, of unmortared masonry. Nothing can be seen to give a more vivid picture of the austerities practised in those ages when Ireland was conspicuous in Christian Europe both for its asceticism and its devotion.

Gannets breed here; so do the Manx shearwaters, but their eggs are lodged so far in among the stones that they cannot be reached. Especially they nest in the edges of the stone stairway with six hundred steps, by which the monks climbed from their fishing-grounds.

Beyond Waterville twelve miles of road take you to Cahirciveen, a town of no interest except that it gives access to the harbour of Valentia and the island whence the *Great Eastern* successfully carried the cable in 1866 to Newfoundland. Here is the headquarters of oceanic telegraphy from these islands.

Valentia (a name given by the Spaniards who frequented this coast for fishing) belongs to the Knight of Kerry, and if possible the sub-tropical vegetation here is more wonderful than anywhere else in the south-west. I remember a mass of fuchsia-bushes, which would fill a fair-sized garden; and there was a story that when an improving gardener tried to get rid of arum lilies by throwing them over the cliffs, some of them stuck in the rocks and bloomed there. I can swear to these lilies growing up persistently, and flowering in the middle of the gravel patch outside a house at West Cove.

The northern point of Valentia Harbour is Darlus Head, which marks the southern point of the entrance to Dingle

Bay; and along this bay the road runs for nearly thirty miles to Killorglin—whence another twelve, inland, takes you to Killarney.

The main interest of this drive lies in what you see across the water. Off the point of the Dingle peninsula are the Blasket Islands, a little more accessible and habitable than the Skelligs—yet not much; and the peninsula itself is one long chain of mountains, the greatest of which, Brandon, rises clear from the sea.

To your right, on the landward side, rises an answering chain in Iveragh, and from it little rivers flow down into the bay. The first of these you meet is the Behy, and near its outfall is the Glenbeigh Hotel, standing on the road, but with a beautiful garden behind. A myrtle-tree some thirty feet high covered with blossom is a July feature here. There are lakes to fish in, and the Little Behy river and the Lower Caragh, both of which hold white trout; there are leagues of smooth clear sand, and at Dooks, a couple of miles off, is a nine-hole golf-course on links with every desired natural feature, and set in the midst of beauty. The hotel is prettily and well decorated, and its thirty odd guests should have a great time.

Yet I own quite frankly that all my pleasantest days in Iveragh were spent on the next of these rivers, the Caragh, which flows out through Caragh Lake. This is a lovely long sheet of water, enclosed by mountains, at whose lower end the railway has a station and its excellent Caragh Lough Hotel. There is sea-trout fishing in the river which joins the lake to the sea, and for those who like a modern hotel this is one of the best places in Ireland to stay.

But if you do as I have done, you will lunch at the Railway Hotel, and then, having ordered a boat to meet you, you will fish up the lake, about six miles, and up the long narrow gut which leads to Lickeen Bridge. Here

you will leave your boat, send your traps round by road, and walk up along the bank of the beautiful Caragh river, with a large tract of what is primitive oak-forest on your left, and on your right a succession of fine salmon-pools separated by tumbling rapids. You will cross the Little Caragh by a footbridge and walk up along past the Long Range Pool, brushing your way sometimes through bracken, sometimes through bog myrtle, and then past the Boat Pool where untold salmon have been caught (and not a few lost, by me, among others); and from there by a stone causeway across the bog you walk up through holly thickets and copses where London Pride grows wild, to the little Glencar Hotel in the wilds, which has been visited by everybody who ever really knew Ireland. Notably Sir William Butler, and his wife, the famous painter. She painted her picture *A Connaught Ranger Recruit* up at the turn of the road by Lough Acoos—where, if you want to catch fifty herring-sized trout in the day, you are pretty sure to be able to do it within a week or so of fishing.

There is good salmon-fishing too in the river on payment of a small fee, and Cloon Lake at the headwaters often yields several fish in the day trolling. Any beginner can do this fishing as well as the expert; and in the early months Glencar is essentially for salmon-fishers. But my concern is with the summer and autumn months—above all in early summer, when the island in Cloon is a mass of rhododendron blossom and you can lunch there off the trout you caught and take up some to feed the young herons in a nest overhead. Or you can push farther still up to Lough Rua, under the cliffs where eagles used to breed and the peregrines still rear their young.

From Glencar you can make the climb of Carn Tuohil, highest of all our mountains. The road by Lough Acoos takes you far up on his shoulder.

Here, as everywhere in the West of Ireland, one of the

great delights is the king fern, *Osmunda regalis*. In early summer its sprouts are golden olive by the riverside and on the ditches; in August you can find them by the Little Caragh six feet high, noblest and strongest of all British ferns. And in this oak-wood there you will certainly, if you persevere, find the delicate filmy fern (*hymenophyllum*); and nothing would persuade me but that the Killarney fern itself grows somewhere in that water-pierced tangle—in which one actually loses oneself.

If you choose to make for Glencar by motor, the road leads up about eight miles from Killorglin station. Or, should you be at Parknasilla or elsewhere on the Kenmare river, there is a wonderful pass over the mountain from Sneem. This gap, called Bealach Beama, is reached by a road along the Blackwater river, and is quite suitable for motors. It leads into the Caragh Valley, and, if you choose, by Lough across to Killarney.

In winter there is any amount of rough shooting to be had from the hotel, and I may just as well admit that for the sort of holiday I want and have always wanted Glencar is more to the purpose than Killarney. In fact, no place in Ireland is more to the purpose.

But I may admit also that once I took a party of people to see Kerry whom I was desirous to impress. We stayed at West Cove and we stayed at Glencar, and nothing could have been better, in either place, than the weather; everything was in a concatenation accordingly. Then we went for twenty-four hours on our way to Killarney, which I had deliberately passed by, as being too hackneyed.

We stayed at the Lake Hotel, on the water's edge. A little to our left across the bay was Muckross, and beyond it rose Torc Mountain and Mangerton, on whose summit is the Devil's Punch Bowl. Across the lake straight opposite was Purple Mountain and Tomies, behind which lies the Gap of Dunloe. And from beyond

the gap, over the shoulder of Purple Mountain, towered the crests of the Reeks.

It is all very well to reel off names; but how is one to convey that the profiles and contours of these heath-clad and oak-clad and pine-clad mountains, infinitely varying in bold line, yet somehow converge and combine as if they were arranged in a symphony—of which, it seems to me, in any weather and even with the leaf at its greenest, purple is always the dominant colour motive?

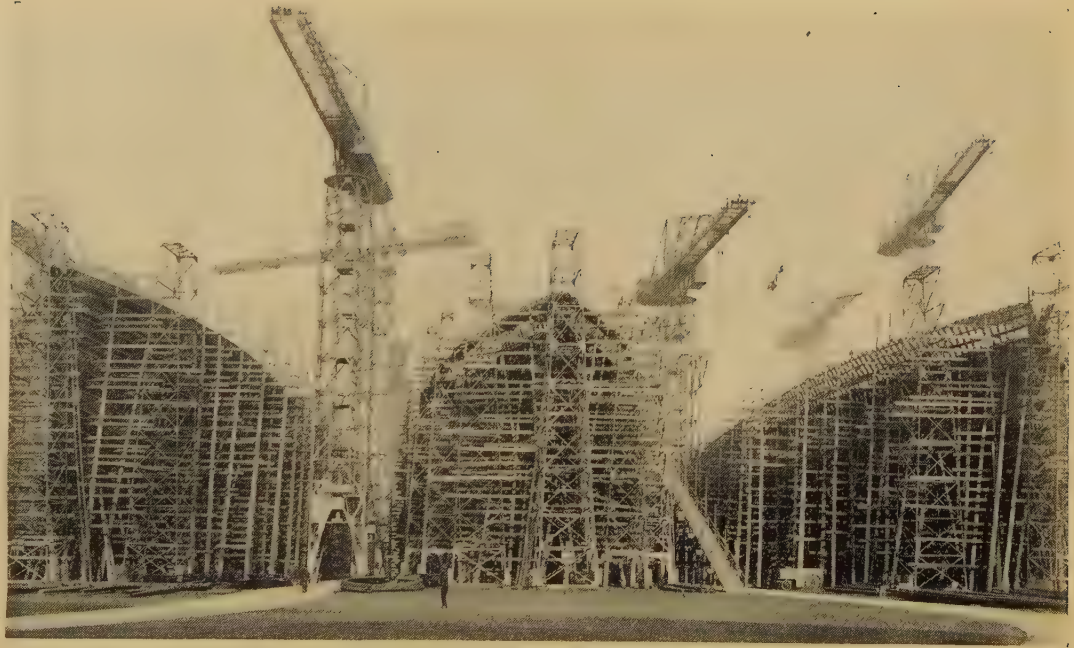
We went out on the smooth, shining lake; we paddled about, passing under some of the arches which water has worn in the fretted rocks; we forced the flocks of wild swans that swam lazily to take wing and go splashing a long lane of ripples through the reflecting surface before they caught the air and swung up in a procession on pinions that creaked like oars. In the middle of all this, the friend for whom the party was specially designed turned and upbraided me for having gone anywhere else before we had exhausted Killarney.

That completes my confession.

It is only fair to add that Killarney is a really good place for lake-fishing, either trout or salmon; and of course there is provision of hotels very different from what are found in the places that I prefer. There is the Lake Hotel; there is the Great Southern Hotel at the railway-station; the Victoria, which used to be the best, will presumably be reopened: it faces across the broad Lower Lake, Lough Lene, to the lovely wooded island of Innisfallen. There are motor-boats to be hired, and excursions innumerable by land and water; there are boatmen with endless traditional stories and waggeries. There are the rapids to shoot from the Muckross Lake to Lough Lene; and up here is the Eagle's Nest Cliff, which you will probably be told no one ever climbed but a son of Smith O'Brien, the famous rebel. It is not strictly true, for I climbed it myself, being of that family; but I

GAP OF DUNLOE, KILLARNEY

Photo Great Western Railway Co.



HARLAND AND WOLFF'S EAST YARD, SHOWING TOWER CRANES

By courtesy of Messrs Harland and Wolff

never made any effect on the tradition; nor I am sure would a whole succession of climbers, doing what is in no way a difficult or dangerous feat for any active person.

Beyond is the Long Range, or gut of water leading from Muckross to the Upper Lake, which is certainly the wildest and perhaps the most picturesque of all.

There are also the historic remains of Ross Castle, a stronghold of the O'Donoghues who were the lords of this district, and there is Muckross Abbey founded by their overlords the M'Carthys. M'Carthy More accepted the earldom of Clancarty in Elizabeth's reign and his tomb is in the abbey.

The cloister here with its great yew-tree adds something even to the beauties of Killarney.

But to me the charm of the place is in the waterworn rock, fretted as if it were pumice-stone, so that the shore of all the innumerable islands is each a lacework of indentation, and each single rock patterned and wrought over to the most exquisite intricacy of design.

Arbutus and rhododendron grow so free here that a shop in the town sells much carving made from these beautiful woods.

Do not leave Killarney without visiting the grave of Owen Roe O'Sullivan in Muckross Abbey. He was almost the last of the poets who wrote in Gaelic, and he had immense popularity. Munster is full of stories of the clever poor lad who learnt Latin and Greek as well as English at the unlicensed hedge school and who was by turns *spalpeen fánach*; that is, wandering labourer, schoolmaster, or tutor in private houses—and never long in any one employ, and always a poet and a ne'er-do-well. He joined the Navy even, and was in the fleet at Rodney's great victory; and wrote a poem about it in English, which is very bad; but it was praised, and he was asked what reward he wanted, and he answered, "My discharge." However, he had to get that by deserting

later on, and made his way back to Ireland, where he died young—leaving a memory of many disorderly witty pranks and shifts, and with them a handful of most melodious songs which all Munster had by heart while it remained Gaelic-speaking.

There is still one playground in Munster to be explored, and perhaps the most interesting of all—the Dingle peninsula. But it is scarcely laid out for tourists. Yet you can stay comfortably at Dingle in Benner's hotel; or at Inch; or you can stay at Tralee or make your exploration by motor-car. Except perhaps the barony of Erris in Mayo, scarcely anything in the west is so wild, and it is full of temptation for the archæologist. Near Ventry on the south and near Smerwick on the north of the peninsula are groups of beehive cells; and on the mountain of Cahirconree is a huge cashel, or stone circle, easily visible across Dingle Bay.

The historic associations are grim enough. At Fort del Oro, near Smerwick, two Spanish expeditions landed in Elizabeth's reign. The second, of 800 men, entrenched itself there; but Lord Grey came down, breached the defences; the garrison surrendered at discretion and were all put to the sword—Walter Raleigh being in charge of this butchery.

A few years later the last Earl of Desmond was taken in hiding on these mountains and his head was sent over to rot on the Tower of London.

I must own that, here and here only, I am writing of a place that I have never visited; Mount Brandon is only known to me from across Dingle Bay or from the deck of a boat. But those who have been there have felt that they were really exploring, and they have fallen desperately in love with the place for its beauty, its wildness, and its charm.

CHAPTER VII

NORTHERN IRELAND

I. Ways of Approach

THE northern province of Ireland needs a few words of special explanation, because of the present political arrangement which many of us hope to see altered.

There are nine Ulster counties, of which three, Monaghan, Cavan, and Donegal, are in the Irish Free State. The first two have no special interest for visitors; the third, Donegal, is one of the best holiday-grounds in Ireland or out of it. The remaining Six Counties are under their own special Parliament of Northern Ireland, with the capital at Belfast, and with the famous city of Derry right on the Donegal border, and serving to all business purposes as Donegal's county town. Certain inconveniences to travel result from the political boundary, which is a Customs barrier, and the passage of motors to and fro is under certain restricting forms. There is, however, nothing in all this to spoil a holiday.

I shall begin by taking Belfast as a centre, of great interest in itself, and also serving as a base from which the two counties to which it belongs (for it is part in Down and part in Antrim) can be explored; as can also the very interesting monuments of County Armagh. The counties of Tyrone and Londonderry do not need special description. Derry city shall be taken in connexion with Donegal; and lastly, the beautiful region of Lough Erne, most of which is in Fermanagh, shall be linked on to South Donegal.

A visitor coming from Scotland to Donegal may be tempted to take boat from the Clyde to Derry. I have

never myself made this journey, but in fine weather the steamer would never be out of sight of some beautiful and romantic coastline, and a great part of the voyage would be in sheltered water. Again, in going to the south of County Down, that is, the region of the Mourne Mountains, there is much to be said for crossing from Holyhead to Greenore—and so getting a view of the Isle of Man.

However, the great majority of visitors to Ulster, if they do not come up by the Irish Mail from Dublin—which is in many ways the best of all routes—will take either the shortest of our sea journeys, from Stranraer to Larne, or one of the routes that land one direct in Belfast. Fleetwood and Heysham have services; my own preference is for the journey by Liverpool, which means leaving London at five minutes to six, getting to Liverpool at ten, and being in your bunk by ten-thirty—unless the sight of that great waterway tempts you to stay on deck for an hour or two. By nine o'clock the boat will be passing in front of the giant gantries in the Belfast shipyards, and you can breakfast on board if you like. But if it is summer-time, long before that you should be on deck to watch the coast of Down with its low hills, all cultivated to the top by the best farmers in Ireland (so at least County Down would swear, though Louth and Wexford, anyhow, might put up a counterclaim), and to see the various watering-places, Bangor and Holywood on the Down shore, Island Magee, Whitehead, and Green Island on the Antrim side; and, above all, the ancient castle of Carrickfergus, which for centuries commanded the most important haven in all Ulster.

Belfast Lough is an extraordinary and paradoxical place. Its shores teem with historic associations, going back at Bangor to the early days of Irish missionary Christianity; the story of Carrickfergus begins long before the Norman Conquest, but from the days of Henry II onward its name is in every chapter of Irish history and it

was the starting-point of William III's decisive adventure. Kilroot near by puts you in touch with Swift, for it was his first parish and the scene of his first love-story. Belfast itself was really the cradle of that United Irish movement which led up to the rising of 1798, and so to the Union. Yet here as nowhere else in Ireland the modern interest predominates. Belfast is a thing unique in Ireland, a great modern city built up almost within living memory. Indeed, so far as the greatest of its interests is concerned, there must be many living who were born when the Queen's Island was only a piece of dreary slob.

II. Belfast City

In 1759 the population of Belfast numbered 8549 persons, and the streets were dark and dirty. Those who took the journey to Dublin and arrived there at night thought the capital must be illuminated for a *fête*—so great was the contrast. Even now, Belfast, though it has one of the cheapest supplies of electricity anywhere, is not lavish with lighting; but to-day the populations of the two cities are approximately equal (taking Dublin and its townships as one city), and Belfast would not admit inferiority at any point of modern equipment. But, for all the noble buildings with which eighteenth-century Ireland adorned its metropolis, Belfast shows no counterpart. The town had grown to some 15,000 by the time of Grattan's Parliament (1782–1800) and was very definitely an important centre. Oddly enough, it was a centre of advanced political ideas. The *Belfast News Letter*, which still flourishes, was founded in 1737 and is by far the oldest journal existing in Ireland. Throughout living memory it has stood for extreme Unionism, but in the eighteenth century it was fiercely Liberal. During the American War of Independence all Ireland was 'American'; colonists sympathized with colonists, and

many of America's grievances were Ireland's also; but Belfast and its *News Letter* were more vehemently opposed to what they called "tyranny" than any other Irish city or newspaper. They had special cause, for a grasping landlord made far-reaching clearances, and emigration set in strong. Ulstermen took their part, and more than their part, on the American side in the war.

In 1778 came a decisive moment. Paul Jones, the French privateer, sailed into Belfast Lough, defeated the *Drake* sloop-of-war off Carrickfergus and threatened Belfast. The town and country demanded protection, but without waiting they organized to protect themselves. So began the Irish Volunteers, a Protestant body, which rapidly spread over all Ireland, and very soon set up such menacing claims for a free Parliament that in 1782 there was conceded to Ireland very much the position which the Irish Free State now enjoys. It was a Protestant movement, but it stood for the relaxation of the penal laws, and in 1784 the first Volunteer Company of Belfast paraded in full uniform and marched to support the collection for a new Mass House.

A curious reminder of those days is preserved in Rosemary Street Presbyterian Church, at the very centre of Belfast. This dignified classical building dates only from 1831, but is on the site of an older one built in 1723, and is therefore the oldest Free Church establishment in the Northern capital. There hangs in its lecture-hall a portrait of the Reverend Sinclair Kelburn, who ministered there from 1780 to 1802, and it shows a mild-looking apostle with fair hair and blue, candid eyes over his white bands; yet it is recorded that once on the occasion of a riot "he mounted the pulpit dressed in full uniform as a private in a Volunteer Corps, and while preaching rested his musket against the pulpit door." As he emphasized his points "with appropriate action and gesticulation," the weapon rattled in the pulpit, and his audience,

also in uniform, "expressed their approbation by striking the butts of their muskets on the meeting-house floor."

These were times of war and consequently of strong trade; cotton-spinning and weaving were added to the staple industry of linen, and in 1787 men went so far as to propose a regular mail-coach service to Dublin. This project was dismissed as impracticable, but by 1789 was carried out—the coach running three days a week with a fare of 30*s.* 3*d.* for inside passengers, and half that for the outside.

But 1789 made ferment through all Europe, and Belfast's reaction was at first strongly for the French Revolution. In 1791 their Whig Club drank toasts to Franklin, Tom Paine, and "the destroyers of the Bastille." There were spirits, however, who wanted to go farther than toast-drinking, and in October 1791 Theobald Wolfe Tone, the son of a Dublin coachmaker, came down to Belfast and founded the first branch of the United Irishmen.

The United Irishmen stood for the abolition of all privilege based on religion; and since the Nonconformists of every kind were not much less handicapped than the Catholics, Presbyterians as a whole sympathized with the movement. But from 1795 onward matters turned to the worse. The United Irishmen, denied redress by constitutional means, became a society for rebellion. Wolfe Tone with three young northern sympathizers, Samuel Neilson, Thomas Russell, and Henry Joy McCracken, climbed Cave Hill, the mountain which overlooks Belfast from the north, and there, in the old rath called MacArt's Fort, swore "never to desist from their efforts until they had subverted the authority of England, saved their country, and asserted her independence."

All four paid for it with their lives, in 1798 or 1803; the first result of the rebellion was the abolition of the Irish Parliament by the Act of Union; and before that, out of the strife and turmoil, the Orange Order had come into being.

Yet there are to-day in Belfast men high in trust and office, Orangemen and Unionists, who pride themselves more than a little on descent from some rebel of 1798. Henry Joy McCracken in particular is still a heroic memory in the North of Ireland; and remembered with him is the gallant young farmer William Orr, one of the chief leaders in a fiercely fought encounter at the town of Antrim.

Even after the Union there was still a division of opinion in Belfast; but the man who really consolidated Northern Ireland in resistance to the movement for the self-government of Ireland has his statue in Wellington Place. The Reverend Dr Henry Cooke, O'Connell's contemporary and most effective rival and opponent, was for forty years the foremost man in the Synod of Ulster; and he brought Presbyterians fully into line with the Church of Ireland in resistance to Home Rule.

Yet in truth the effective fight was fought elsewhere. Ulster was finally able to separate itself from the rest of Ireland because of the existence of Belfast; because Belfast could say, and did say, "Look at us; see how we have thriven under the Union."

In 1784 its population was 15,000, in 1816 30,000—after a quarter of a century of war. But then came trouble. After war came the reckoning, then as now; and then as now, linen, one of the costliest common commodities, found itself cast out of the market by cheaper substitutes. Linen was then practically entirely a cottage industry, hand-spun, hand-wove, bleached on the village green. Desperate hardship fell on Ulster, and bankruptcy was widespread. At last, in 1828, a cotton mill was burnt, and its owners, the Mulhollands, decided to reopen with a plant for spinning linen thread by machinery. That was the start of the York Street Spinning Company, now the biggest concern of its kind in the world. Weaving linen by machinery did not come till

close on 1850; but by 1851 the population of Belfast was 100,000; by 1881 it had more than doubled, and it has more than doubled again since then.

In the same period all other Irish towns were going back; but this vigorous aggressive community, ultra-modern in its equipment and rather reactionary in its ideas, insisted that this progress was possible because they were Protestant and would be checked if they came under a Parliament whose majority would be Catholic and which would represent in the main a community of farmers, not industrialists. The Union suited them, they said, and they refused to be separated from it.

Meanwhile their prosperity and their self-content had broadened the bases on which they rested. Up till 1784 Carrickfergus was the port for Belfast—a bad, exposed harbour, but better than the muddy shallow creek where the Lagan flowed into Belfast Lough. In 1784 a port of Belfast was constructed, and served a purpose, but served it badly. In 1840, when the city had begun its rapid growth, the Harbour Commissioners began the construction of the present harbour by cutting a new straight channel for the river. To effect this, slob had to be reclaimed, and what is now called the Queen's Island came into being—a firm patch of reclaimed slob fronting the Channel. It was set aside for a shipyard, but the first venturers failed. Then in 1862 their manager, Edward Harland, a Yorkshireman, took over the bankrupt concern and associated with him a German designer named Wolff. Harland and Wolff went on from strength to strength, and Workman and Clark began later, on the opposite side of the water. These firms have no superiors anywhere in the noblest of modern industries; their ships are triumphs of naval architecture; even the huge gantries in which *Olympics* and *Majestics* grow up have an architectural beauty. The industry employs even in slack times some 30,000 men—and all the best brains it

can get. Leave to visit the shipyards is not easily given, but it carries a real privilege. There is nowhere in the world a higher example of what can be done without advantages; for Belfast, which needed first to construct a harbour, as beavers might have done, has still to import all its raw material; neither coal nor iron nor timber is to hand. All it has is the will and the skill to work.

The depression of these years has lain heavy on the Queen's Island, but there are signs that the worst is over; and so long as new magnificent modern liners are needed it is certain that Belfast will continue to build them.

The town's staple trade of linen has been even worse hit than after the Napoleonic wars; still, the great factories are a sight to see. Belfast boasts of having the biggest shipyard, the biggest spinning factory, the biggest tobacco factory (Gallaher's), and the biggest rope-works (Barbour's) that are in Europe.

Having said this, one has to add that its modern buildings are of no special interest, though its Town Hall is a sumptuous affair. But those who wish to judge Belfast must take account of some other things than linen or shipyards.

Belfast has given many great names to science—Lord Kelvin's perhaps the greatest. The late Lord Bryce may be set against him in the list of literature, which includes Sir Samuel Ferguson, though that great man made his home and friends in Dublin. Paul Henry the painter is Belfast bred, a schoolfellow of the charming essayist Robert Lynd; but these men also have made their careers elsewhere, as did also the delightful draughtsman, the late Hugh Thomson.

But Belfast still keeps at home its own poet and its own painter. Richard Rowley—who under another name ranks high in the linen trade—has written in *City Songs* a book perhaps even better than his *Songs of County Down*,

which have the country about the Mourne Mountains for their theme. But whether he writes of town or country, few men have praised better what they loved; his books can be bought in Belfast and should be. William Connor has rendered in paint (and perhaps even better in pastel and charcoal) the life of Belfast streets. Examples of his work are to be seen in the Art Gallery attached to the City Library; but it is also probably possible to get access to the studio of this artist, who ranks with the best that were ever born in Ireland.

Finally, when you are in Belfast, find out if the Ulster Players are giving a show, and if so go to it, and you will have the pleasantest introduction to Ulster that can be found. For whatever reason, their humour and that of their dramatists is much jollier and more lighthearted than anything which the Abbey in Dublin has ever produced.

Belfast which so long resisted the re-establishment of a Parliament for Ireland ended in 1921 by getting a Parliament for itself—which it criticizes just as sharply as the Dáil is criticized in the Free State, but which it shows every determination to hold on to. The Parliament House, some miles out on the road to Strangford Lough, is not yet complete, and the Assembly sits in what was once the Presbyterian Synod Hall. It is in the main a good Protestant and Unionist assembly; but if you wish to attend a debate there, anyone in Belfast will advise you to pick a day when the Catholic Nationalist leader, Mr Devlin, is likely to speak, for he is certainly its chief attraction. "Do you know what they are all saying in Sandy Row?" said one good Orangeman. "They're saying, 'Isn't it great to see Joe knocking——'" Well, perhaps I had better not mention what Sandy Row likes to see Mr Devlin knocking out of their respected leaders.

Sandy Row is the Orange quarter *par excellence*, as Falls Road is the Catholic; and there have been times in

Belfast when it was important to know which quarter you were in. Belfast had its own 'crossness' and a very bad one; and like the rest of Ireland does not wish to talk about it.

The Parliament is a very small businesslike and undramatic assembly; but it has this element of the spectacular, that it keeps a wigged and gowned speaker, with wigged clerks at the table and a Sergeant-at-Arms with a sword at his side—all on the model of Westminster; whereas in the Dáil everybody wears the plainest of plain clothes. Belfast has a taste for ceremonial.

The special time to see that is on the Twelfth of July, when Orangemen turn out in full insignia to celebrate the battle of the Boyne. It is a notable pageant, and nowadays most orderly; but the feature of it is the drum-beating. This is the characteristic music of Ulster; there may be anything up to thirty or forty pair of drums; and the most admired drummer is the one who beats with such fervour that he lacerates his wrists on the drum's edge till they bleed.

You will notice too in gardens all through Ulster great patches of the Orange lily, which flowers in July and provides wreaths to hang among the Union Jacks and other bunting.

Here and there also in the Six Counties it used not to be rare to see the gable ends of houses decorated with inscriptions that said uncivil things about the Pope; but this custom is passing into disuse and few regret it. It is a different story about the Twelfth. Very many even of those in the opposite faction would be sorry to see the last of these pageants, in which respectable elderly men can for once indulge the human instinct for dressing up, and bedizen themselves with sashes of purple, orange, or black, according to their hierarchical precedence; a 'black' man ranking highest of all.

III. Belfast Lough and the Ards

So much having been said about Belfast, one must now consider it as a centre for excursions. Just at present it is none too well provided with hotels; but I am assured that provision on the most modern scale is about to be made, and Belfast does these things thoroughly. At the same time, I am not advising anyone to see the Glens of Antrim or the Mourne district from Belfast. These are places to stay in and are excellently furnished with hotels. But from Belfast you can most certainly visit the shores of Belfast Lough and Strangford Lough and the peninsula of the Ards. Also, you should in my opinion make an excursion to Antrim and to Armagh—places of great historic interest, easily reached either by train or motor within the day.

I take the seaside first, and begin on the Antrim shore.

Larne, where the mailboat from Stranraer lands many visitors, owes its harbour to the shelter of Island Magee, which is really (like Howth on Dublin Bay) a peninsula with very narrow neck; and all the attractions of the place are on this island, which fronts the sea with a line of cliffs called the Gobbins, having seven caves in them. There is a fine cromlech on the island, and a rocking stone; but the most interesting place historically is Olderfleet Castle, one of the early Norman constructions. It belonged to the Norman-Welsh family of Bissett, who from here spread their power over much of the Antrim Glens. As time went on, the Norman settlement in County Down was cut away from direct connexion with Dublin, and this outpost still farther north in Antrim grew Gaelic in manners. From one Hugolin Bissett, the whole came to be called MacUgolin, which shortened itself to MacQuillan. But as MacQuillans or as Bissetts, they kept the Norman tradition of inheritance, and when Marjory Bissett married a MacDonnell of the Scottish Isles, and

had no brothers, her inheritance of the Glens went to her husband.

Thus, Island Magee was one of the main links which bound the Glens of Antrim into the Lordship of the Isles, one of the oldest of many close ties between Scotland and Ulster.

There was a moment when it looked as if the course of history might repeat itself, in order reversed. Almost in St Patrick's day, Gaels from Ulster had crossed the narrow sea and established a lordship on the Scottish coast. They held their ground and spread, conquering the Picts, until by 850 Kenneth MacAlpin, having married a Pictish princess, became King of all Scotland. Scotland, so far as it is Gaelic, is an Irish colony. That is the first part of the course.

But other blood came into Scotland, Scandinavian and Norman, and Robert Bruce had Norman as well as Gael in his veins; yet he traced his descent through Kenneth to Fergus MacErc, the first of these conquering Gaels—and through him back to a line of Irish kings.

In 1315 when Bruce was at the height of his power, and the English rule in Ireland at low ebb, Robert's brother, Edward Bruce, came with an army of Scots to answer the appeal of Gaelic Ireland for deliverance from oppression by the Normans. He and his forces landed at Olderfleet, and within a year had overrun practically the whole country outside Dublin and the chief eastern ports. He was crowned King of Ireland at Limerick. Never at any time was the English hold on Ireland so fiercely threatened. Yet, according to the Irish annalists, Ireland rejoiced when Edward Bruce, over-confident, risked an action with inferior forces near Dundalk and was slain, three years after his landing. King Stork had been worse than King Log.

There are other and evil memories at Island Magee—memories of massacre; but to-day Ireland thinks of it simply as a holiday-ground or perfect place for bathing.

Whitehead, on the way to Belfast, is a good yachting centre. But the place of most interest by far on that Antrim shore is the old port and castle of Carrickfergus.

It was built in 1178 by John de Courcy, the gigantic Norman warrior who conquered the old kingdom of Ulidia—that is, roughly, Antrim and Down. He had no better luck than the other conquistadors, and grew suspect to King John, and his inheritance passed to the de Lacys. They also were accused of treason, and Carrickfergus stood its first siege—and was taken. A century later Edward Bruce beleaguered it for long and finally mastered it; but when the Bruce inroad was ended Carrickfergus came back into English hands and remained for long an isolated outpost. When the Gaelic order was finally broken up, in the last days of Elizabeth, and the English civil wars began, Carrickfergus changed hands many times—sometimes held for Parliament, sometimes for King. James II held it in 1688, but William's Dutchman Schomberg captured it; and at Carrickfergus William himself, of glorious, pious, and immortal memory, first set foot on Irish soil. The flagstone is shown.

Twice in the eighteenth century it saw foreign war. Thurot took it for the French in 1760; and eighteen years later Paul Jones defeated the *Drake*, almost under its guns.

Its importance as a harbour ceased, as has been already told, when Belfast, the growing centre of linen trade, made its own port; but it was used as a place of arms and as a military depot continuously by the British until the other day. It has now been made over to the Government of Northern Ireland, who will no doubt preserve it as a historic monument, and make access freer to this noble example of a medieval fortress adapted to comparatively modern war.

The church (here as at Galway) is dedicated to St Nicholas, patron saint of sailors; and it contains the monument of Sir Arthur Chichester, who was made Earl

of Belfast. From Chichester descend the Marquises of Donegal. This adventurer of Elizabethan and Jacobean times did as well out of Ulster as his contemporary Boyle, Earl of Cork, did out of the South.

Passing now to the other shore of the lough, across the Lagan (which divides County Down from County Antrim in the middle of Belfast), there have to be noted the two watering-places of Holywood and Bangor. Yachts and pleasure-boats from here brighten the lough all summer, but especially on any day of the many regattas. But Bangor has a further interest, from a past of which scarcely one stone bears traces. In the times when Ireland was the island of saints and scholars, St Comgal had a school here, attended, it is said, by 3000 students. And in Bangor was trained the saint and scholar Columbanus, first of the Irish missionaries who restored Christianity and learning to what had been the northern parts of the Roman Empire. Columbanus founded a monastery at Luxeuil in Burgundy which became the parent of many others; then he passed into Switzerland, and after a couple of years moved on into Northern Italy, where his foundation at Bobbio was a centre of piety and learning for many centuries. But in Switzerland he left one of his party, another monk of Bangor, by name Gall; and from St Gall's foundation on the Lake of Constance, the canton and town of St Gall take their name.

As late as the ninth century, this monastery of St Gall was recognized as one of the few centres in Northern Europe where Greek was thoroughly taught. And the chief teacher was an Irishman named Moengal, who was also trained at Bangor before he left for the Continent.

Just a scrap of wall is left of what was in the twelfth century a Franciscan monastery on the site of St Comgal's old school. But modern research has been busy on the other side of the Ards peninsula opening up the ancient monastery of Nendrum on an island in Strangford; and

those who are curious in archæology will do well to visit these remains.

The Ards peninsula is the land between Belfast and Strangford Loughs; and at the outer end of it is the watering-place and port of Donaghadee, only some twenty miles from Portpatrick on the Scottish coast, which on a fine day makes the main feature of the landscape. Skirting round by here you come to the wide water of Strangford, which fills and empties itself through the narrow gut at Portaferry where the tide races like a mill-stream.

Through this little channel St Patrick, coming on his mission in 432, was piloted; and, turning to the left, he landed on the south shore and made his first convert and founded his first church at Saul. But for the moment I must suppose you are on the north shore, motoring past the beautiful old ruin of Greyabbey (built about 1193 at the cost of Affreca, daughter of the King of Man, wife of de Courcy, first Earl of Ulster), and so between the landlocked sea and Mount Stewart demesne—Lord Londonderry's beautiful place. From here across the sheet of blue water and beyond the low hummocky land of County Down you see the glorious line of the Mourne Mountains silhouetted against the sky. Near by is the town of Newtownards; and the Londonderry family have beautified not only their own belongings but their town. It is pleasant to note that the Catholic Church here was a gift from a Marchioness of Londonderry to those who were of her country, but not of her creed.

Close to Newtownards, on the neck of land which here divides the loughs, is Clandeboye, Lord Dufferin's seat. Above, on a height, stands Helen's Tower, built by the first Marquis of Dufferin to commemorate his love for his mother, Sheridan's daughter. In the tower are inscribed the verses written by Lady Dufferin on her son's coming of age. Later, her famous son brought men even more famous than himself to add their tribute. Browning's

verses are little known; but Tennyson wrote one of his most perfect occasional verses for Helen's Tower:

> Son's love built me, and I hold
> Mother's love in written gold.
> Would my granite girth were strong
> As either love to last so long.

For the character of this country I borrow a description of a farmhouse in the Ards written by Mr Alexander Riddell, and published in the *Irish Statesman*.

> In front, our windows look over a field, the sea, and the blue smudge that is Scotland; and those behind over fields and woods and the friendly homes into the slate and grey and ink, the gold and black and scarlet, the blue and primrose and green of the depths of sunset. At night the Pole Star never removes its gaze from the gable of the little house, but the Plough and the Pleiades, Orion and Cassiopea, go round the house and round the house and never go into the house. That is the stranger, as it contains a chair which Cassiopea might prefer to her own—
>
> > In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
> > May my lot no less fortunate be
> > Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining
>
> —especially as she could put her feet on a fender (four feet on a fender, this is the end of every man's desire) whose top wears as motto, "Peace and Plenty."
>
> All round is a dear, dear land, with a story in every field, could one but find it. For agriculture it is in the main a stubborn soil, which has to be coerced, and they speak there of "manufacturing the land" for the coming crop. Once a waste of forest and undergrowth, of bog and marsh (in which the Mr Smith, of Elizabethan days, so lost himself that it must have been rather a relief when he lost his head at the hands of the "meer Irish" he had come to conquer), little trace is left now of the bog that then serpentined among the little hills all the way from Bangor to Portaferry, save names that strike our English visitors, islands in the very middle of the dry land. Brown's Island, Pottsden's

Island, Wolf Island, Dead Man's Island—what a story may be there! Where this bog had been oak, the soil bears well to-day, where fir, no labour has ever paid itself. There was plenty of bog when Keats passed through on his way, as he thought, to the Giant's Causeway; "dreary, flat, black, and spongy," he says; "here and there poor dirty creatures and a few strong men cutting or carting turf." Somewhere here he found a "miserable house of entertainment," and, miserable or not, one would like a pewter of stout there, just to be in a place where Keats had been. Somewhere here, too, he met his "Duchess of Dunghill" in a sedan chair, "with a pipe in her mouth, and looking out with a round-eyed, skinny-lidded inanity."

But there are older things than that. By Cloughey is a stone circle; how old who knows, and put up by whom who knows again? Near it, Tara of the Ards, a so-called Danish fort, a deep trench round the summit of a conical hill as deep to-day as when it may have been a refuge from those who gave its name to Strangford. Not far away is Grey-abbey, with its memories of de Courcy and a story that allows the Barons Kingsale to wear their hats in the presence of royalty; and within a niche lies the time-worn effigy of Affreca his wife, made seven hundred years ago. Not far away is the grave of the Reverend Porter, hanged, innocent or guilty, during the troubles of '98.

Between them what a history! and farther back than that was Nial of the Hostages, who kept his prisoners on that little island in Strangford. Not far away is Movilla, where St Finian lived and worked and taught, whose copy of the Vulgate was recopied by St Columba. Finian claimed the copy, "to every cow belongeth her little offspring cow, so to every book belongeth its little offspring book"; but Columcille retained his copy, to be seen to this day.

Not everything old is allowed to stand. One Sunday we started off to find a standing-stone marked on the ordnance map, where, according to tradition, John Montgomery was buried. "The said John was murdered in his house there, which was broken into and rifled by ye Irish wood kerne (we now call all such robbers, if on foot, Torys; if on horse-back, Rapparees)." We didn't find it. We found instead

an ancient inhabitant who minded the stone well, and if we'd step this way we'd see a hill there, and a barn, and just about six paces this side of the barn the stone used to stand; but Himself thought it very much in the way, so he set to with his men, and he quarried it out and buried it, but that was where it stood. It doesn't always do to be meddling with these things. On that hillside there used to be an old fort, round shape, with trees all round, and a big kind of rampart where people used to go for safety in the times of the wars. The farmer thought it so much waste land, so he ploughed it all up and turned it into crops, and very soon after he lost the power of his right hand, and never did a bit of good with it again. At Templepatrick, however, one can still cure a headache with a drink from St Patrick's well, and measure feet against his in the print he left on the rocks as he leapt ashore.

The Ards has the honour of containing perhaps the most perfectly kept country graveyard in Ireland. As a rule, they look as if the evil that men do lives after them, and springs up from the dust of their mouldering hearts, but that is not the case with the little ground where lie the bones of Arthur Lusk. His would be a long story, and he did a good deal before (aged 91) he died here over a century ago. It would include Anson's famous voyage, when he was sent out to singe the Spanish beard along the shores of South America.

These are some of the things and memories—a very few, oh! not a tenth of one per cent. of the memories and things—which surround our little house in

> The comely Ards, the pleasant Ards,
> Dear land of little hills,
> Of bosoming fields, of cresting woods,
> Of twisting lanes, where spills
> The humble wealth of buttercups
> And meadowsweet and ferns;
> Of darkling bogs and long-dry moss
> Where the whin's gold glory burns:
> This is the Ards, the pleasant Ards,
> Where the peace of God distils
> From the cresting woods, the bosoming fields,
> And all the little hills.

IV. Armagh

As for Dublin, so for Belfast, I suggest an alternative. If you stay in any watering-place near Belfast you can supplement the attractions of a delightful seashore by excursions to the great city and its sights. But for convenience I suppose that Belfast is your base of operations. And, inland from Belfast, I strongly counsel a visit to the region of Lough Neagh, which lies only about ten miles distant. The rail from Portadown at one point passes within a couple of miles of the water, which can be seen from the train in a charming glimpse—if you look out at the right moment.

But the best plan is to motor across, passing round the flank of Divis Mountain that lies due west of the city, and so to the valley of the Cromlin river, which preserves a memory. William III, when he consented (unwillingly) to the destruction of the Irish woollen trade for the benefit of English manufacturers, promised to do his best for the linen, and he used for that purpose some of the Huguenots driven out by the Edict of Nantes. One of these, Crommelin, was a skilled linen-manufacturer from Flanders, and William sent him to report where an industry could best be developed in Ireland with more perfected processes than had yet been employed. He fixed on Lisburn in County Down, and the result was a concentration on this area. His name is familiar still by the Cromlin river, and even more by the Cromlin Road in Belfast.

From the Cromlin river the road skirts the lake through Ballinderry and Aghalee, names made famous in some of Samuel Ferguson's poems. "'Tis pleasant to be in Ballinderry, 'tis pleasant to be in Aghalee": and better still, in the elegy on Thomas Davis, "I walked through Ballinderry in the spring-time." From here through Lurgan you come to Portadown—outposts of the linen trade and strongholds of militant Protestantism. The Pope

traditionally has a bad name in Portadown. You cross the Upper Bann, at this point a sluggish river, and enter the best fruit-growing district in Ireland about Richhill. Why Protestantism should be allied with the cultivation of apples and strawberries I cannot say; but the fact is so. Southern Ireland has a sunnier climate, soil as good, markets as accessible; but it nowhere grows fruit on a considerable scale.

Beyond Richhill is Armagh, the ecclesiastical capital of Ireland. It is something of a problem why St Patrick decided that it should be so, for the centre of rule in his day was Tara. But Leary the High King was not a convert, and here in the North, Daire, King of Oriel, accepted Christianity. Moreover, Armagh, which then had no town or settlement, was just beside Emain Macha, the great *rath* which had been the centre of Ulster in the days of heroic mythology under the rule of Conchobar MacNessa. Patrick, who never neglected the old Irish literature, knew that a hundred sagas centred upon the House of the Red Branch, palace of the Kings in Emain Macha, when Emain was what Tara became later. Probably that is why he fixed the primacy of Ireland with the church that he founded here on a slope, only a mile or two from the place where Cuchulain came to do his training with the boy host; and where Deirdre, the beautiful girl whom Conchobar brought up to be his bride, fled with Naisi and with his brothers; and where at last these Three Sons of Usnach were lured back by Conchobar's promises and treacherously slain. All these stories from the old pagan and perhaps pre-Gaelic legends mingle here with other Christian fables, which tell how Patrick was led to his site on the Willow Ridge (Drumsallach) by a deer, and how Daire the King was moved to make him a grant of it.

This story may be recalled. Daire sent to the stranger a brazen cauldron, finely wrought, for a gift. "What did he say?" he asked when the messengers came back.

"*Gratzacham* only" (that is, *Gratias agam*). "This is no message. Go and take away the cauldron." So they went. "What did he say?" "*Gratzacham* only." "*Gratzacham* when I give and *gratzacham* when I take away; this is a remarkable man of undisturbed constancy. Go and tell him that I give him the land for him and his to settle on."

Beyond all this comes into view a time when Armagh had grown into a university not only of Ireland but of Europe, then overrun by the barbarians. It had a 'Saxon quarter' for the English students, who came, so Bede says, "by fleetfuls" and received instruction and were even given books—and a book was worth then perhaps a month's labour, perhaps three. Ferdomnach's *Book of Armagh* is some indication what a book meant when Ferdomnach was working, about the close of the eighth century. Then came destruction, under the Danes, and after that destruction upon destruction—the last in 1641—and this was not the only one perpetrated by Irishmen. Nothing that is old is left in Armagh; though in Emain Macha the imperishable earthworks still mark the outlines of Conchobar's *dun*.

From these earthworks you can see a couple of miles away the two cathedrals—for Armagh, like all Irish sees, is double-manned. The Protestant cathedral stands (according to a learned Catholic divine) where St Patrick and his companions came on a doe lying with her fawn. The companions would have killed them, but Patrick forbade, and taking the fawn on his shoulders carried it to a brake some distance off and let it go "where marvels have not been wanting" says the old Life of the Saint. But the greatest of all marvels, Archbishop Healy thinks, is the great new Catholic cathedral, which stands where Patrick let go the fawn.

A great flight of steps leads up to this splendid formal and exotic building, near which is the splendid formal

archbishop's palace. Yet all this splendour and somewhat alien formality were humanized and naturalized by the old Cardinal Logue, in whose days the building was finally completed. For on the cathedral steps the pigeons used to cluster about him when they saw his scarlet-braided soutane; and in the garden of the palace he could not read his breviary out of doors because the robins and blackbirds gave him no peace. That trait surely goes back to the story of Patrick and the fawn! I heard it first in the other palace, where lived the other old Primate, Archbishop Alexander, famous as an orator, famous by his even more famous wife, the hymn-writer. Between these two old men, one tiny and wizened, the other huge and upstanding, there was a touching friendship; and on the day when the Catholic cathedral was formally opened Primate Alexander sent a message to say that, though he could not attend, his prayers went with the rest; and he begged that his carriage and horses might convey the Cardinal to the ceremony.

The Protestant cathedral was restored in 1834 by Primate Beresford. Its appearance is frugal, decent, and homely, and suggests no memories older than the battle of the Boyne; but part of the walls and the foundations belong to the church commenced by Archbishop O'Scanlon in 1268, and the crypt is said to be many centuries older still. Elsewhere (in a chapter of the *Fair Hills of Ireland*) I have written at some length of all its associations; but for those especially of soldiering, the visitor has only to look round. One tablet has been added since I wrote, which I note as typical. It is that to John Lenox Conyngham, who commanded the battalion of the 6th Connaught Rangers which in September 1916 carried the quarries of Guillemont—six times before unsuccessfully attacked. He fell there, a Protestant Ulster soldier of long service, leading men of whom nine-tenths were Catholic Nationalists

newly recruited, and very largely drawn from Ulster, who loved and honoured him, and whom he had made into what they were that day. The crosses which accompany the tablet were set up in his honour near the field by the officers and men who survived him. The regiment exists no longer, its very name is now become only a memory; but of the men who upheld its fame in its last days none will be longer remembered than he who is thus commemorated.

Quite near to Armagh are two places of great moment in Irish history. One is the townland called Bagenalstown, on the way to what used to be called Portmore, the great Fort at the crossing of the northern Blackwater; it is now known as Blackwater Town. Here in 1598 Hugh O'Neill, the Great Earl of Tyrone, assisted by his son-in-law Red Hugh O'Donnell, defeated with heavy slaughter Queen Elizabeth's army under the Marshal, Bagenal—whose sister was O'Neill's wife. It was one of the marking events in Irish history; but three years later the mark was obliterated when O'Neill and O'Donnell, who had conquered when equal in numbers, were routed at Kinsale where they held great odds.

The other place is Benburb, or rather the point near it where the little river Oona meets the Blackwater. Here in 1645 Owen Roe O'Neill, a scion of the great Tyrone house, who had served in high command on the Continent, met the Parliamentarian army, largely Scottish, under its experienced general, Munro; and Owen Roe's Ulster Gaels drove the better-equipped and more trained force into the river.

These were in all history the two greatest victories of the Gael against the English, and neither of them profited much to the Gael.

In both cases the terrain has been much changed by cultivation and drainage. Yet the main lines of the battles can be traced. Mitchel's book on Hugh O'Neill and Taylor's on Owen Roe will help anyone to do it.

All this country is very typical of the more prosperous agricultural Ulster; and at Benburb one comes on an outlying factory. The tourist regions, it is well to keep on repeating, are not characteristic of all Ireland. If they were we should be even less well off than Providence has made us.

V. Newcastle and the Mourne Mountains

For example, in the district of the Mourne Mountains you have some of the most beautiful scenery imaginable; on the shore below it at Newcastle, within an hour's train journey (slow train-going) from Belfast, you have an excellent hotel, run by the Great Northern Railway. Here is one of the best golf-links in Ireland. But as a site for farming, the Mourne district is not recommended. If it were, it would be less perfect holiday-ground.

Once more, I am not going to attempt any description of this great mountain-range which has one front facing the Channel and another dominating Carlingford Lough. Slieve Donard looks as fine a mountain to walk as I have ever seen, and Newcastle gives you a good starting-place; but I have never walked it. All that I do know intimately is the charm of the little cherry orchard at Castle Brannigan away up on the slope of the mountain, with its great old trees. Birds have carried the stones, so that stray cherry-trees have rooted themselves away along the sides of the little brook that runs tumbling under the feet of these giants; so gnarled of trunk, so translucent and fairylike is their cloud of blossom. But read Richard Rowley's poem about them in the *Songs of County Down*.

Yet wild as it is, the wildness of the Mourne Mountains rises out of finished amenity. The little Shimnah river flows through Lord Roden's demesne in a series of waterfalls, and you can follow it. Farther inland is Castlewellan, Lord Annesley's park, where the art of tree-

planting and the introduction of rare and lovely shrubs has been carried to perfection. These places can be visited. Also beyond Bryansford, in a glade among timber, is the only mansion with a thatched roof that I have ever seen; its great, thick mud walls were run up hurriedly in a time of pestilence, to give a safe retreat for a noble bride. Thatch of the deepest covers all three wings that surround a courtyard; and there is a kind of veranda round it, thatched overhead. It is a sort of fairy house.

On the County Down shore of Carlingford Lough are two watering-places, Warrenpoint and Rostrevor, facing south, and sheltered from the north and east by steep wooded slopes—veritable suntraps. All the same, for a summer holiday many would prefer Newcastle, with its amenities of music, dancing, tennis, golf, and so forth; and I would myself rather find lodgings in the fishing-village of Kilkeel, at the very base of Slieve Donard facing the sea.

A famous fishing-port is Ardglass on Dundrum Bay, farther north—once the chief port in Ulster, and even now a strong centre for the herring fleet. What are called the 'New Works' here—fortified warehouses for stores in connexion with the port and its industry—may perhaps have been built under Henry IV. At latest they date from Shane O'Neill in Elizabeth's day. There are several old castles, but one of them has been restored and turned into a museum by the late Francis Joseph Bigger, a passionate Ulster antiquarian; it is his best monument.

Finally there is Downpatrick with its cathedral and graveyard where is said to be the grave of St Patrick—and not of him only, but of Columba and of Brigid, the three chief Irish saints. There is no doubt that this belief was held when John de Courcy with his three hundred mail-clad men came up in 1176 and gave battle to the King of Ulidia—the kingdom that included County Down and Antrim.

De Courcy's work stood. This district was completely Anglicized, or Normanized, and remained outside Gaelic sovereignty during centuries when O'Neills or O'Donnells were paramount everywhere else in Ulster. It is full of castles; above all, of castles squatted down on the sea; for this colony, cut off from the main English base in Dublin, had to maintain its communication by sea direct—and did so.

Yet perhaps this region has been known best of all in recent times through the camp at Ballykinler near Dundrum Bay, which was the chief training-ground of the 36th Ulster Division, while that gallant force was preparing for France and for its superb exploits on July 1, 1916, at the Somme. The men in honour of whose deeds every church spire in Ulster is flagged on the anniversary learnt their trade here.

It has quite other memories for many in the rest of Ireland; and a score of men at least walked out from imprisonment here to take their places in the Assembly, which debated in December 1921 whether to accept or reject the treaty which brought the Irish Free State into being.

VI. The Antrim Coast

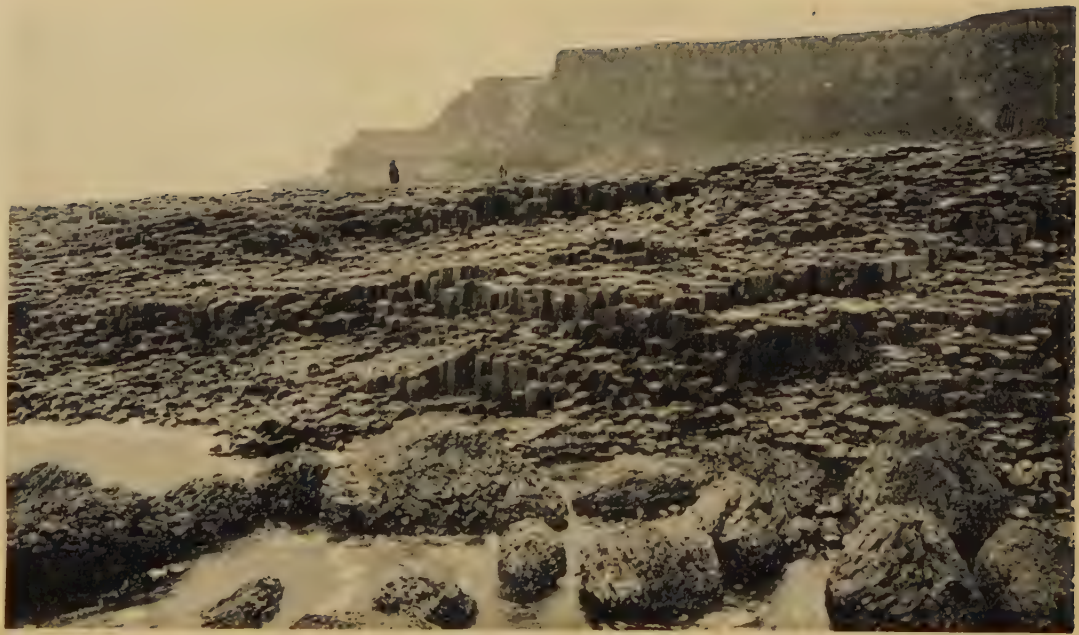
I come now to what is perhaps the most popular of all Irish playgrounds—the Glens of Antrim and the Route, a district lying north of them, which comprises Portstewart, Portrush, and the Giant's Causeway.

Rail from Belfast reaches these places inland—as does the shortest motoring road. (If you motor, pass through Antrim and see the round tower there and the view of Lough Neagh from the north.)

Portrush is the best-organized watering-place in Ireland, and it is the metropolis of golf for the North. Portstewart is more cheaply run, and its golf-links, though good, are not of the same excellence; but it has a great

DUNLUCE CASTLE, PORTRUSH 216

Photo London, Midland & Scottish Railway Co.



THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY

Photo London, Midland & Scottish Railway Co.

charm in the immense strand which stretches both sides of the Bann's mouth. Both these places look north and see the headland of Inishowen with the little island of Inishtrahull off it—our northernmost point and a great lighthouse centre and Lloyd Station. To the east and north-east on a clear day they see the Scottish coast, with blue mountainous islands and promontories.

Proceeding southward from Portrush, along the electric tramway (the first used in these islands) you reach the White Rocks, a line of chalky cliffs with strong ochreous markings. Beyond them comes Dunluce, set out on a crag which at high tide is wholly cut off from the land except for a stone bridge, about two feet wide, which spans the chasm at a considerable height. A rail has now been set along it so that anyone can cross without discomfort.

This castle was the main stronghold of the MacDonnells, Lords of the Isles, from whom the Earls of Antrim are descended; and it comes into history again and again during the Elizabethan times. The leading MacDonnell of these times was Sorley Boy, Somhairle Buidhe, that is, Yellow-haired Somerled. ('Boy' in Elizabethan times was pronounced as Irish peasants still often speak it, nearly like 'by'.) This old warrior had to fight Shane O'Neill as often as the English, and two fierce sayings of his are remembered. Elizabeth decided to recognize him as Lord of the Route, and sent him a title conferring the lordship. He answered that what was won with the sword should not be kept with the sheepskin, and burnt the parchment before the Queen's messenger. Another time he had come to Dublin on safe conduct to parley; and to force submission, they showed him his son's head blackening above the castle gate. He looked at it. "My son has many heads," was his answer.

Dunluce was accessible from the sea by a cave, from which a stair led up through the rock into the stronghold.

But what made it specially strong was the presence of a well on the rock, which can still be found.

About three miles beyond Dunluce is the Giant's Causeway, where cliffs of basalt make a bay from the centre of which shoots out this natural mole, all compacted of huge basalt crystals, irregularly regular in their shape. Here, of course, is a great service of boatmen and guides, and it is well worth exploring the place both by water and by land; for the terraced walk round the cliffs shows formations of stone more interesting than the Causeway itself, and the boat can take you (wind and tide and weather serving) into long caves whose odd geological formation gives them unusual beauty of colour.

Farther along still the coast road (less used than the tarred track) brings you within half a mile of Carrick-a-rede, an island rock severed from the main cliffs by a deep channel across which is thrown a swinging bridge of planks. The natives of the place will go across it carrying a sheep; the ordinary person not prone to dizziness can cross it easily enough; but the thing sags under you as you walk in a way that is disconcerting; and it is no place for a nervous walker.

A little farther along, the road comes close to the cliff, and here is a projecting corner with heather and broom and every convenience to sit among and look back past Carrick-a-rede and down into the clear water; a most lovely spot. From that you carry along on a high level till you curve down into Ballycastle, opposite Fair Head.

Here is the beginning of the Nine Glens, which fall from the mountains to the Channel, each like and yet unlike its neighbour; and here is a little watering-place, far less overrun than Portrush, with a modest golf-links, a superb range of tennis-courts, and a perfect position for exploring to the Causeway on one side, and anywhere in the Glens on the other. Just opposite is Fair Head, the high promontory of basalt with its cliff face: 'the Grey Man's

Path' at the top tempts climbers, but it is necessary to be cautious, for basalt boulders have no firm hold and come away in the hand.

Off Fair Head is Rathlin Island, divided from it by a sound of the fiercest and swiftest tides; it is a good excursion to make, but local boatmen should be taken.

Rathlin is the place where Robert Bruce lay in hiding and watched the spider ten times over seek to join up its web, succeeding at the tenth. Later, in Elizabeth's day, Essex carried out a great butchery here, killing out not only Sorley Boy's garrison, but all the women and children whom the MacDonnells had sent there—and who were smoked out of the caves to be slaughtered.

Along here again, as about Carrick-a-rede, the worse road is the better, for it keeps near the cliffs and the view, until it comes down to the village of Cushendun, where Moira O'Neill wrote most of her *Songs of the Glens of Antrim* some thirty years ago. But from this onward to the south the main road skirts the sea and is as good as asphalt can make it, and as enchanting as lovely setting between hill and sea ever made any thoroughfare.

It passes through Cushendall where the Glens of Antrim Hotel is much reputed among lovers of this country; it cuts across the seaward opening of Glenariff, most scenic of all the Glens, with its elaborately planned walks about the Horseshoe Fall, *Ess na Crubh*; it runs over the hill behind Garron Tower Hotel and then through Carnlough, and past Lord Antrim's own glen, Glenarm, and so coastwise to Carncastle, where stands by the roadside a picturesque old Scots manorial castle, Ballygally, built by the Shaws somewhere about 1620. And from that you run into Larne.

I have made it plain, I hope, that the recommended places to settle for a stay on this coast are Portrush or Portstewart, the Causeway itself, Ballycastle, or Cushendun. Perhaps Garron Tower should be added; nothing

could be more sumptuous than the building or more modest than the charges. Carnlough is also in repute as a watering-place; and so are Ballintoy and Port Ballintrae, north of Ballycastle.

Perhaps the best way to give a general impression of this country is to print a sketch of my last visit there—in the lovely summer of 1926.

The Glens of Antrim stretch northward from Larne to Ballycastle, off which is Rathlin Island, once a connecting link in the Lordship of the Isles. From Larne a motor mail-car took us to Carnlough, and convinced me that Mr Ford has made no radical change in Ireland. Shanderadan was the proper name for this conveyance, which has inherited the leisurely wayside-gossiping ways of its horse-drawn predecessors, the 'long cars.' It is covered, though, as they were not—a boon, on the year's average, but not on July 1 with every one sitting on everybody else's knee.

All through Ulster towns were flagged with purple and gold that day: Ulster does not let Ulster's entry into the Somme battle be forgotten, and Ulster does right. Carnlough was a pleasant place to get out at, and Miss Rafferty, who keeps the hotel, is a characteristic institution. Her sitting-room was decorated with a photograph of 'Joe' Devlin; but beside hung pictures of 'Joe's' notable opponents. There was a constant dropping in of gentlemen from Belfast, who left the steering-wheel to have a bit of a 'crack' with the hostess.

After supper we climbed the hill behind us and saw Rathlin beyond the steep face of Garron Head. Garron Tower, the great castellated house on it, was built by the first Marchioness of Londonderry, a MacDonnell of the Glens, Viscountess Dunluce in her own right, and deeply resolute to assert her paramountcy in MacDonnell territory. Such a temper breeds opposition, and her daughter-in-law built the towers which enclose the road at Carn-

lough, and started the big lime-burning works and built also the Londonderry Arms—Miss Rafferty's hotel—her purpose being to make Carnlough a strong centre, at the expense of Glenarm, by which is Lord Antrim's castle. Well, if these ladies can still take an interest, I fear that Frances Anne, the MacDonnell marchioness, must writhe in her grave: for Garron Tower, her lordly creation, is a hotel to-day, a great rendezvous for excursions from Belfast. But the Earls of Antrim keep their privacy intact: their demesne encloses in its many miles of wall so much loveliness as would be hard to match anywhere. I cannot wonder that an old Lord Antrim caused himself to be buried at his favourite spot on the hillside, overlooking the choicest pools in the river and the whole of what was then his deer-park. He liked privacy, and tradition says that he used to take a rifle there and drop a bullet near any unauthorized figure that he saw moving in his precincts.

The fishing is let now, and we were lucky enough to be offered a day on it; but when I got there and saw the river-bed all ablaze with yellow mimulus thriving among the stones, it seemed hopeless to think of catching salmon. However, my host said it was possible, and then he showed me what he proposed to fish with. Instead of the trout tackle that I had put up, he had great books of flies, fit for a spring river in flood. We picked our way up that adorable glen, and I began to understand his idea. The waters, plunging down a series of cascades, eats the basalt into deep channels, with caves under the edges; and, where the stream runs broken, you may be fishing in ten or fifteen feet of water. Certainly that was so at the second pool we fished; I put my fly over the tumbling water and went on to the lower part, which was smooth but had stream in it, and fish were showing there. One came up, nosed at my fly and turned away from it; then came a shout, and my host was fast in one under the fall. The fish sulked, and while he was being played I was

dangling my fly over brutes that I could see swim up and have a look at it; twice or three times they seemed actually to sniff it.

I wished for a prawn. My host's was the only fish that took the fly. I commend to anglers his theory that it is often good, when a fish has risen, to try a larger fly on him, not a smaller. I note also that because that little river is entirely within the demesne up to the point that salmon can go, it yielded 160 fish last season. There are scores of others like it in Ireland that do not yield sixteen—and probably not six—to legitimate fishing. But here, happily, all irregular methods can be prevented. Indeed, little is fished there but the fly—especially an effective local pattern, the Glen fly.

The basalt which gives to the river its special character—for I have never elsewhere seen pools so deeply channelled in the stone—is, of course, the material which determines the fantastic architecture of Fair Head and the Giant's Causeway. But the varying charm of rock is this coast's distinction, for south of Carnlough to north of Dunluce chalk cliffs, brilliantly white, occur, mingled with red sandstone. An arch of it spans the coast road at Waterfoot, before you come to Cushendall and Cushendun, names which Moira O'Neill set singing till their sound has gone out now into all lands and their words into the ends of the world: for wherever Ulster folk are scattered, the *Songs of the Glens of Antrim* are known.

It is not the columned basalt pillars of the Causeway and Fair Head that made her inspiration—strange and beautiful though they are—but the intimate charm of these glens, each shut in on itself, not cramped but bounded—the very opposite of that wide-spread embrace which you get in Donegal Bay or, for that matter, at Sheephaven. The hills too, when you get up into them, have the same intimacy; all is trig and stowed away; I never saw sheep-walks with so many fences; and though

the gates have mere hoops of rail for hinges, and a loop of cord for latch, they are serviceable gates, and one learns to regard them as things that will open, and not merely a sort of stile to climb over.

Our way of getting up into them was to pick up a passing motor-coach at Carnlough for Garron Tower, and climb steeply thence. We struck back, cutting across the bays, through wastes of turf bog, until finally we came to the steep edge above Waterfoot, where Glenariff meets Red Bay. It was a temptation to race to the top of Carn Neil, from which we should have seen back to the western watershed which falls into Lough Neagh—and probably seen the lough itself; but rain was threatening, so we dropped down the incredibly steep path used here for carting turf; then, to take a short cut, we struck over fields and found ourselves by one of the clefts where flood-water comes down. In all the centuries and scores of centuries water had channelled the basalt so deep that there was a gorge; and from the sides of it briar-roses grew out, and ballooned over the opening; some of them white, some pale, but many of that very deep pink which dog-roses attain in the North of Ireland. It made the most fairylike roofing for what was below—and very likely the 'good people' hold parties there.

All we had to do then was to reach the main road and shelter in a house till another passing coach gave us a lift to Miss Rafferty's door and a good cup of tea.

In one thing we were unlucky. On these exquisite days a haze shut the Scottish coast from sight; sometimes the Mull of Cantyre loomed up, but one never got the long exquisite line which has enchanted me.

But that was the only crab to it; every way else luck stood us. We went out after lunch at Portrush and saw boats hauling the bag-nets—three of them; fish were splashing wildly, and, as the bag came home, a silver wave surged into the boat. It was the catch of the season—

260 salmon when we saw them landed. Among them was a big conger, and this five or six pounds of excellent food was simply thrown away into the dust; scarcely anyone in Ireland will touch an eel.

At the Causeway, when we came there, the sun was already low, but tide served, and we went out to see the caves; the low rays that calm evening lit up Portgoon to the very end of its 450 feet length: it made the pink rock pinker, the coppery rock overhead more ochre-tinted, it showed up every stone and weed in the green depths under our boat; and all the time rock-pigeons flew in and out from shade to light, and light to shade, like great moths. In Dunkerry, the big cave, 700 feet long, all was in shadow; but here a shag sat on her nest and croaked uncanny noises at us, twisting her head all ways to follow our movements, and cursing and spitting at the intruders.

We suffered a good deal from our guide, but that is only natural. He showed us every second stone in the Causeway. "Beg your pardon, ma'am, this now is a nonagon —nine sides—one-two-three"—and so on to the end of the count; and then began it again for a pentagon. But it is an extraordinary place, when all is said, and has two very decent hotels beside it.

Still, for interest, it did not compare with our view of Carrick-a-rede, the island rock, to which hardy men run out over a swing bridge to reach their nets for the salmon-fishing (they got five hundred in one haul this year, I am rather sorry to say). Here we were on the top of chalk cliffs, perhaps 300 feet high, and below us guillemots swarmed in the clear water: we could see them dive, and travel swift as a rabbit runs—I never before realized the speed of this under-water flight. The strength of their wings must be prodigious.

Anybody who drives this coast road (and it is equal to anything on the Riviera) ought to leave the main track

between Ballycastle and Portrush for golfers in a hurry to reach their game. The way round the Ballintrae cliffs, past Port Ballintrae and Carrick-a-rede, is hilly and of indifferent surface, but the beauty of its views is past all praise.

CHAPTER VIII

LOUGH ERNE AND DONEGAL

I. Lough Erne

One other lovely playground lies within the Six Counties —the region of Lough Erne. Its centre is the town of Enniskillen, situated where there has always been a crossing-place over the long water-barrier which runs east and west between the Atlantic and Donegal Bay into the heart of County Cavan. The main expanse of Lower Lough Erne, from Enniskillen to Belleek, is about twenty miles long and from a mile to five miles broad; then it narrows to the width of a large river, and beyond this, eastward, is the most extraordinary entanglement of land and water to be found in these islands, stretching about thirty miles. Nowhere in it is there one clear square mile of uninterrupted water; but all the little loughs, if they were put together, would be bigger than the great one. I am told by the best authority, Shan Bullock, whose novels nearly all deal with this region, that Upper Lough Erne has far more interest and beauty than the lower lake. It is very little known and should properly be explored from Belturbet or Newtownbutler. But the Imperial Hotel at Enniskillen, which is recommended, gives command of both lakes.

There is good provision of boats here, and probably a canoe could be hired, to my mind the best way to track out that maze of water. For the students of history, few places in Ireland are more interesting and few have been more neglected.

Everybody has heard of the siege of Derry, yet the achievement of the Enniskilleners far exceeded that of the Derry men.

When William III had landed in England, but Ireland was still held for King James, the Protestant settlers, descendants for the most part from those who got land in the Ulster Plantation under James I, drew together in two centres. Derry was one and it had strong walls. Enniskillen, the other centre, probably had no defences; it was a very small place clustered about the old castle. Those who gathered to it were mostly country gentlemen or farmers, well used to outdoor life and sport; and their policy was aggressive throughout. They sallied out to attack in all directions, and though one of the chief leaders opposed to them was James's natural son the Duke of Berwick, afterward a famous general, they were everywhere successful; and at Newtownbutler they inflicted crushing defeat on a Royalist army under Lord Mountcashel. Their leader that day had the name of Wolseley —not unknown in later records of Irish military valour.

Other memories of Irish leadership in British warfare are revived by the monument in Enniskillen to Sir Lowry Cole, one of Wellington's best generals in the Peninsular War. But the best of all memorials survives in two of the three remaining Irish regiments. When William III landed in Ireland he drew to his side naturally those who had shown such valour; they were formed into a regiment, and the Inniskilling Foot date from the time of the battle of the Boyne. So also do the (6th) Inniskilling Dragoons, now amalgamated with the 5th, as are the Inniskilling Foot with the Royal Irish Fusiliers.

In the very attractive old-world little town stands one of the best and oldest Irish Protestant public schools, Portora, whose foundation dates back to Charles I.

But the part of Lough Erne organized for holiday purposes is the Lower Lough, and about eight miles from Enniskillen on the north shore stands the Lough Erne Hotel, with big grounds about it, completely in the middle of a well-farmed, prosperous Ulster countryside. Whoever

chose the site had an eye for landscape; the house faces south across the lake, here perhaps two miles broad, and here—as indeed everywhere—studded with islands, each of which rears a mass of leafage and timber from the water. Westward is the widest part of the lake, and beyond that the many-folded line of Donegal hills makes the horizon. The sun sets over them, its low rays come to you along the water; altogether, in all Ireland is no lovelier scene.

It gains a special character from the fact that all the mountains which rise from behind the south shore are of limestone, and take a formation in horizontal lines—long stratified ridges; the sides rising by a steep glacis crowned by a fronton on the top. There is something very reposeful and dignified in all these level yet slightly sagging and varying contours.

One of the chief groups of Irish ecclesiastical ruins is to be seen on Devenish Island, two or three miles by water from Enniskillen. Here is a round tower, complete to its conical apex; and two churches, one of them being work of the fifteenth century. Nothing of great age is left, and what I remember best there is the fleet of some fifty swans that lay in the channel between Devenish and the north shore. These beautiful creatures are in great numbers on this lake. Also, the sedgy swamps along this island are a perfect nesting-place for all water-haunting birds, big and little; and naturalists come here to study them.

The Lough Erne Hotel provides a good tennis-court and every kind of boating; it is a great centre for lake-yachting; and motor-boats big and little are to be had. Drives are beautiful in every direction, but if you take your own car it is well to get a permit to enter the Free State. You can now go round the west end above Belleek without entering Free State territory—a special bridge has been built. But there is another catch-point at Pettigo, on the north shore. In fact, all the inconveniences of partition are excellently illustrated here.

If, however, you should lack the permit, it is easy to drive along the lovely south shore, and just at Belleek turn south to the valley which lies beyond the ridge along Lough Macnean—which is still in Fermanagh.

But I confess that at this point my patience with political boundaries gives out. Belleek, or part of Belleek, is in Fermanagh; the Six Counties own half the bridge over the Erne and two of the four sluices which control the flow from the lake; and the well-known pottery manufacture is in their territory. But from the Lough Erne Hotel, about ten miles away, also in Fermanagh, you cannot reach this factory without crossing a border.

II. Bundoran and South Donegal

For my part, I shall proceed as if no border existed, and presume that from the Lough Erne Hotel you go on by motor into Western Donegal; passing through Belleek with its beautiful old bridge over a glorious salmon-pool below the falls, and down to Ballyshannon, the little grey homely town where the Erne tumbles over the Falls of Assaroe into the tideway. Either at Belleek or at Ballyshannon you may well watch one of the finest sights in nature—salmon leaping up a fall. Three miles from Ballyshannon takes you to Bundoran, near the point where four counties meet—Leitrim, Fermanagh, Sligo, and Donegal.

There are not many watering-places in the West of Ireland, but Bundoran always has been one, and it keeps its local character. Little ass-carts jostle there, in its one long street, among high-power motors, and char-à-bancs that ply through the place, on the superb coach-road from Ballyshannon to Sligo. The Free State Army was, last summer, much in evidence, a large detachment being in training at Finner Camp on the huge sandhills; and for its service was a large concentration of jaunting-

cars. Outside Dublin I have not seen for many years so many of these fast-disappearing vehicles as here in July 1926.

Our hotel (there are plenty of hotels) stood in the middle of the golf-course, looking due west; and on our right was the long chain of Donegal mountains stretching some forty miles east and west from Slieve League's cliff, 2000 feet sheer into the Atlantic. South of us, on the left, was the other mountain-range, dividing us from Sligo. It juts out to the steep brow of Benbulbin where Diarmuid, through Grania's treachery and Finn's witchcraft, was slain by the enchanted boar. Bays are many in Ireland, but Donegal Bay is the widest and grandest. Fifty miles across it is, from Rathlin O'Beirne off Slieve League to the Stags of Broadhaven, where the Mayo coast swings round; and the real place to see it from is not Bundoran, but some ten miles farther south, at Mullaghmore, where Colonel Ashley owns Classybawn, which Lord Palmerston built. Or, if you are fortunate, as we were, and can enter a certain garden near there, backed up against a low ridge, and in the upper wall, under the shelter of wind-shorn trees, open a wicket—it is then you will find it burst upon you. All Donegal, so it seemed, was in sight; I could recognize Errigal on the north coast near Tory Island, thrusting up his peak over all those purple waves of stone and heather. And on our left the long line stretched away and away. Nephin's dome, well known to fishers on Lough Conn, was comparatively near us—say thirty miles away; but as the vista trended westward, sinking gradually, could that be Achill? Achill, which is higher even than Slieve League, yet looked a couple of mere hillocks. But, no wonder, it was sixty miles away.

Never before have I seen, as I saw then, fully a hundred miles of coast curving round with infinite variety of line played upon by ceaselessly fleeting colour. The whole of Ireland seemed to open its arms there to the Atlantic; the

broad bosom of tawny sand pushed itself out in a curve to meet the waters; between us and this outer sandline, on which the big sea beat, was a little inner creek where the water flickered and shone over sandbanks; there was a sheen on everything, and a large freshness of the air; delight breathed on all as if God was conscious. On the narrow spit between us and ocean a horse and man took their way quietly, so unlike the road with its spinning motors. All was repose, yet nothing was motionless; life stirred and swayed through that vast beauty. If feeling a thing were any good, what a poem one would make about it!

Yet such a look of power lay over it all that it was no surprise to remember even on that enchanted day how Streedagh Strand, a mile or two to the left, had been scattered with the Armada's wreckage: twelve hundred Spanish bodies were counted there, and Spanish Point keeps their name. The old maps of that day—Speed's map, for instance, of 1610—show the west coast of Ireland running almost in a straight line north and south. Ships that had weathered the Bloody Forehead and passed Rathlin O'Beirne with such a map, would stand due south or sou'-sou'-west; and seemingly they did so in a howling gale, and then found the Mayo coast jutting far west ahead of them and were hopelessly embayed.

We looked over the same prospect from even a finer vantage point another day, when a char-à-banc on the famous coast road from Ballyshannon to Sligo dropped us where the road turns into Sligo Bay; and we started to climb Benbulbin. I am not recommending that excursion to any but seasoned walkers; the grassy glacis is amazingly steep, and at the top of it is a rim of rock where the younger generation, who had beaten me up the slope, got stuck for a while; and in the efforts to extricate her we both forgot to collect a rare saxifrage which both of us had noticed.

But for cliff-climbers, I do not see what could offer more attractions than these limestone hills. Benbulbin's seaward face ends with a sheer brow of stone, some two hundred feet high, wrinkled perpendicularly by a succession of chimneys, half a dozen of which looked climbable, and on all of which you could break your neck.

But the top of Benbulbin is a bald, unpleasant, boggy place, and just as we got up a cloud swept over, wetting us, so we trekked down the Sligo side which is quite easy going. Under us were all the recesses of Ballysodare Bay, which Jack Yeats has painted innumerable times, and inland from Sligo was Lough Gill, which is like Killarney on a smaller scale, and as we swung round the slope of the hills was spread out the prospect of Glencar, one of the wildest and most picturesque gorges that I have ever seen in Ireland.

But the main road to Sligo where we struck it was four miles long, and we decided to beg our tea. The first cottage said regretfully that it had no fire: not a pound of coal was to be had in Sligo (this was in the Coal Strike and Mr Cook's beneficence spread far), but there was a young lady a piece up the road that had good firing. We went up. Sounds of song proceeded from within, and the young lady issued forth. People age early in that way of life, so I would give her fifty; but she had a light heart, and if she was deaf, that did not stop her from keeping herself company. She was singing hard this day because everybody had been away at a great funeral and "we'll be long enough lying in the ground and not a word out of us." It was the younger generation who got us our welcome. "I would have refused the gentleman," she said when we had made friends, "but when I saw you that homely, and speaking that soft, I couldn't refuse ye."

The house was clay-floored, its unceiled roof was held up by crooked poles with rough boughs between them to support the wattles under the thatch; but she gave us as

good butter as ever came out of a churn (no creamery can produce that lightness of texture or that freshness of taste) and her tea probably cost five shillings a pound. The only thing that troubled her (and us) was that, even by her standards, she had made it very strong. But when you come down off a cold mountain, tea can scarcely be too potent, and, as she said, it would rise the heart in us. "Whenever I go into any strange house," she said, "and have a cup of tea taken, I'd feel myself at home." She did not hold with towns: if she went into Sligo, she was counting the minutes till she would get home; and Bundoran was a place of far-away fashion and wickedness. But the big road at her door evidently was the mainspring of her life. "You would not see the like of that road for traffic, now, any place, would ye?" It had her annoyed with the dust, she said; but we thought she would miss it badly if she were moved a few fields back. And the servant-girls in the house opposite her ("two of them, if you please!") kept her abreast of the fashions. Silk stockings? "Stockings, is it? No, but five times or six in the day they would change them and be out in the road if there was ones to be looking at them." We left her there, a spectator of the pageant of life, with as good a seat in the stalls as London or New York could offer. I need hardly say that she swept aside the idea of being paid; and she had (by reason of the Customs barrier) to wait for the younger generation's box of chocolate till we got back into Free State territory.

I should like to write much more about Bundoran. There was fishing: Lough Melvin, three miles off, is one of the best lakes in Ireland for trout and salmon; and an angler in the hotel brought in a six-pound trout taken from the narrow end of Lough Erne, near Belleek—famous in time of Mayfly. But it was too fine for fishing, and we did not golf. I note, however, that priests have taken to the game, and it is bringing them into friendly

social relations with all sorts of people, as only the hunting field used to; and ten priests play golf for one that hunted.

But I must say a word about Ballyshannon, the town that had its poet and commemorates him by a tablet in its Mall. "William Allingham lived here." We went out from the hotel round the links to where the huge sandhills are heaped up—the cleanest thing on earth, more kin to sky and sea than any creation of clay—a shifting element, only kept in bounds by the strong bent-grass. As we lay in the sun among that wonderful herbage, its radish-coloured stalks sprang clean and vigorous, in arched suppleness, from the sand; impossible to pull up a root of them, so deep they plunge for whatever feeds their keen, steel-blue blades, bristling up against the blue-and-white heaven; great tufts of seed, big as barley-ears, crowning some of the slender spikes—all somehow martial and valiant and springy as Guards marching. A glint of the river-mouth showed through them, and beyond it the little white house that comes into every picture, even in the loneliest of Ireland. Up this river, filling the gorge with the dove-coloured slates of its roofs and its old homely church perched on a hillock, was Ballyshannon. Scores of such little towns are at Irish river-mouths, but none other that I know has quite such a charm (as surely as none other has quite such good fishing). But it may be only the poet who put the charm there with his "Adieu to Ballyshanny and the winding banks of Erne."

The little corner of Donegal in which Bundoran stands has never seemed to me properly part of that county, which is in the main the ancient kingdom of Tyrconnell, whose lords, the O'Donnells, held it in great strength from about 1200 to the Flight of the Earls and the break-up of the Gaelic order. Into that remote and difficult country no Norman conqueror ever penetrated. Inishowen, between Lough Foyle and Lough Swilly, was

FALLS OF ERNE, BALLYSHANNON

Photo R. Welsh

TEELIN

Photo R. Welsh

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always disputed between O'Donnell and O'Neill, and Norman castles were built here by the de Burgos; but from Lough Swilly to the Erne all was purely Gaelic till the Ulster Plantation. At Enniskillen the Maguires held rule, generally subject to the O'Donnells; but across the Erne the lords of Tyrconnell were constantly trying to push their sovereignty southward to Sligo, and even beyond it. Also, at the Erne time and again they had to make a stand against invaders. Few spots have seen more fighting than the crossing-place at Belleek, and the ford above it called Caeluisce, or Narrow Water—a great place in May and June for trout-fishers.

In 1595 a strong English force under Clifford the Governor of Connaught moved north, supported by a contingent of the O'Briens from Clare, and they fought their way over at Belleek, losing Lord Inchiquin, head of the O'Briens, at the ford. Then they moved down and laid siege to the Castle of Ballyshannon which is still standing; it stood against them, and Red Hugh O'Donnell, gathering a force, got between them and Belleek, cut off their supplies, and threatened to bring about a general surrender. There was only one way out, and Clifford, a fine soldier, took it. He led his men across the slabs of rock above the salmon leap, by a passage called in Irish "The Ford of the Heroes." Many slipped and were drowned, but he made good his retreat and got away along by the sea to Sligo.

III. Slieve League and Glencolumbkille

I come now to Tyrconnell proper, with its immense range of sea-coast, hill, and valley—the best of all Ireland for holiday to my thinking. Roughly speaking, it divides itself into the north coast and the west coast, and to get the charm of it you must live in it. But just for visiting, the west coast can be seen from Bundoran, as can also the beautiful scenery of Sligo Bay; and except at Bundoran

I do not know where to recommend a hotel without reserve. I have stayed myself very happily in McNelis's Hotel in Ardara and in O'Donnell's Hotel at Glenties, and so have many other anglers. These are north of the headland called Malin More, off which lies Rathlin O'Beirne, easily seen from Bundoran (and not to be confused with Malin Head on Inishowen, and its outlier, Inishtrahull). The seaward face of this headland has the giant cliffs of Slieve League, where alas! the golden eagle breeds no longer; the last of them was trapped in 1926. The nearest rail to this is Killybegs, a good little port—but without even a good little inn; and the excellent hotel at Carrick, just by Slieve League, was unhappily destroyed.

Six miles beyond this is Glencolumbkille, and these sights can be visited within a day's motoring from Bundoran.

Beyond Malin More lies Dowros Head, and here, at Narin or Portnoo, by the mouth of the Gweebarra, is a little hotel, primitive in its accommodation, but in the very centre of wild beauty. You can bathe here among the seals—so I am told, for it is one of the few places in Donegal I never reached; and before motors came it took some reaching.

On the whole, I had better describe what you can visit along the coast of Donegal from Bundoran; it is nearly all actually in view of the hotel there. But first a word about routes by rail.

You reach Bundoran normally by branching off north of Enniskillen and following the north shore of Lough Erne to Belleek and Ballyshannon. You reach Donegal by going along the Great Northern line to Strabane, whence a train takes you to Stranorlar Junction. The Donegal branch follows through Barnesmore Gap, a pass in the mountains connecting east and west which has been used as a road through all time.

But if you make for Glenties, another line from Stranorlar follows up the Finn to Lough Finn under Aghla Mountain, crosses the watershed here, and comes down along one of the tributaries of the Ownea river. Ardara, near the outfall of the Ownea, is about five miles from Glenties; Portnoo about ten miles.

From this point there is a long gap in communications. You pick up a train again at Burton Port and Dungloe—some twenty miles north—the rail head of a light line which runs along the north coast and past Lough Swilly into Derry.

But I am supposing the traveller to start from Bundoran, and pass Finner Camp on its sandhills, and drop into Ballyshannon and cross the bridge on the Erne. Thence the road keeps inland and does not give a view of the long beautiful strand which fronts this inmost bight of the huge bay.

Donegal town is a trim little place at the outfall of the Eask river. Here was the main residence of the O'Donnell princes, and here they built a castle and also a great Franciscan monastery. The O'Donnell who built it in 1474 was also called Red Hugh, and in his reign of sixty years he was one of the greatest powers in Ireland. Alliance linked him to the Great Earl of Kildare, who sent a son to be fostered in his house—so making a tie that was stronger in Ireland than kinship. His wife was Finuala, daughter of Conor O'Brien, King of Thomond, and they were joint founders of the monastery. In it was treasured a manuscript of the Psalms, said to have been written by St Columba. The manuscript is lost, but the silver casket in which it was encased remained in the O'Donnell family and is now deposited in the Museum of Irish Antiquities at Leinster House. This book was called the *Cathach*, or *Battler*, for it was held to bring victory and so was always carried on the warpath. One of Hugh Roe's sons lost it in battle, but after nearly a

hundred years it was won back from the O'Conors of Connaught.

In the day of the later O'Donnells the monastery became a place of arms. While Red Hugh was raising Ireland in revolt against Elizabeth along with Hugh O'Neill, an able English commander persuaded another O'Donnell to join him against the elected prince of Tyrconnell; and this O'Donnell, Nial Garbh (the Rough), garrisoned the monastery, and in the siege which followed an explosion shattered it. Yet in the ruins the Franciscan friars clung to their work; and here, after the last O'Donnell prince had died a fugitive exile, men of the hereditary caste of scholars carried out a great work between the years 1632 and 1636. By search made over all Ireland, they compiled the account of Irish history from the earliest times which is known as the *Annals of the Four Masters*. Their work was under the patronage of Ferghail O'Gara, lord of Coolavin in Sligo; and despite its dryness and the legendary character of its earlier records, it provides the framework about which Irish history has been built up.

Two of the Four Masters were O'Clerys, men of a Connaught family in which learning was a hereditary profession. The last hereditary historian of the O'Donnell kingdom, being without a son, gave his daughter to one of these O'Clerys on condition that their son should be bred an annalist; and so the tradition was continued; and the ruling O'Donnell bestowed on the O'Clerys lands in Kilbarron near Ballyshannon, where they built a fortified dwelling which survives in a stump of masonry.

This benefactor was Manus O'Donnell, himself a writer and a poet, who composed in Gaelic a Life of St Columba, Donegal's great saint—written during the reign of Henry VIII. Like many of these Irish princes, he spoke Latin and kept for his State correspondence a secretary who knew Latin and English.

Beyond Donegal the road skirts the north shore of Donegal Bay, while to the right of it rise the Blue Stack Mountains, whose long, wavering line grows familiar to those who use the golf-links at Bundoran. Along this inner part of the bay is much wooding, especially about Mount Charles, the Marquis of Conyngham's demesne. Beyond that at Inver, and again at Bruckless, you cross charming little rivers, and on the whole up to Killybegs you are still in civilization.

Killybegs has a perfect harbour and could be made into a delightful watering-place, but the facilities have not been developed. By far the most interesting thing here is the parent factory of the Donegal Carpet Industry.

Mr Alexander Morton, who began life as a weaver at Darvel in Ayrshire, made a fortune by his industry, and founded the great steam-power factories at Darvel and at Carlisle associated with his name. But he was also all through a 'fancier'; as a weaver he won all the local prizes for pansies, and, growing richer, he took to animals, finally concentrating on hackney horses. About 1900 he was at the Dublin Horse Show helping to judge hackneys when a member of the Congested Districts Board, which then had charge of Western Ireland, asked if he could not start some textile industry in the needy regions. He came down to see about it, and conceived the idea of using the local wool to make hand-tufted carpets. Ever since then these costly and beautiful fabrics have been wrought here by the girls of the countryside, who come in to work at the wide looms; half a dozen side by side all working on the same strip of carpet. Many sit barefooted; Irish is the common tongue—less so perhaps at Killybegs than at the other factories which sprang up at Kilcar, six miles off, and at Crolly Bridge on the north coast, not far from Gweedore. But everywhere the girls are a pleasant and happy sight to see as the richly coloured fabric grows under their clever fingers.

Mr Morton's idea was that of an artist-craftsman, not of a business man; and though he was too shrewd an organizer not to start the thing on business lines, it was really one of his 'fancyings.' But the curious part of the story is that this Lowland Scot fell in love with our Western Highlands; he built a house for himself near Killybegs, he started fruit-farming (another of his 'fancyings'), he established a great culture, especially of black currants, with transit arrangements to ship them profitably to Glasgow; and as years went on, Killybegs became more and more his home, till at the last he scarcely left it. The great works in England and Scotland went on without him, while he lived the life that most appealed to him here among these Catholic peasants. When the troubles came, from 1919 on—and there was a good deal of 'crossness' in West Donegal—he stayed where he was, undisturbed; he kept his factories open, though they were running at a loss, not liking to take away much-needed employment in a hard time. Last of all, he died at his home in Killybegs, and priest and parson and the whole population of the countryside assembled to pay the last honours they could to a friend and a benefactor and a good neighbour.

Some day a memorial to him should be raised in Ireland—he has one in his native Darvel. Yet in Donegal, so long as his factories are kept open, he needs no monument; and even if they were closed there is many a waste hillside that was broken by his plough, and the whole standard of living has been sensibly improved where he set his mark. Any passing traveller who chooses to buy what is made at these looms will buy what is costly, but almost imperishable in its beauty and comfort; and will also be helping in the one effective way to carry on a most beneficent work.

Beyond Killybegs you are in the wilds, and from this to Ardara you could probably count all the trees you see. Horses from this side of the county (what is called the low

country very absurdly), when they cross into the prosperous lands of the Finn Valley beyond Barnesmore Gap, often go wild with terror at the strange things they see rising up with great arms by the roadside and waving between them and the sun.

Carrick used to be a lovely place to stay, but the hotel there, which had been a sort of oasis for generations, was burnt in the 'crossness'; and the adorable little river is not a free fishing. But from the bridge on the Glen river you can turn downstream and then follow a road which leads to the mountain between you and the sea. How far up a motor will take you can be ascertained by experiment—I have only a footman's knowledge. It is well to take a guide if there is any chance of cloud coming down, for even the landward side of Slieve League is steep. Seaward, when you first reach the cliff-edge, is a drop of a thousand feet; thence a path winds up and up till you reach the One Man's Pass, when your path becomes a sort of knife-edge. (If you do not like it you can skirt round by a *détour* on the inner side, which is longer, but quite safe.) Finally, at the top you are 2000 feet up, and the cliff is almost sheer below you. You can see right across Donegal Bay to the Sligo coast and Benbulbin south-east, and due south fifty miles to the Mayo shore with the Stags of Broadhaven easily seen at the end of its long, low line. On a very clear day you should make out Achill and Nephin and Croaghpatrick.

Away inland is the whole huddle of mountains that lie north of Lough Erne and out toward Barnesmore Gap.

A pony-track will bring you back to your motor and Carrick or the little fishing-village of Teelin, where you may note (as all along this wild coast) projecting stones built in under the eaves of cottages so that the roof can be lashed with ropes.

Farther on still lies Glencolumbkille, and on your way to it you have a glimpse of Rathlin O'Beirne Island off

Malin Head; and near the village of Malin More is a notable group of Druidic remains—half a dozen cromlechs and the enclosure called Cloghanmore with two double subterranean chambers roofed with flags. Probably all this was pagan work. Yet at Glencolumb itself, a great centre of anchorite Christianity, one of these underground dwellings is found among the twelve stone crosses which decorate the place. My memory is dim, for it is a quarter of a century since I went there; but no other place in Ireland has left with me such an impression of savage grandeur. A little stream trickles out through the level and makes its way to the sea through cliffs which seem to have been shorn apart by some monstrous swordstroke. Boats were there, but lifted laboriously high away up on to shelves of rock; it is a terrible place to land at, even with a swell running on a calm day.

Here Columba, obeying the instinct or tradition which governed all the early Irish saints, set up a special centre of worship. He had seen the like on Aran, and that bleak island was really by far more accessible than this cove; for the sea leads to Aran and its harbour, the sea and cliff warn you off Glencolumb. It was near his birthplace at Gartan and his first schooling-place at Kilmacrenan; a hardy man could possibly cover the distance in one day across the mountains. Here at any rate he settled for a time, and these crosses and the huts roofed with huge stones, and the little churches and the holy well with the saint's blessing on it, are tokens of the monastic settlement that grew and flourished. But Columba himself did not stay long; he was never more than a sojourner anywhere in Ireland, establishing a centre and going on to establish another. He never fixed himself in permanence till he had crossed the narrow sea to Iona—Ireland's first missionary, and perhaps the most effective that ever went out from her shores.

There is a little inn in Glencolumbkille, and the last

report I heard, not very long ago, praised its neatness and its hospitality. At all events you can get a cup of tea there. And if you choose to settle down for a stay of some days, not Aran nor the Blaskets can give you a completer sense of Western Gaelic Ireland; and crag and mountain on all sides invite the walker.

From Glencolumbkille you can return the way you came, or take the road across the high moorland which brings you to the top of Glen Gesh, the most notably dangerous corkscrew hill in Ireland; and so down to Ardara. From these heights you have a view over all the intricacies and recesses of Loughros Bay; and from Ardara a straight road leads back to Inver and so to Donegal.

Or if you are motoring on north to Dungloe or Gweedore, your way will take you across the estuary of the Gweebarra, by the new metal bridge, and then north-west or north-east, according as your goal is Dungloe or Gweedore. But these places fit more properly to another grouping, to which I go on now.

IV. Derry

There are several ways into Donegal, but part of it can only be reached through Derry and that part is the most important for the history of Northern Ireland; so let us begin with Derry, which lies on the Foyle, a long estuary into which fall many rivers.

As you come from Dublin you follow their courses. Whether by Portadown or by Enniskillen you pick up the headwaters before you reach Omagh, near which two streams join and become the Shrule. At Newtownstewart comes in the Owenkillew from the Sperrin Mountains eastward on your right; and a little farther the Derg joins the main river, which henceforward is called the Mourne. Every angler, from the carriage-window, can estimate his chances by the state of the water and can watch lucky men fishing in perfect salmon-pools; and any-

one, angler or no, will enjoy the company of this beautiful, swift, broken water to Strabane. Here the Finn joins it from the Donegal mountains, and a long bridge spans the two streams to Lifford, which has been always the pass into Tyrconnell. The O'Donnells built a castle here and it saw many fights. Always a frontier, it marks to-day the beginning of Free State Territory.

A little beyond Strabane the rail crosses the water, now tidal, and continues along the left bank for nearly twenty miles, till it reaches the hummock of land rising out of what was originally level swamp, on which Derry was built. The place was indeed an island before reclamation began; and even to the eighteenth century a strip of bog divided it from the high ground to the north where the Roman Catholic cathedral stands. That is now the Bogside.

No other town in Ireland has more vital contacts with history. Its records begin far back, about 550. The kings of Northern Ireland had, it seems, made their habitation on this island, though their official seat was at Ailech, a primitive stone citadel (like Staigue Fort in Kerry) which stands five miles off on the ridge between the Foyle Valley and Lough Swilly. A kinsman of the King was born in 520, at Gartan in Donegal, and was schooled at Kilmacrenan on the Lennon, and then determined, like many other young princes of that time, to become a leader in religion—though by his blood he was of the little group from whom the King must be chosen, and if chosen King at Ailech he might become High King of Ireland.

But the boy, who was called Columba, chose religion and learning and perfected himself, going from monastery to monastery until, having received priest's orders and finished his training, he came to his kinsman Ainmire, the King of Ailech, and asked for a site on which to found a monastery. Ainmire gave his own habitation, the

Derry—that is, the Oak-grove—and on it Columba established the first of a chain of monasteries which covered the northern half of Ireland. On the island he built (probably about where the Protestant bishop's palace stands) his church, Teampall Mór; and to this day the Protestant cathedral of Derry is the parish church of Temple More.

How Columba loved his first settlement may be judged best from the story that when his 'Great Church' was built, it could not be correctly orientated without destroying certain oak-trees; so the oak-trees were spared, and the church fitted in as best it could. Also, it was from Derry that Columba set out on the missionary journey which was his farewell to Ireland. With twelve monks he rowed down Lough Foyle, keeping Slieve Snacht and the other Inishowen hills on his left, and Benevenagh on the right facing them, in what was the O'Cahans' country and is now part of County Derry. They passed the ten-mile-long strand of Magilligan, down the channel which here contracts to a river at low tide; and they passed the Bann mouth and the rocks where Portstewart and Portrush were to grow up, and the chalky cliffs before you come to Dunluce—where was then no castle; but the Causeway pointed the way to Scotland. Probably they hugged the land still, till they reached Rathlin Island and the shortest crossing. But according to tradition, as they rowed, Columba put the sorrow of his heart into lamentation for leaving "My Derry, my own oak-grove, my little house, my home, my love."

Whether he actually wrote the poem which begins, "There is a grey eye looks back to Derry," he was certainly a poet and the protector of poets.

Derry throve as a seat of piety and learning till in the ninth century the Danes wrecked it time and again; but it was rebuilt. In 1195 Normans under de Courcy burnt it when taking part in an internecine Irish war. A hundred years later the de Burgo Earls of Ulster pushed their

conquests as far as Inishowen and built what is still called Greencastle on the shores of Lough Foyle; but after Bruce's invasion all the country passed back to the Gaels, and Inishowen, the peninsula at whose base Derry stands, became in particular the land of the O'Dohertys. To this day "you cannot beat a bush there without starting an O'Doherty."

Whether O'Donnell or O'Neill was lord of Inishowen, many wars failed to settle; but one fact is significant. The county of Donegal is all included in the Bishopric of Raphoe, which, like all Irish sees, corresponded to a lordship that existed in the twelfth century when the ecclesiastical divisions were formed. County Donegal was planned to represent the kingdom of Tyrconnell as it was centuries later when Tyrconnell became a shire; and the county includes Inishowen.

Derry came back into history in Elizabeth's reign. Sir Henry Sidney, Philip's father, planted a fort there "to make war on the backside of Shane O'Neill." This fort was wrecked in 1588 by an explosion and became derelict.

But at this time Sir John Perrott, Henry VIII's bastard, was governing Ireland, and he had taken a measure to secure the North. The O'Donnells had remained constant in alliance with the English since Hugh Roe made fosterage with the Great Earl of Kildare. Calvagh O'Donnell, their ruler in 1587, was an old man who had inflicted defeat on Shane O'Neill and brought down Elizabeth's strongest enemy in Ireland. But Perrott was all for making sure. Calvagh had married late in life a Scottish princess of the MacDonnells, the Lords of the Isles. This was a powerful alliance, and the child of it, another Red Hugh, showed great promise, and there was much talk of what might be before him. Perrott heard the talk, and sent down a ship to lie in Lough Swilly with a cargo of wine and other attractive goods.

There was a castle at Rathmullen—its ruins are there

CROSS AT CHURCH, GLENCOLUMBKILLE

Photo R. Welsh

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ROARING MEG AND WALKER'S MONUMENT, LONDONDERRY

Photo London, Midland & Scottish Railway Co.

—belonging to the McSwineys, a clan of galloglasses, that is, professional soldiers. The clan had three divisions, McSwiney Fanad, McSwiney Bannaght, and McSwiney Doe. Bannaght is out in the west toward Slieve League; Fanad in the peninsula between Mulroy and Lough Swilly, and Rathmullen was McSwiney Fanad's. Doe is at the Lackagh mouth, nearly opposite Rosapenna. McSwiney Doe was the chief McSwiney, and with him the young prince, his foster child, was staying. Word of the ship came to Doe, and Red Hugh with other lads of his kin rode over. They sent out to buy wine, but were answered that all was sold, except what the captain reserved to entertain his guests; and the young nobles were invited on board. While they were below in the cabin at their wine, sail was got on the vessel, the anchor was weighed, and Perrott's agent sailed off to Dublin with Perrott's prisoners. Red Hugh lived there in the castle for years with other hostages, noble youths through whom Elizabeth's Government sought to control their fathers. But this boy was hard to hold. He escaped once into the Dublin mountains, where the O'Byrnes from Glenmalure were to meet him; but a flood stopped them and he was recaptured and kept in irons. He escaped again after a year, at Christmas-time, and this time nearly perished of exposure; his comrade-fugitive died. But Hugh merely lost a toe of his foot through frostbite, and he got back to Tyrconnell and within a few weeks had driven the English garrison out of Donegal. This was in 1593. He was certainly no friend to the English; he was a natural-born leader and soldier; and pressure from him very largely decided Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, whose daughter he married, to join in a great effort to shake off English rule.

After many successes, and the great victory of the Yellow Ford, came the collapse at Kinsale. Red Hugh took ship for Spain, to urge Philip to renew the enterprise;

and in Spain he was poisoned by an agent of Elizabeth's Governor of Munster, Carew.

O'Neill still held out; his stronghold was in O'Cahan's country, north of Lough Neagh; Elizabeth was dying, and her heir was a friend to O'Neill. Terms were made. O'Neill retained his earldom of Tyrone, and Red Hugh's successor, Rory O'Donnell, was created Earl of Tyrconnell.

In the last stages of this struggle a very able man, Sir Henry Docwra, had been sent round to re-occupy Derry. He did so and soon had buildings there to lodge two thousand men. Docwra's policy detached Neil Garbh O'Donnell from his chief and gave Red Hugh revolt to cope with in his own country from Lifford to Donegal. Meanwhile Docwra made friendship with the young chief of Inishowen, Cahir O'Doherty, whom he set up against a claimant supported by Red Hugh; he brought the young man to live with him in Derry, trained him in English ways, and got him a knighthood.

Under James I there was great dissatisfaction among the men who had made the final conquest of Ireland to see their opponent Hugh O'Neill still in possession of wealth and lands; and Hugh O'Neill, who had been an Irish king, did not fit easily into his place as an English lord. The story is hard to unravel, but at all events its upshot is unmistakable. O'Neill was convinced that his enemies were determined to have his life and lands, and O'Donnell's also; so secret arrangements were made. In September 1607 a ship from Drogheda lay off Rathmullen. To Rathmullen, from Lifford and through Letterkenny and Ramelton, came a company of fifty or sixty riders and trysted at Rathmullen with other princes; and on that September day the Earls of Tyrone and of Tyrconnell with their wives and kindred took ship from Ireland for ever. This was the Flight of the Earls.

The Flight of the Earls was the pretext for the Plantation of Ulster. O'Neill and O'Donnell were impeached of

treason, and a jury summoned declared them traitors. The Crown construed this to mean that all of Ulster which had owed obedience to O'Neill or to O'Donnell was forfeit to the Crown.

Sir Cahir O'Doherty served as foreman on the jury which pronounced the finding. But when Sir Henry Docwra was withdrawn from Derry his successor Paulet quarrelled with the young chief and finally struck him with a whip. O'Doherty went back to Birt Castle near Inch Island on Lough Swilly, raised a following, marched on Derry, killed Paulet, sacked the place, and burnt it. Then he was himself hunted down by an English force and, finally standing to bay at the Rock of Doon near Kilmacrenan, was shot, and his head went to Dublin Castle. All was now clear for the Plantation.

The Counties of Armagh, Tyrone, Cavan, Fermanagh, Derry, and Donegal were sold off to settlers, a certain proportion being reserved to the native Irish. Account being taken only of arable land, 200,000 acres went to British settlers, 100,000 to the established Protestant Church, and 50,000 to the native Irish. As a general upshot, the Irish got the mountains, the settlers got the valleys.

But by far the most important allotment was that of the O'Cahan country. The O'Cahans were the chief *urraghts* or sub-chiefs under O'Neill, and their district stretched from Derry to Coleraine, and the allotment included both these places, together with the fisheries of the Foyle and the Bann.

All of this was bought for £20,000 by a company formed from the twelve guilds of the City of London, which was called, and is still called, the Irish Society. It still is the ground landlord of what they now call Londonderry; though in Ireland Derry is Derry—no more, and no less.

The new settlers, to do them justice, made such a town as had not before been seen in Northern Ireland. In

general plan, it corresponded to most of the Plantation towns; four streets converging on an irregular square called the Diamond near the top of the hill, and on top of it all church and steeple. But in Derry they added such walls that a carriage can still be driven round most of their circuit.

Several gates led out: Bishop's Gate is near the cathedral and palace, from which runs the road along the Foyle to Strabane and so to Dublin; Ferryquay Gate leads to where the fine modern bridge now stands; Shipquay Gate is at the bottom of the very steep hill from the Diamond, and Butcher's Gate is at the north corner leading toward the Bogside.

Derry's defences kept it secure during the dreadful period of war from 1641 to 1652, but in the next war Derry Walls grew famous. The Revolution had taken place in England, but the Irish Parliament stood for James II. Colonel Lundy held Derry and wavered. A regiment of Catholics under Lord Antrim was ordered to garrison the town and moved up through County Derry. A company of its men was already across the ferry and marching to the gate before any decision was taken by the town's authorities. But a group of prentice boys snatched the keys and locked the gate in the face of the advancing troops—who withdrew. This was on December 7, old style.

Within the next three months Protestants drew in from Northern Ulster to Derry Walls. By April 1690 James was marching northward; and the commander, Colonel Lundy, was a Stuart partisan. But the story how Lundy's treachery was exposed and how Murray took charge is too famous to tell again. The siege lasted 105 days till August 1st, old style (the Relief is now celebrated on the 12th). But the great day in Derry is December 18, when the Shutting of the Gates is commemorated by the burning of Lundy in effigy.

The cathedral has many objects of interest, but chiefly the hollow shell containing proposals for submission which was shot in; Derry shot back another with the words: "No Surrender." That became Ulster's slogan.

The personage who came out most conspicuous from the siege was the Reverend George Walker, Rector of Donaghmore in Tyrone, who took a leading part in the defence and subsequently fell at the Boyne. He is commemorated by the Walker Memorial on a pillar 90 feet high; there he still reads the Bible. At a bastion behind the Bishop's Palace stands Roaring Meg, the cannon whose voice was loudest in battle.

Except for its historic associations there is little reason why anyone should linger in Derry's prosperous streets. But the view from the Waterside looking across the Foyle to the walled city is well worth seeing; and you should follow the road far enough to see where the boom was fixed across the narrow channel. Captain Browning—a Derry seaman—steered the *Mountjoy* with his own hand under heavy fire to charge it, burst the obstacle, and was shot down; but he lived long enough to reach Derry Quay and to know that he had delivered his people from starvation or surrender.

Also, before you leave Derry it is well to drive out the few miles to the Grianan of Ailech. This ancient fort, whose stones, once scattered, have been piled into their original setting, was the seat of kings for at least a thousand years. In the century after Brian Boru's death a king from Ailech invaded Thomond and cut down the sacred tree under which the O'Brien kings were inaugurated. Time brings its revenges, and an O'Brien king was able to march to Ailech, pull down its rough walls, and carry back some of the stones to be built into the cathedral of Limerick.

But the best reason for visiting Ailech is the command it gives of all that embayed shore. You look over Lough

Foyle and see how the mountains of Inishowen divide that from Lough Swilly; you see all the shape of Lough Swilly and how the bend on its deep entrance gives perfect shelter to the basin between Rathmullen and Buncrana; you see how Inch Island was a natural position for covering artillery in the days of two- or three-mile range; and you may also be able to discern how modern ordnance has replaced this by far-reaching guns at Dunree and farther down to the mouth at Dunaff Head. For Lough Swilly in the Free State is one of the ports still occupied by Great Britain as a naval base.

Underneath you is Birt Castle, Cahir O'Doherty's stronghold; and between you and Inch Island is slob and water, one of the greatest breeding-grounds for the wild swan; you may see fifties of them there any day.

And away north is a vista of the whole chain of our northern mountains from the table-backed Muckish to the bare peak of Errigal.

V. North Donegal

Just as I have suggested seeing Dublin from Howth or Greystones, and Belfast from Bangor and Holywood, so I think a traveller might well push on to a watering-place near Derry.

On Lough Foyle, Moville, a port of call for transatlantic steamers, and Greencastle are attractive spots, with all the mountainous range of Inishowen behind them, and Lloyd's signal-station at Malin Head for another interest. On Lough Swilly, Buncrana is the terminus of a little railway, and the Castle Hotel here has a beautiful site; and the excellent links are almost at the door. Two pleasant little rivers tumble in here, and one offers a good chance for salmon in a flood. Back in the mountains are lakes where trout are easy to be caught.

But the Donegal which I know best, and would most

gladly recommend to tourists, lies in Tyrconnell, west of the Swilly, and stretches to Gweedore and beyond that to Dungloe. It has three sea loughs, Swilly, Mulroy, and Sheephaven, of which Mulroy is perhaps the most varied in beauty, for it is the most landlocked; and Lough Swilly the most gracious, and Sheephaven the openest, boldest, and most exhilarating. It has three rivers: the Lennon which flows into Lough Swilly's upper arm at Ramelton, the Lackagh which falls into the Ards channel of Sheephaven, and the Clady which falls out at Gweedore. Half a dozen smaller streams, from the Swilly to the Crolly, hold salmon and sea-trout; and at Dungloe is one of the most reputed sea-trout fisheries. Further, this district has more lakes than anyone could possibly count, if one includes all the bog-holes—and some of these are even better worth fishing than the big lakes, so far as trout are the object.

Also it has great plenty of golf-links—one of them first-rate, and several good.

You can enter it by rail, curving round Lough Swilly to Letterkenny (a town with a notable new cathedral and diocesan college), and then up through the hills to where it crosses the Lennon below Gartan, and so past the Rock of Doon and through the picturesque pass, Barnesbeg, under the shoulder of Lough Salt; and across the upper valley of the Lackagh (there called the Owenharrow) by a long viaduct, and so to Creeslough at the end of the Ards Channel; and thence past the Ards demesne, than which there is nothing more enchanting among Irish country places. Then at Dunfanaghy Road the line turns round the flank of Muckish, and from this for some forty miles to Burton Port you are in the wilds.

Dungloe is a place for anglers. But at Gweedore the hotel, established by a noble gentleman, Lord George Hill, has always been an oasis; about it grows a belt of trees, and there is a nicely cultivated garden; and though

every beat on the river is always let, the trout-fisher has lakes above it with good chance of salmon and sea-trout and a certainty of brown. This is also a perfect centre for mountain-walking; Errigal, just over the hotel, may be a walk or a scramble or a real climb, as you choose; but it commands a view on a clear day down into County Mayo; and seaward it looks over that island-studded coastline to the west, and north-east to Tory, which might be Windsor Castle standing up from mid-Atlantic.

Nearer in to civilization I have stayed pleasantly in the inn at Falcarragh, and here are three rivers of the smaller size, all holding salmon—and again mountain-walks in plenty; Muckish especially is easy reach.

At Dunfanaghy you are on Sheephaven Bay, and here are boats in plenty for pollock-fishing or mackerel, and from here you can make the excursion to Horn Head by sea or by land, or by both. This island, joined to the main by a causeway, has a cliff face running up 800 feet, and is one of the greatest breeding-places for sea-birds easily accessible. There is an amateurish little golf-links here; there are lakes, good lakes, to fish; and all these things are equally accessible from the townland of Portnablah a couple of miles away. Here is the simplest kind of watering-place; many of its visitors stay in the cottages round about, and there are one or two regular lodging-houses and even nowadays a small hotel.

There is no use advising you to try and get taken in by Mrs Mullen unless you can go in May or June—lucky you, if you can go in June, the perfect month for this country, when the nights are scarcely an hour long. But nobody who has ever stayed with Mrs Mullen will be content in any other house at Portnablah.

Across the arm of Sheephaven which is called Downings Bay, a great fishing-station, is the leading hotel of this countryside, Lord Leitrim's Rosapenna. It stands on

the sandy neck between Sheephaven and Mulroy in the middle of a very good links; its guests have the freedom of a dozen lakes and the Lackagh river; it is built of pitch pine, clean and clean-smelling; it has a *chef*, and you dress for dinner.

And within three miles walk from it, at the end of the peninsula, you can reach Tranarossan, one of the remotest places in all Ireland and most beautiful.

Inward, Sheephaven Bay narrows into a channel past the wooded dells and promontories of Ards; huge expanses of pure sand strip at low tide, and the sand here is almost tawny. Good sport is to be had for grown-ups or children catching sand-eels; you do it with a blunt-edged knife and a bucket or other receptacle, as you wade in the channels where these lovely creatures shoot about like swift shuttles before they dive into the sand, from which you skilfully extract them.

Bathing here is of course perfection; and for views it would be hard to beat the one from Ganiamore, the little hill which shelters the hotel seaward.

On the other side of Mulroy is the Fanad peninsula, with its spine of rocky mountain that we call the Devil's Backbone, and on the Swilly side of this is the well-appointed Portsalon Hotel, with even a better links than the Rosapenna one. The fisherman would choose Rosapenna every time; but for bathing, Portsalon would have it; and the low rocky points with little bays of sand in between are a perfect playground for children—especially if they are old enough to fish for little pollock from the rocks.

The cliffs here have great beauty and interest, from the sheer Binn of Fanad to the Seven Arches, where are wonderful corridors of rock with vaulted outlets—haunted by seal and by rock-pigeon, and growing the glossy delicate sea-fern.

Nearer in to the civilization of which Derry is a focal centre, Rathmullen in the sheltered basin of Lough Swilly

has a little hotel, which is without pretensions, but has been warmly praised to me for its comfort, cleanliness, and friendliness; and near it by the little strand of MacKamish (pronounce the second 'a' broad) offers a charming nine-hole links.

That is the coastline. But now follow up the valley of the Lennon from Ramelton. The wonderful stretch of salmon water here called the Pool is not publicly accessible; but from Drummonaghan Wood and Carnisk waterfall all is free fishing; and Drummonaghan is a great stretch of wild wood. The river valley will bring you after about four miles to Lough Fern, one of the best free lakes in Ireland. Anglers stay either with my friend John O'Grady, or in Taylor's Hotel at Kilmacrenan, two miles off, commanding the Upper Lennon; or else they approach the lough from the other end at Milford, which is only five miles drive from Rathmullen. Here Mr and Mrs M'Creadie show the world what a simple angling hotel ought to be. And if you do not want to fish, but merely desire to explore North Donegal, there is no better centre to do it from.

Or if there is, it will be found at the headwaters of the Lennon, on Gartan Lough, called the Lough Columb Hotel. Here I once spent with a large party a most pleasant fortnight; and except Glencar in Kerry, I know no other place so good for the boy or girl who wants to catch trout. It beats Glencar in this, that the lakes—for there are three of them—are at the very door.

Also, it is the nearest place to stay for the exploration of Glen Veagh, in its long, narrow cleft between two steep mountain-sides, which is by general consent the most picturesque lake in Donegal. You can reach Glen Veagh from any of these places I have named; and no road to it is finer than that which leads from Gweedore past Dunlewy and its chain of little lakes, and round the base of Errigal, whose peak rises so boldly, and past the Poisoned

Glen in which once at least a botanist found that rare thing, the Killarney fern.

The wooding on Glen Veagh's slopes is primeval—mostly scrub-oak and holly; but yew and juniper grow there, and have grown there from all time.

But of all views in this countryside I would most commend you to one that is reached if you take the lonely road up the south shore of Gartan Lough, and wind up the steep incline to the pass between the two mountains. From the top of this, if you look west, your eye travels down the valley of the Gweebarra, and you may see the sun lighting up the huge sandhills at its mouth near Portnoo. Under you is Lough Barra, where a boat is hard to come by; but there I have had good fishing both for trout and salmon.

Turn your back on this, and you look now down the length of Glen Veagh to where the Owenharrow issues from it to flow into Glen Lough, near Rosapenna; and you see where the Lackagh falls from Glen Lough into the Ards Channel by Doe Castle, on Sheephaven. The two waterheads here are not half a mile apart; but from the one estuary on the tideway to the other is sixty miles of cliffy shore.

Of all things to be seen at Gartan the most touching is a flagstone, on which they say Columba's mother gave birth to her famous and holy child; and the virtue which it keeps is this, that whoever has to leave his country, as Columba did, for some other land overseas, may touch the stone in prayer, and obtain deliverance from the pain of what we call in Ulster "thinking long." Many an emigrant has made pilgrimage there; yet it is not the chief place of pilgrimage in this region.

You will find that near Kilmacrenan railway-station, which is a couple of miles from the village, out among the heather hills. Here is the Rock of Doon, a flat-topped rocky hillock, so different in shape from all that huddle of

little hills as to be a natural place of assembly; and to it for many centuries the clansmen of Tyrconnell assembled when an O'Donnell was chosen king. Here was the place of inauguration. There must have been great concourses here when Red Hugh, after he had escaped from Dublin Castle and had driven the English soldiers out of the fort in Donegal, came here, his old father resigning the kingship, to be proclaimed Lord of Tyrconnell.

But few think now of the Rock. What is known far and wide in Donegal, and wherever Donegal emigrants go, is Doon Well at the foot of the Rock. Here, if anywhere in the world, cures have been wrought; and here, if anywhere, cures are hoped for. Cripples come here and leave their crutches; all that come for a purpose of cure, or to carry away the water for cure, leave some rag, some piece of what they have worn; and the result is the strange assemblage which can be seen in the photograph.

I myself remember as a boy to have heard of a man who came back from Glasgow on pilgrimage to the Well carrying all he had in the world—his bed-ridden mother and a mattress that she lay on. He carried the mother a few perches down the road, leaving the mattress; he went back for the mattress, carried that ahead and went back for the mother; that was how he was making his way from the quay at Ramelton, where the steamer had brought him, to Doon Well. How he fared, we never heard, but we hoped for his faith.

I have not attempted to write about this particular countryside as a stranger, or in any way impartially in different. But in all truth, I know no other which holds more of beauty, not only in the places that are famous, but, for instance, on the common highroad from Letterkenny to Ramelton, when you look down on the exquisite shape that Lough Swilly makes lying there below, backed by the exquisite skyline of Slieve Snacht in Inishowen beyond it; while all to your left is the rim of hills from

Fanad round by Glenalla to Lough Salt, and Muckish, Altan, and Dooish with its two paps, and last of all Errigal —the whole making a long profile, so firm yet so delicate, so wavering yet so constant, against that northern sky.

And there may be people elsewhere in Ireland gayer, cleverer, wittier; but there are none kinder or more hospitable, none better to be with. If you judge Ireland by Donegal only, you will give Ireland as fair a chance as any Irishman need desire.

CHAPTER IX

AMUSEMENTS

WHEREVER you sit down to stay among the places to which this book calls your attention, you will have either sea or mountain or lake or river at hand to tempt you to excursions, and very often three or four of them together. You will meet very few warnings against trespass; indeed, provided you do not trample growing crops or leave gaps or gates open, you can go about anywhere in Ireland. Also, you can get boating of all sorts. But it has to be remembered that wind has tremendous power on the west coast, and a skilled boatman must be taken; and this is true also on the big lakes, especially at Killarney, because the high, enclosing mountains set up dangerous eddies and a fierce wave gets up quickly. Also, on the west coast it is unsafe even for a skilled oarsman to assume that he can manage one of the canvas-covered canoes or *curraghs*, though a local boatman will take them crawling like a sea-spider over huge Atlantic rollers.

Riding you can get without difficulty in Dublin, and few things are pleasanter than a gallop in the Phœnix Park or along the huge stretch of strand between Dublin and Dunleary—nobody who can enjoy this pleasure ought to miss it. Elsewhere you may chance to come by a mount; at Galway it should not be difficult to manage; in Cork or in Limerick there would be no difficulty. But there are few saddle-horses along the western seaboard.

All the towns have their cinemas, of course, and dances are organized in the bigger hotels. Some have

public tennis-courts, though of a rough-and-ready kind; clubs exist in many places, but an introduction through some member is necessary. A hotel-keeper can arrange this. But if tennis be essential to the happiness of your party, make sure about it beforehand, and do not expect it anywhere on the west coast except at Galway, Bundoran, and Mallaranny.

You can get first-class golf from the hotels at Portrush, in Antrim; at Newcastle, in County Down; at Greenore, in County Louth; at Portsalon, on Lough Swilly; at Rosapenna, on Sheephaven; and at Lahinch, in County Clare. Bundoran, Galway, and Rosses Point are also 18-hole links. From Dublin the famous links of Dollymount, Portmarnock, and the Island at Malahide are easily accessible if you can get an introduction through your own club.

For full details about golf get the *Year Book* of the Golfing Union of Ireland from G. Price, Esq., Galtrim Road, Bray. Over 150 clubs are affiliated.

It may be a fisherman's point of view, but it seems to me that Ireland's extraordinary attraction is the range and variety of fishing it offers all the year round. There is water everywhere, and all the fresh water holds fish; most of it holds trout and salmon and sea-trout, and a vast deal of it is free.

All of the great lakes are free—a dozen of them. Lough Neagh is never treated as an angling lake, for it is systematically netted, but it holds quantities of salmon, superb trout, and pike, and a beautiful fish called pollen, and anyone who fishes steadily must catch some sooner or later. But there are Loughs Corrib and Mask, easily accessible from Galway, Corrib holding salmon; there are the three lakes through which the Shannon flows, Allen, Ree, and Derg. Derg is possibly as good even as Corrib, so is Lough Conn, in Mayo. There are the Westmeath lakes, Ennell, Owell, and

Derevaragh, all renowned in the season for dapping with the mayfly. There is Lough Sheelin on the Cavan border. Lough Arrow and Lough Gara are probably less good, but in them also there is the chance of catching a 10-pound trout or a 30-pound pike. Corrib and Mask, on the edge of Connemara and of the Joyce country, have wild and beautiful scenery, but all these are mainly haunts of the angler, and the inns are laid out merely for him. But the stray visitor carrying tackle (or borrowing it on the spot) can try his luck. I did that once in Corrib, and caught a 17-pound trout before lunch. On Sheelin, which is scarcely fished at all after the dapping season, a friend of mine caught with the wet fly one afternoon in September 1926 five trout weighing 15 pounds, the biggest 5½.

Then there are the rivers. The best of the Shannon, about Castle Connell, is strictly preserved, but a stretch just above Limerick is free, and also one just at Killaloe. I have caught fine trout and salmon in both. From Lough Derg to its source the whole Shannon is free, and you may get a 40-pounder anywhere. More likely you will get nothing, but there is the chance. Also, the Shannon holds splendid trout.

The Bann is free from Toomebridge, where it leaves Lough Neagh, and here also I have caught good trout and plenty of pike.

There is free water on the Nore, at Inistiogue, and again at Kilkenny, with a chance of salmon and plenty of trout to fish for—but not big ones. The Barrow is nearly all free water, and the fishing at St Mullins, not far from New Ross, is highly praised. Much of the Suir is free for trout-fishing. So is the Erne, and very good.

All this is information for the more or less expert angler. But the beginner should head for either Kerry or Donegal. Trout are plenty in the lakes of Killarney (and here also is good free salmon-fishing), but the place

AT LOUGH NA FOOEY 262

Photo by 'the Major'

DOON HOLY WELL AND ROCK, KILMACRENAN

Photo R. Welsh

to be sure of getting trout is on the lesser lakes from which the Caragh river flows. On Caragh Lake itself they do not take so freely as in the upper ones, Lough Cloon and Lough Acoos. I have seen a boy get a couple of dozen there at his first attempt—herring-sized fish.

In Donegal, Gartan Lough and Akibbon, at the head-waters of the Lennon, are almost as free rising as the Kerry lakes; Lough Fern less so, but it is really good for salmon. The Lennon itself is one of the best free rivers in Ireland.

But on the whole the ideal typical place for a fisherman's holiday is the Glencar Hotel, which gives its guests a rod on the Caragh river, excellent for salmon, and Cloon and Acoos within an easy drive. There are other lakes within reach, and this mountainous valley at the back of Carrantuohill, the highest of Magillicuddy's Reeks, is as beautiful as any place this side of paradise.

Gweedore is first-rate salmon-fishing, but as a rule let in advance; the lake is all free for hotel guests.

Sea-trout fishing, the most sought after of all, for it is at its best in July and August, is the hardest to come by. But there are famous centres free at Dungloe, in Donegal, and at Waterville, in Kerry. Connemara is the home of it *par excellence*, but the best waters are not free. Yet from the Leenane Hotel, on Killary Bay, and from hotels at Cashel and Carna, on Galway Bay, sea-trout water is available for guests with plenty of brown trout-fishing. Also, along any part of the Irish coast, wherever any little burn flows into the sea, there is a chance for sea-trout about its lower part if a flood comes; and in all such waters are little brown trout in plenty—difficult but amusing to fish for.

In the matter of trout-fishing the dry fly has not come widely into use; and as for roach, perch, and other such coarse fish, nobody bothers to fish seriously for them, though a great authority on angling once told me

that if he went to Ireland it would be to look for records in this kind of basket.

Sea-fishing there is wherever you have sea. Mackerel come in August along most of the coast. Wherever there is a rocky shore and seaweed there are pollock—the deeper the water the bigger the fish; and wherever there is sand there are flat-fish. Ballycotton, on the south coast of Cork, is a favourite resort of sea anglers. So is Waterville, where bass are to be had. In Galway Bay friends of mine spin for small shark, with a light chain attached to the hook, and get these creatures. In general, sea-fishing as a sport is neglected in Ireland, and anyone skilful at it would probably astonish the local boatmen. A writer in *The British Sea Angler's Review* for September 1926 described his experiences of spinning with rod and line for shark and tope and other big fish from Achill. They were amazing enough. But off Achill Head, where the tide runs fierce, fishing would only be possible, he said, in a strong motor-boat. With this, in his opinion, all records might be broken. The local men had once caught a halibut which had to be cut in three pieces before it could be all got into the ricketty *curragh*.

For full details consult the *Anglers' Guide* for the Irish Free State, issued by the Department of Fisheries, at 2*s*. It has careful maps and all manner of instructions. Messrs Hodges, Figgis and Co., or any other Dublin bookseller, will have it.

About shooting, several of the hotels own stretches of mountain, and you can walk after grouse there with the chance of getting a few birds. Partridge-shooting does not open in Ireland till September 20—where there are partridge left. In winter there is a great deal of rough shooting to be had—snipe and occasional woodcock, plover, curlew, and duck. Also, from August 1 duck are in season, and on lakes which have large reed

beds, such as Lough Fern in Donegal, a gun is a great addition to a boat when you are fishing. On the cliffs along Lough Swilly, as in many other places, rock-pigeon offer the most difficult shot of all; and if you can get leave to have a rifle, seals may be shot—and should be shot, for they destroy too many fish.

If you come over to shoot, it is well to ask your hotel-keeper in advance to arrange for the necessary permits.

Indeed, the possibilities of rough free shooting in Ireland have never been exploited by visitors, and I cannot imagine a better winter holiday than to try one's luck, say at Milford in Donegal, or Glencar in Kerry, or Schull or Glengariff. For this purpose the small hotels would be best. The Dunraven Arms at Adare might provide some excellent snipe-shooting. It is well to remember that snipe are much more plentiful in a district where they have a substantial supply of worms than in the barren mountains.

As to hunting, I can give no guidance, but the Irish Tourist Association, 14 Lower O'Connell Street, Dublin, issues a leaflet, and information is easily obtained.

Racing can be had in plenty from May, which opens with Punchestown, to October, which winds up with a meeting at Leopardstown. Baldoyle, Phœnix Park, and Leopardstown all have a meeting in each of these months. Limerick Junction course offers the same. But a list can be had from the Tourist Association.

The Leopardstown event in August is always fixed for the Saturday and Monday before the Dublin Horse Show, which is the first Tuesday to Friday in August. Phœnix Park finishes the week. The Galway meeting is always just before these events, and Galway is worth a visit, even for those who care little about racing. The course is on a high saddle of ground commanding a view north-west over Lough Corrib and Lough Mask

to the Connemara mountains and the Joyce country, and south-east over the plains which lead down to Lough Derg and the Shannon. Apart from this, it is steeplechasing of the first quality, and the whole West goes there, gentle and simple: a most characteristic view of Irish life.

Yet for the humours of the sport and for a display of local character, I would rather have one of the little local farmers' races which do not attain to the dignity of the Racing Calendar, and for whose proceedings the Turf Club takes no responsibility. Such races may be held in a couple of fields with obstacles rigged up for the occasion, as at Oughterard, in County Galway, or very often on a stretch of sand, as at Ardmore, in County Waterford. It is always worth inquiring whether any such event is likely to take place; and if it is, go there.

Also make inquiries, especially in the South of Ireland, about the local horse shows. There is a big one at Mallow, a bigger one at Cork, and at all these occasions there is display of jumping and horsemanship of all kinds.

For yachting, the chief centres are Dunleary (formerly Kingstown), with the Royal Irish and Royal St George Clubs; Bangor (the Royal Ulster) and Cultra (the Royal North of Ireland), both on Belfast Lough; and Cove (which was Queenstown) with the Royal Cork. Also at Crosshaven, on the opposite shore of Cork Harbour, is the Royal Munster.

At Dunleary there are local sailing competitions every week, and also at Howth. At Wicklow a regatta is held on the August Bank Holiday.

The Royal North of Ireland Regatta is at Cultra, and the Royal Ulster at Bangor, County Down.

There is plenty of cricket in Dublin during the summer, and the Phœnix Park is one of the pleasantest places in the world to watch it. The College Park, a playing-

field of Trinity College, is even more attractive; a fine cricket-ground in the very heart of a great city overlooked by its finest buildings is a rare thing.

Dublin is no longer so great a lawn-tennis centre as in the days when Irish players were always in the first flight at Wimbledon; but the Irish Championship is a big event, and is played in Dublin on the Fitzwilliam ground in July.

Among the most characteristic gatherings in Ireland are the fairs, of which the greatest is that of Ballinasloe, in East Galway, but it is held in early October. It lasts five days, and is a great mart for sheep and cattle; but its glory is the horse. I have seen myself representatives of the German, French, Italian, and Spanish Governments on their way to it to pick up Irish blood for their cavalry studs.

Cahirmee, in County Cork, is probably the biggest annual horse-fair in Munster. It is usually held in July. Yet the monthly fairs in most places have even more interest for the visitor. At Milford, on the 23rd of each month, or at Creeslough, in Donegal, on the 10th, you have a compendium of the life of County Donegal; but the farther west you go the more picturesque and racy of the soil are the costumes. Galway will show you the man from Connemara in his *bawneen* (a white flannel sleeved waistcoat) alongside of the small farmers from the flat limestone plain east of Corrib, all of whom wear skirted cutaway coats of rough blackish-brown cloth; the Connemara women's red petticoat will be there, and you may even see men from the Aran Islands wearing the *pampooties*, heelless boots of raw hide, and generally a sort of Tam o' Shanter cap, and loose trousers of homespun tweed. Irish will be spoken almost as much as English, and what at first looks like a quarrel to the death resolves itself into an argument over a pound's difference in the price of a heifer. It

will be settled in the end by one of the surrounding group (for no man bargains without an audience), who will seize the two combatants and, forcing them together, say: "You'll split the difference and make it £13 10*s*.; come now, you won't break my word." And if he has correctly interpreted the hidden mind of each, the pair, to oblige him, will strike hands together, and drinks sooner or later will be interchanged. But there may be some further discussion about the 'luck penny,' which is a trifle of shillings thrown in to sweeten the buyer's bargain to him.

The North of Ireland has its own special gatherings on the 12th of July, when Orangemen celebrate the victory of the Boyne with great display of orange lilies and beating of drums. At times when political feeling does not run high this is regarded by the whole community as a normal part of Irish life, and in no way resented. Roman Catholics used to hold a rival procession on August 15—Lady Day in harvest—that is, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, oldest of all the feasts of Our Lady. Political meetings were often held on this day, and the drums were not much fewer than at the Orange ceremonies; I have seen as many as forty-eight. If there were a shortage on such occasions, it was by no means unusual for one side to borrow from the other.

In Catholic Ireland are certain noted places of pilgrimage, two of which are associated with the memory of St Patrick. One is St Patrick's Purgatory in the Donegal Lough Derg; but at Lough Derg only pilgrims are allowed upon the island, where they spend three days in conditions of great austerity. But at Croagh-patrick Mountain, on the shore of Clew Bay, the visitor can see all the ceremony and ritual. On the top of this high peak St Patrick is reputed to have stood when he banished all venomous things from Ireland. The

banishing of vermin is an old legend; but the lives of the Saint, which are history, record that Patrick spent the whole of one Lent fasting and doing penance on this wild mountain. We do not know accurately when this pilgrimage was instituted, but as far back as 1113 it was a normal institution, and thirty of the fasting folk perished there in a thunderstorm. In modern days July and August are the special months in which crowds make their way to the little oratory built 2500 feet above the sea, on a peak overlooking the coast from Donegal to the Twelve Pins of Connemara.

In Donegal, Doon Well, near Kilmacrenan, is a place where people come to be treated by the virtue of the water. Many crutches planted into the boggy ground are said to attest miraculous cures, and almost any hour of any day you may meet the sick coming in hope of cure.

Gouganebarra, in County Cork, has its pilgrimage on September 29 in one of the most romantic scenes of Ireland.

These places have their special interest, which is worth a visit to explore. But without a journey there is one thing easily to be seen in any of the mountainous western districts, which, perhaps, has even more significance—a Catholic chapel at Mass-time. It often happens that the congregation, some coming from distances of six or seven miles, cannot be held within the building, and the people overflow into the air at the doors and kneel there, rain or shine, till their devotions are ended. To see that is to realize something of the life of Ireland.

Those who desire to come closer to the people among whom they spend their holiday will not find it difficult if their motive is courteous and friendly. The Irish, like other people, dislike to be approached as if they were suitable subjects for investigation, and they are

quick to distinguish curiosity from friendliness. If you can leave a pleasant memory in an Irish cottage you will certainly carry one away. For I never knew anyone yet who enjoyed being in Ireland that did not owe the best part of that enjoyment to the Irish people.

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